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BULLETIN 147

Journal of an Expedition to the Mauvaises Terres and the Upper Missouri in 1850

By THADDEUS A. CULBERTSON
Edited by
JOHN FRANCIS McDERMOTT

SMITHSONIAN
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LETTER OF TRANSMITTAL

Smithsonian Institution,
Bureau of American Ethnology,
Washington, D. C., May 1, 1950.

Sir: I have the honor to transmit herewith a manuscript entitled "Journal of an Expedition to the Mauvaises Terres and the Upper Missouri in 1850," by Thaddeus A. Culbertson, edited by John Francis McDermott, and to recommend that it be published as a bulletin of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

Very respectfully yours,

M. W. Stirling, *Director.*

Dr. Alexander Wetmore,
Secretary, Smithsonian Institution.

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PREFACE

The present edition of Thaddeus A. Culbertson's Journal of an Expedition to the Mauvaises Terres and the Upper Missouri in 1850 is based on four sources. First, a portion of the original journal bought from a descendant of Alexander Culbertson by the Missouri Historical Society; this section runs from March 21 through May 27. Second, a portion of the original journal, also in Culbertson's handwriting, now owned by the Historical Society of Montana; this section, paged 260–307, contains the entries for June 13–18. Third, part of a copy presumably made by Culbertson for the use of Spencer F. Baird (it is very likely that the original notebooks did not at any time leave the possession of the Culbertson family). This manuscript, in possession of the Bureau of American Ethnology, runs from March 21 to about halfway through the entry for April 25. Written in ink on 48 sheets of blue foolscap, in the same hand and using the same ink and paper as the letter-report written to Baird from Fort Pierre on May 30, 1850, it is in all probability a revised draft which Culbertson made from his notebooks during the leisure of his stay at Fort Pierre from May 18 to June 5. It is essentially the same as the original notebook but contains some variations and changes written into the copy. Baird or some other person crossed out numerous passages which Culbertson would hardly have removed from his journal; furthermore, they are crossed out in a different ink. Some corrections of style also were made in this second ink. If we ignore these corrections and excisions, we may reasonably assume that this manuscript represents Culbertson's own revised and preferred copy. Fourth, the portion of the Journal printed as Appendix IV to the Fifth Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1850, pages 84–132. It appears that Baird, for editorial reasons satisfactory to himself, began his selection with the entry for April 27. Working with the entire copy before him, he cut and corrected and revised as he thought fit. For the portion published, the working copy was destroyed; the Bureau of American Ethnology manuscript represents the portion not used.

To make the present version of Culbertson's work as complete as possible, I have used for the first section (pp. 15–49) the Bureau of American Ethnology manuscript, for I regard this as the author's revised copy. I have retained all those passages which Baird struck out and have rejected all the editorial changes in diction and sentence

structure. For the middle portion of the book (pp. 48–77) I have used the original notebook of the Missouri Historical Society, since it is a good deal fuller than the corresponding portion of the printed journal. For the last part (pp. 77–121) I have had to use Baird's revision as printed in the Smithsonian Report for 1850, except for the June 13–18 entries, which are reproduced from the Montana Historical Society manuscript. In a few places in the first and second sections, as well as in the "Montana" section, I have added a syllable or a word to make the context clear; otherwise all bracketed words or phrases are Culbertson's own variants. Spelling and punctuation, of course, are as faithful a rendering of the author's as possible.

The material of Appendix 1 in this edition is from the Smithsonian Report for 1850, pages 133–145. Appendix 2 is a 12-page letter, hitherto unpublished, from Culbertson to Baird, Fort Pierre, May 30, 1850, which forms part of the Culbertson manuscripts of the Bureau of American Ethnology. Although Baird's name does not appear on the letter, it is clearly a report to him; it is signed by Culbertson. Appendixes 3 and 4 present related material extracted from St. Louis newspapers.

For permission to publish the Bureau of American Ethnology manuscript and for other assistance I am indebted to Dr. M. W. Stirling, Director of the Bureau. The Missouri Historical Society of St. Louis has generously allowed me to use its original notebook as copy for part of this edition, and Miss Stella M. Drumm (now Mrs. Chilton Atkinson, but librarian of the Society at the time this edition was being prepared) was particularly considerate and helpful. The Historical Society of Montana has kindly permitted me to use its portion of the Culbertson journal, and Mrs. Anne McDonnell has made useful suggestions to me. For biographical information about Thaddeus Culbertson, I am indebted to the office of the Secretary of Princeton University. To the libraries of Washington University and the Missouri Botanical Garden, and to the Mercantile Library of St. Louis, I am grateful for special courtesies. I wish to thank also Lawrence K. Fox, South Dakota historian, for his helpful interest in this book. Most thanks of all, as usual, I owe to my wife for great patience and forbearance in the preparation of the manuscript and of the index.

JOHN FRANCIS MCDERMOTT.

Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.,
April 1, 1950.

INTRODUCTION

Thaddeus Culbertson was 10 years old when his brother Alexander traveled first up the Missouri River. There can be little doubt that the boy's interest in the West was soon aroused by letters written home by the adventurous young man. The particular influence that led to Thaddeus' own excursion, however, must have been a trip that Alexander made through the Bad Lands, probably in the fall of 1843, when he went on business from Fort Pierre to Fort Laramie, for either at this time or in the next year or two Alexander made a collection of bones and fossils, which is the beginning of scientific interest in that particular region.

The first news of record is to be found in a letter by Dr. Hiram A. Prout, dated at St. Louis, December 10, 1846:

> The Palæotherial bone here described, was sent to me sometime ago by a friend residing at one of the trading posts of the St. Louis Fur Company on the Missouri River. From information since obtained from him, I have learned that it was discovered in the Mauvais Terre on the White River.[1]

In the summer of 1845 Alexander made a trip to New York and must have visited his family in Pennsylvania. Certainly about this time he gave his father, Joseph Culbertson of Chambersburg, some "fossil bones of a new genus of extinct Ruminants, consisting of the cranium and parts of a humerus, ulna, and radius," as they were described when they were placed on deposit at the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia in the fall of 1847.[2] Another deposit was made by Joseph Culbertson a few months later; it consisted of "two fragments of a jaw of a new fossil genus of Mammalia (*Merycoidodon Culbertsonii*, Leidy) found near the 'Black Hills,' Western Missouri."[3] Eventually these and other bones were given to the Museum of the

[1] Prout credited this bone to the "St. Louis Fur Company," but he could hardly have meant Harvey, Primeau, and Co., for that firm was just organized.

[2] Entered on November 23, 1847. Acad. Nat. Sci. Phila., Proc., vol. 3, p. 315. 1846–47.

[3] Entered on April 4, 1848. Acad. Nat. Sci. Phila., Proc., vol. 4, p. 52. 1848. These bones were discussed by Joseph Leidy in a paper entitled "On a New Fossil and Species of Ruminantoid Pachydermata: Merycoidodon Culbertsonii." Ibid., vol. 4, pp. 47–50. Elsewhere Leidy wrote: "Mr. J. S. Phillips, when on a visit to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, observed in the possession of Dr. S. D. Culbertson, several remarkable mammalian fossils, which had been sent as curiosities from the Bad Lands by his nephew, Mr. Alexander Culbertson, of the American Fur Company. These specimens, at the suggestion of the late distinguished Dr. S. G. Morton, were obtained through Dr. John H. B. McClellan, a friend of Dr. Culbertson, and were obligingly placed in my hands for examination . . . they were afterwards presented by Alexander Culbertson to the Academy" (Leidy, 1854, p. 13).

Academy.[4] The Prout letter and the deposit of the bones in possession of Joseph Culbertson aroused so much interest that David Dale Owen sent John Evans into the Bad Lands in 1849, and Spencer F. Baird in the following year arranged for young Thaddeus Culbertson to visit that region under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution.

Thaddeus Ainsworth Culbertson was born in Chambersburg, Pa., on February 18, 1823. His father, Joseph Culbertson, was the son of Colonel Robert Culbertson and Annie Duncan, and the grandson of Joseph Culbertson, who had come to Pennsylvania from the North of Ireland in the middle of the eighteenth century.[5] The younger Joseph married first Mary Finley, the daughter of Captain James Finley of Chambersburg; one of their six children was Alexander.[6] The second wife, Frances Stuart, who came from the neighborhood of Harrisburg, was the mother of Michael Simpson—to whom Thaddeus refers in his Journal—and Thaddeus. Thaddeus attended Chambersburg Academy and in 1844 entered the College of New Jersey (Princeton University) as a sophomore. He received the Bachelor of Arts degree in 1847 and for a time taught school in Virginia. On several occasions in his Journal he referred to his life there—apparently he was in Clifton, now West Virginia, and made a botanizing tour at least as far south as the James River. In 1849–50 he studied at the Princeton Theological Seminary. He left Chambersburg in February 1850, to make the trip up the Missouri River and returned to his home town in August, to die on the 28th of that month.[7]

Thaddeus Culbertson was not an unreasonable choice for the expedition to the Bad Lands. He and his family were interested in the

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[4] "Mr. Joseph Culbertson, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, presented the specimens of Mericoidodon and Poëbrotherium and also other (undetermined) mammalian fragments, formerly deposited by him in the Academy" (Acad. Nat. Sci. Phila., Proc., vol. 5, p. 37, 1850–51). Some credit for this gift was claimed by Spencer F. Baird, who, writing to Joseph Leidy from Carlisle, Feb. 16, 1850, announced, "I have persuaded Dr. Joseph Culbertson of Chambersburg to present some of his Merycoidodon fossils to the Academy" (Dall, 1915, p. 207).

[5] For some account of this family consult Culbertson, (1893)—particularly pp. 163–165, 168–170, 180–185.

[6] Alexander Culbertson (1809–78) was employed in the Upper Mississippi fur trade as early as 1830; in 1833 he joined the Upper Missouri Outfit and within half a dozen years sufficiently proved his worth to be granted a share in that business. On the retirement of Kenneth McKenzie in 1840, he succeeded to the command of Fort Union; in 1848 he became agent in charge of all the forts on the Upper Missouri and the Yellowstone and for at least 10 years he continued in that position. The best brief sketch of him and of his Indian family is that of Anne McDonnell (1940, pp. 240–246). There is a wealth of material, for all the travelers to the Upper Missouri were acquainted with him: Maximilian (1904–7), Abel (1932), Audubon and Coues (1897), T. A. Culbertson (Journal, this edition), Chittenden and Richardson (1905), Kurz (1937), McDonnell (1940), Bradley (1900), pp. 201–287, are principal sources to consult.

[7] For biographical information concerning Thaddeus Culbertson, I am indebted to Mrs. Harry J. Wright, Jr., in the Office of the Secretary, Princeton University; some of the statements in this paragraph are drawn from the Journal; that concerning his death is from the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1850, p. 44.

fossil remains in that region; he was planning to make a long trip for his health; his brother Alexander could guarantee him the freedom of the country, the aid of the most powerful business organization operating there, the assistance of adequate guides, and would pay the major part of the expense. The Smithsonian could acquire a valuable collection of material at little cost.

For several years [Baird declared in his report] I have been receiving valuable specimens from different friends, in the Upper Missouri, whose other duties, however, prevented them from collecting as much as could be wished. Mr. Culbertson being about to visit this region for the benefit of his health, offered to make for the Smithsonian Institution such collections in Natural History, as might be indicated to him as desirable; I accordingly prepared a list of desired data, and among others, directed his attention to the eocene deposits of White River, known as the Mauvaises Terres or bad lands. [5th Ann. Rep. Smithsonian Inst. 1850, p. 43.]

The Smithsonian made an appropriation of "about $200" to cover part of the expense Thaddeus might incur (ibid., p. 12), but Alexander Culbertson "bore the entire expense of the trip from Fort Pierre to the Mauvaises Terres, besides paying a considerable sum to hunters and others for many of the specimens sent" (ibid., p. 45).

The Culbertsons left Chambersburg soon after the middle of February.[8] On the 19th of March, they started up river from Saint Louis in the steamboat *Mary Blane*, landed at Saint Joseph, Mo., on the 26th, and—

proceeded . . . thence by land, in a carriage to Fort Pierre. A day or two after arriving at this fort, Mr. Culbertson started out to the "Bad Lands" with a party, and after several days march reached the spot where Mr. A. Culberston had previously found the fossil Mammalia (Poebrotherium Wilsonii, Merycoidodon Culbertsonii, &c.) presented by him to the Academy of Natural Sciences, and described by Dr. Leidy. Here additional specimens were soon found, and a cart was laden to its utmost capacity. With these, the party returned to Fort Pierre, whence, after a short rest, Mr. C. embarked on board the *El Paso*, and in her, ascended the Missouri to a point above Milk river, some hundreds of miles beyond Fort Union, and higher than any steamboat had ever gone previously. Descending the river again, after but short stops at the various trading posts, Mr. C. arrived in St. Louis in July, and reached his home in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, in August. The main object of his trip, viz: relief from a distressing cough, threatening consumption, had been gained, and his renewed strength gladdened the hearts of his friends. But shortly after his return he was attacked by an unusually fatal form of bilious dysentery, then prevalent in the neighborhood, and died after an illness of a few weeks. [5th Ann. Rep. Smithsonian Inst. 1850, p. 44.]

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[8] Baird's biographer wrote: "On the day this letter [Feb. 16, 1850] was written Baird had been to Chambersburg to bid goodbye to Dr. [Joseph] Culbertson, who was about to start for the far West. For collections to be made by him the Smithsonian had made a small appropriation" (Dall, 1915, p. 207). It was, of course, Thaddeus, not his father, who was leaving for the West.

Thaddeus made good use of his opportunities. The fossil remains he brought back with him constituted, in the words of Baird, "an exceedingly interesting series of Mammalian and Reptilian species including many that had never been described (ibid., p. 44). In addition he obtained for the Smithsonian skulls, skins, and skeletons of buffalo, grizzly bear, white wolf, prairie wolf, beaver, and other animals. Some of these he had taken himself; others were the gift of Alexander's associates and employees.[9] He also made a collection of plants along the Upper Missouri.[10]

It was the fossil remains that most deeply interested Baird and the Smithsonian. On the 1st of September Baird wrote enthusiastically to his brother, William M. Baird:

> The greatest treasures of the summer, however, were embraced in 7 boxes of specimens collected by Mr. Culbertson on the Upper Missouri. Among these were Skins, Skeletons, and skulls of Elk, Buffalo, Grizzly Bear, Wolves, Antelope, Deer, Beaver, Badger, Wolverene, &c. Best of all were some fossil teeth, skulls and bones of vertebrate animals from the Mauvaise Terres of the Platte. These were embedded in a calcareous marl and belonged to genera allied to Tapir, *Anoplotherium*, *Palaeotherium* & other extinct forms. Most are entirely new, all are completely petrified, the cavities of the long bones being entirely filled with quartz. There are turtle shells over an inch thick, and I have three nearly perfect, one weighing about 150 lbs. These things of course belong to the Smithsonian. The freight alone amounts to $68.00 and the whole cost of getting will probably amount to $200.00. [Dall, 1915, p. 218.]

Having obtained the specimens the next step was to reduce them to order and to determine their significance. For this Baird turned to Joseph Leidy, since the latter had worked with the Alexander Culbertson collection, and in a letter from Washington, November 18, 1850, he asked Leidy to undertake a memoir on mammals and reptiles of the Bad Lands:

> . . . What are the genera from the Bad Lands like? I received last summer a collection of perhaps twenty species of mammalia and reptiles, principally the former, from there, on behalf of the Smithsonian. These are, many of them, in excellent preservation, some nearly, even quite, perfect sets of teeth, etc. What do you say to taking up these and preparing an extended memoir for the Smithsonian? How long would it take you to do this? Could you not go right to work and anticipate Owen and Norwood? unless, indeed, they put their material into your hands, as they should do. It will take them a long time to prepare a correct history of these things, as I do not suppose that they have up to

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[9] "Many specimens brought back by Mr. Culbertson were presented, to the Institution through him, by members of the American Fur Company; among whom may be mentioned Messrs. Alexander Culbertson, Ferdinand Culbertson, Edward [Edwin] T. Denig, Schlagel, and Gilbert [Galpin]. Messrs. Denig, and F. Culbertson, at the request of Mr. Alexander Culbertson, prepared skins of the Grizzly Bear, and other large Mammalia. . . . It is due to this company to state, that with their usual liberality, they rendered Mr. C. every assistance in their power . . ." (ibid., pp. 42–44).

[10] The list of plants was published with his Journal in the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1850, pp. 133–136, and is here reprinted in Appendix 1.

this time paid as much attention to the subject as you have, and it is a pity to lose the time they would require.

With regard to the exploration of that country, not much could be done in a single season. Evans has spent two seasons there, and Thaddeus Culbertson one. Between these, you could only glean here and there. . . . [Dall, 1915, p. 251.]

It hardly needs to be added that the Alexander Culbertson gifts to the Academy of Natural Sciences, the Thaddeus Culbertson collection for the Smithsonian, the specimens owned by Dr. Prout of Saint Louis, and a collection owned by a Professor O'Loghland of Saint Louis, together with those made by Dr. John Evans and Captain Stewart Van Vliet were all used by Leidy in his study of the animal remains of the Bad Lands.[11]

Although to the paleontologist the fossil remains were the most exciting result of Thaddeus Culbertson's journey to the Bad Lands, the ethnologist and the historian have much reason to be pleased with the journal that he kept during the trip. Baird reported to the Smithsonian that "Mr. C. left a full journal of all the events connected with his trip." It was not intended for publication and remained unrevised at his death, but Baird found it "to contain much interesting matter relative to the Natural History and topography of the country, the manners and statistics of the Indians, &c." (Ann. Rep. Smithsonian Inst. 1850, p. 44). He applied to the family for permission to publish, and was told by Ferdinand Culbertson to select whatever portions he thought fit for inclusion in his report.

Chambersburg, Feby., 25, 1851.

DEAR SIR:

Yours of the 15th duly came to hand, and would have answered you before this time, but being absent, did not receive it before yesterday.

In regard to my going to the upper Miss[s] this next spring is now doubtfull, but in case I should, will let you know in time.

The wampum shells or moons you speak off [*sic*] are of no account in that county now, at one time they were very valuable, but at this time are perfect *dung.*

About publishing my cousin's journal of that county, I do not think the company could have any objections, unless there is something mentioned in it which might relate to the *trade,* but I would refer you to a member in Congress from Minosotta [sic], (his name I do not know) who my uncle tells me is a member of the company.

Nothing would give me more pleasure than to visit you at Washington City, but I do not expect to be near that for some time, please receive my thanks for your kind invitation, and believe me

Your most obt

FERD. CULBERTSON

[11] Leidy, 1854. Credit to the individual collections was made with the discussion of each specimen. Captain Van Vliet, U. S. A., was with Alexander Culbertson on his trip from Fort Pierre to Fort Laramie and made his collection at that time, too.

I expect letters from the Miss^{s}. soon if there is anything interesting in them I will send them to you

My father sends his best respects.[12]

Sometime in 1851 about two-thirds of the original journal, somewhat cut and revised, was published under the title of "Journal of an Expedition to the Mauvaises Terres and the Upper Missouri in 1850." [13]

It may be well to observe, [Baird wrote] that I have not felt at liberty to alter the original to any material extent, which, combined with the fact of its entire lack of revision by the author, will be a sufficient excuse for any imperfections of style. [5th Ann. Rep. Smithsonian Inst. 1850, p. 44.]

Even so, Baird did permit himself much editorial freedom. The most important of the changes he made in preparing the report for publication was the omission of the record for the first 5½ weeks (March 19 through April 26), amounting to about three-tenths of the whole journal—a passage which described the journey from Saint Louis until the Culbertsons were beyond the James River in South Dakota. Of the record for the next month about 15 percent was cut. From the scientific point of view most of the matter omitted was unnecessary for it was chiefly personal, but the record of Culbertson's observation and thought is not complete without it. Besides striking out such paragraphs, Baird from time to time made a number of alterations in sentence structure and in diction. The kind of correction made can be best shown by parallel quotation. The first passage is the report as printed by Baird:

Saturday, April 27, 11 A. M.—Yesterday was an exceedingly unpleasant day; we found a violent north wind blowing in the morning, nevertheless as soon as breakfast was over, we were off on the cheerless prairie. We saw but little wood; the road was hilly and ponds frequent. About ten o'clock, we crossed a small stream that gave us some trouble on account of the deep mud; but cold as the day was, the Indians waded through without hesitation. About twelve o'clock we came to a place where the land was cut up into steep hills and deep ravines, the latter containing a little scrubby timber. At one o'clock we reached the spot where the Indians had confidently expected to meet their chief, Old Eagle, who had been there hunting buffalo, but he was not to be found. The Indians appeared much disappointed and looked very sad. They had left a good place for hunting buffalo, and had come here where there were apparently none.

There was every appearance of a violent snow-storm, but bad as our situation was, we were thankful that it was no worse; had these indications overtaken us the night before, when there was not a stick of wood within miles, we might

[12] For the copy of this letter (to be found in Smithsonian Institution, Letters Received) I am indebted to Dr. M. W. Stirling, Director of the Bureau of American Ethnology. For "Miss^{s}" one should obviously read "Missouri"; for "county" read "country."

[13] Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution, for 1850, pp. 84–132. The Report was submitted to the Senate on March 1, 1851, and ordered published on March 7. De Smet wrote to Denig from Saint Louis in May 1852: "Tell him [Alexander C.] that I read with the greatest pleasure and profit to myself the ably written journal of the expedition to the Upper Missouri of his worthy brother Thaddeus . . ." (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. 4, p. 1481). De Smet must have seen the printed copy.

well have been filled with apprehension, but here we had wood, water and grass, and were encamped in a ravine, well sheltered from the storm. About eight o'clock we retired to our beds in the waggon, anticipating a cheerless day of inactivity on the morrow. We were, however, agreeably disappointed, and at about four o'clock, I was awakened by the bustle of preparation for departure.

But Culbertson's original day-by-day journal reads as follows:

Saturday. 11 A. M. April 27.—Yesterday was an exceedingly unpleasant day to travel; when we arose we found a violent north wind blowing but as soon as we had breakfasted we were off on the dreary, cheerless prairie. We saw but little wood but as the road was hilly ponds were frequent; about ten Oclock we crossed a little stream that gave us some trouble because of the mire; cold as the day was the indians waded through without hesitation. About 12 Oclock we came into a very hilly section; the land was cut up into steep hills and deep ravines with a little scrubby timber in them. At 1 Oclock we reached the spot where the indians had been certain of meeting Old Eagle who had been there hunting buffalo, but Old Eagle was not to be found; he had been there but had gone and now our indians looked sad; they had left a good place for buffalo and had come here where there apparently were none. We also had depended on getting some dried meat here and were at first apprehensive of being short of provisions should bad weather overtake [us]; but a review of the larder showed a supply for 8 or 10 days. There was every appearance of a terrible storm and occasionally it would snow terribly, but bad as our situation promised to be we were thankful that it was not worse; had these appearances of a storm overtaken us the night before when there was not a stick of wood within two miles we might have been filled with real apprehension for our safety, but here we had wood, water and grass convenient and we were in a cooly [*sic*] well sheltered from the storm.

The afternoon passed away rapidly we had a good fire in the lodge and had for a dinner a most delicious piece of meat roasted before the fire; after dinner I got out my sewing apparatus and put two buttons on my coat, and fixed our hats with strings to tie under the throat. About 8 Oclock we went to rest in our wagon anticipating a day of cheerless rest on the morrow, but providence was kinder to us than we anticipated and about 4 Oclock this morning we were awakened by the stir around indicating a day of travel and sure enough it has been a most delightful day.

How much was omitted, how extensive were the alterations of sentence structure and diction in the final section of the Journal (May 28, through July 6), it is impossible to say since the original for most of it does not exist. The Journal as now reprinted is restored as nearly as possible to its original state.

The Journal of an Expedition to the Mauvaises Terres and the Upper Missouri in 1850 is valuable not merely because it adds to our knowledge of the Indians and the fur trade of the Missouri River but also because it is the only account of them for this year. Not one of the four principal sources for the decade centering around 1850 has anything to contribute for the year of Culbertson's trip. Larpenteur, who spent many years before and after this date in the Missouri trade, was on the Mississippi until May and for the remainder of the year was at

Vermilion Post. Captain La Barge's many trips up the river have been reported in detail by his biographer Chittenden or by persons who accompanied him, but Chittenden dismissed the year 1850 with half a dozen lines. By this time, too, De Smet was an old traveler in the Missouri Country, but 1850 was one of those years when he did not go to the Northwest. Kurz, who has proved to be one of the most valuable of observers for that region and period, has made us rich with material for 1851 and 1852 but during 1850 he was living in the neighborhood of Saint Joseph (Kurz, 1937). It is to Thaddeus Culbertson that we must look for information about conditions on the Upper Missouri in 1850.

On the 19th of March Thaddeus set out from St. Louis with his brother Alexander, their party including 4 voyageurs, a Negro servant, 10 horses, and a dog named Carlo. More than 250 cabin passengers and 200 deck passengers in a boat designed for about 100 made the beginning of the trip crowded but fascinating to the young man seeing the West for the first time. He noted down his impressions of the towns they passed: St. Charles, Hermann, Jefferson City, Boonville, but for most of them the entries are brief since they did not land. Most interesting here perhaps is the description of the Capitol. He read his French Bible, he read about missionary labors in Tahiti, he wrote to his friend Will Cattell. Occasionally the *Mary Blane* ran aground or passed a wreck or met another steamboat. Lexington, Liberty Landing, the Independence Landings, the village of Kansas were worth some remark. At the latter place Thaddeus saw Indians, possibly for the first time. On the morning of the 26th they reached Weston and the next day Saint Joseph, where they landed and remained 2 days.

They now traveled by land. When they set off on the morning of the 29th Alexander was driving a team of mules in a carriage and Thaddeus was riding one of the horses bought from "old Mr. Robidoux." The boredom that Thaddeus had begun to feel on the boat was gone in the delight he took in riding. They passed through Savannah (they were, of course, traveling on the left bank of the Missouri), crossed the Nodaway River, the two Tarkios, the Nishnabotana, and passed into the State of Iowa. Thaddeus had to reconcile himself to the idea of Sunday travel. The prairies, the valleys, the log cabins of the pioneers, the little settlements are described. Occasionally he would report some overnight hotel as a "miserable dirty place," but he was being broken in to the conditions of prairie travel, for he could add "nevertheless I have just eaten a very hearty supper." His first glimpse of a fur trader at home he had when they visited Peter Sarpy at the Bellevue Post. Mormons he saw in great number at Kanesville.

Of natural features perhaps it was the bluffs that drew most comment from him.

He noted the last of the settlements when they passed the Little Sioux River. At Floyd's Bluff a whiskey trader had set up business, but from that point on the only persons met were either fur traders or Indians. The record became one of the lonesomeness of the prairies, the difficulty of crossing rivers, the inclemency of the weather, interspersed with comments on food and occasional appreciations of scenery. The journey, for Thaddeus, was so hard that, when they arrived at Vermilion Post (the first establishment in the Indian country), his brother decided the party should lie over for 2 days to rest. But, in spite of the fatigues, the younger man felt that his health was already improved: "I bear the cold, the wind, the fatigue of riding, or walking and then am ready for my meals and enjoy them plain as they may be and not excessively clean, and then I sleep soundly and rise refreshed."

Their route now was northwest, roughly paralleling the Missouri, but perhaps 10 or 15 miles from it. The report of river crossings, of camping places, of new sights, of the extreme weather is kept lively and interesting by a good deal of detail. On the 18th of April he spilled his ink and was forced to use a pencil until he was able to get a new supply at Fort Pierre. He hunted. He observed the Indians. He made note of the Yankton Trading House, the first building he slept in since leaving Vermilion Post. At last, on the 4th day of May, they reached Fort Pierre.

After a rest of several days, Thaddeus left the Fort for the Bad Lands, accompanied by Owen McKenzie, an able, intelligent, and pleasant Indian son of the great Kenneth McKenzie, and by a man named Joe, whom Culbertson described as an experienced hunter attached to the Fort. They had a buggy and provisions for three weeks; "the whole equipment is at the cost of Alexander." In the days of travel up the Bad River Valley young McKenzie told Thaddeus much about the country and the Indians. On the fifth day out (May 11) they reached the beginning of the *mauvaises terres* and Thaddeus gave much of his space to description of the topography, bursting into enthusiastic picturing of the fantastic shapes in the Bad Lands. He recorded, too, the finding of the petrified turtles and other animal remains. He did not remain long in this region, for, he tells us:

> I had seen enough of the Lands to give a general description of that portion of them and had secured a few good specimens. To do more than this would have required good horses to ride and I had only a pair of very indifferent mules; the weather was intensely hot and no water to be had in them so that it would have been a great labor to have examined them more thoroughly and besides this I felt that a mere general examination such as my limited means and time would allow would be of but little service. I had already done enough to excite

inquiry and further exploration must be made by scientific men with a corps of assistants. One day more might have secured a Big Horn but this would hardly justify my stay.

Thaddeus and his companions reached the Fort again on the 18th; during their 11 days' absence he estimated that they had traveled about 300 miles.

For nearly 3 weeks Culbertson stayed at Fort Pierre but time did not drag on his hands. Many pages of the journal are filled with the variety of activities to which the traveler devoted himself. After a few days of rest he was roaming the countryside, botanizing, hunting, skinning and stuffing specimens to be sent home. He collected Indian objects. He visited the Indians in their village. He watched them play bandy and billiards. He went to a dance and heard Indian music for the first time. He made note of Indian marital, family, and burial customs. He was interested in their secret societies. He went to a feast for visiting Indians. In these excursions he was guided by Charles Galpin and William Hodgkiss, one of Bonneville's men, and learned much from them. The Fort itself he described in great detail as well as the life there and the manner in which the trading was conducted. He found time, also, to read a life of the Scottish preacher McCheyne and Lynch's account of his expedition to the Dead Sea. Schiller's "Robbers," which he read in translation, filled some hours. He wrote extensively in his journal and at the end of the month prepared a long report to Spencer F. Baird concerning the trip into the Bad Lands. With the aid of Galpin he made a "Tabular View" of the Sioux Indians. At last, however, the steamer *El Paso* arrived at Fort Pierre and on the 5th of June he was once more on his travels up the Missouri.

Culbertson said little of the *El Paso* at this point in his narrative; it will be pertinent, therefore, to interrupt him for a bit. On May 7, 1850, the Missouri Republican announced that the steamboat had been chartered for the Yellowstone:

The steamer *El Paso* is now being prepared at the upper end of the wharf for a voyage of seventeen hundred miles,[14] and which will occupy nearly or quite three months. She has been chartered by the house of P. Chouteau, Jr., & Co., at the rate of $1,200 per month, and will leave, in all probability, about the latter end of the present week, under the charge of that old and experienced boatman John Durack. She will start with about two hundred tons of freight, consisting of ammunition, stores, clothing, &c., and with nearly one hundred trappers and hunters as passengers on board. This is the annual expedition, prepared and fitted out every season by the Fur Company, and it is the longest inland voyage performed by steamers in the world. The cargo of the boat is destined for the use of the company's trading posts, and the Indians and men in their employ in that region; and those of them that now go up are principally

[14] That is, the *El Paso* expected to go 1,700 miles up river.

hardy mountaineers, many of whom have formerly enjoyed the luxuries of civilized life, and who, like the whalemen, return once in two or three years to witness the changes and improvements made and going on in their native city.[15]

More than a week later the same newspaper reported that the *El Paso* had departed on Saturday, the 11th; according to this story she carried 70 or 80, not 100, trappers and hunters (Missouri Republican, May 15, 1850). For the voyage to Fort Pierre we must turn to the extracts from her log published in the Missouri Republican, July 8, 1850.

The *El Paso* left St. Louis on her upward trip to the head waters of the Missouri, at 12 m., May 6th, 1850.[16] During the journey the weather was generally cool and pleasant, with occasionally a severe gale or heavy fall of rain. On one occasion, in the middle of June, the wind blew so strong, as for several hours to preclude the possibility of making any headway, and to oblige us to lie by.

The condition of the river was at several points such as to require the utmost exertions of all our united forces to prosecute the trip. On the 18th of May, when near the mouth of Wolfe River, we ran afoul of a snag which crashed our blacksmith shop, carrying overboard our bellows, &c. On the 23d of the following month three or four beams in our hold were started in the same way. At the occurrence of the latter accident, some of the crew were sent out in the yawl furnished with axes, &c., to clear us a passage through the snags; we found this precaution necessary on several subsequent occasions. The greater part of the 21st day of May, was spent near the mouth of Platte River, where we encountered four Mackinaw boats belonging to the American Fur Company, and where Mr. Picot [Picotte] desired to consummate some arrangements with the persons having charge of them. We here saw quite a large party of emigrants to California crossing the river; they appeared all in fine health and spirits. Two persons belonging to the boat, were accidentally left at this point. When a few miles further, we sent back for them, but to no purpose—they could not be found.

On the 29th, we were visited by some traders in the employ of Mr. Sarpy, and on the 30th, by a band of Sioux Indians. To the latter we made presents of sugar, coffee, powder, balls &c., &c. They were very friendly, and showed every manner of gratitude for the presents. We continued to see and be visited by Indians, from this time until we had reached our journey's end; and at various times took aboard several parties of them.

Twenty-four days from Saint Louis, the *El Paso* reached Fort Pierre where it dropped Dr. John Evans, the geologist, with whom Thaddeus had an encouraging talk about the Bad Lands, and took on the Culbertson brothers.

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[15] According to Chappell (1905–6 b, p. 301) the *El Paso* was 180 feet by 28 feet, T. H. Brierly was the master, and John Durack was the captain; it was sunk in the bend below Boonville, Mo., April 10, 1855. Both Brierly and Durack were men of long experience on the Missouri Rivers. Durack, for example, was first mate to La Barge on the *Nimrod* in 1844 (Chittenden, 1903, vol. 1, pp. 163–164). Brierly operated among other boats the *Ben W. Lewis,* the *James H. Lucas,* the *Morning Star,* and the *Polar Star* (Chappell, 1905–6 b, pp. 299, 304, 307, 308).

[16] A number of errors apparently crept into this news report of the trip. It is certain that the *El Paso* left Saint Louis on the 11th.

Thaddeus settled down to the recording of a not very energetic but novel and quite interesting trip.

This is certainly the most agreeable traveling I have ever experienced [he wrote on the 7th of June] the air is delightful—the shores and trees quite green—only three of us on board, besides the Captain, who are really companions; myself, the only "distinguished" stranger, living on the best, and treated with the most generous kindness and respect—all these things combine to render the trip as delightful as possible.[17]

He made ample descriptive notes of the country through which they passed and of practically every other possible matter of interest. At wooding places he took advantage of the opportunity to botanize. They reached Fort Clark on the morning of the 12th and there Thaddeus found occasion to write at length of the Rees, their lodges, and what else he could observe during a ceremonial call at the village. Three hours sufficed, however, to unload freight at Fort Clark and they were off again in midmorning.

Fort Berthold, some 60 miles above Fort Clark, they arrived at the next morning. On the evening of the 16th they landed at Fort Union at the mouth of the Yellowstone, and Culbertson wrote that the *El Paso* had made "the trip of twenty-five hundred miles in thirty-six days and four hours, the quickest one on record." Here they met E. T. Denig and cousin Ferdinand Culbertson, who "showed me quite a good collection of stuffed skins made by them for Professor Baird, at the request of my brother. This must have cost them a great deal of labor and considerable expense, and they deserve many thanks from the students of natural history for whose benefit this collection was made." Before noon the next day they were once more on their way up river; Culbertson reported they would "probably go much higher than any other boat has ever gone." On the 20th of June, having reached a spot a few miles above the mouth of Milk River, some 2,700 miles above Saint Louis, Captain John Durack posted a sign announcing his record; maps soon acknowledged this place as El Paso Point. Since this was an occasion of pride and importance to Captain Durack, I continue with the log of the *El Paso:*

On the 11th of June a considerable quantity of floating ice was met in the river. We experienced much difficulty in getting over the sand bars, and on the day following landed at Ft. Clark, where we took aboard a quantity of corn. Mr. Clark and Mrs. Meldrum,[18] took passage with us on the 15th, and on the following day, June 16th, we passed the mouth of the Yellow Stone; lying by that night at Fort Union. The 17th, a portion of our freight was landed at Fort Benton, and in the afternoon of the same day, we passed Mackenzie's wintering houses, on a bar in the middle of the river.

[17] The third of these companions was Honoré Picotte, who had come up from Saint Louis on the *El Paso* in charge of the Fur Company's business.

[18] This must be a misprint for *Mr.* Meldrum.

A Mackinaw boat, in tow of the *El Paso*, was sunk on June the 18th, at Elk Horn, Pyramid Prairie. Mr. Honore Picot, for many years Commander or Superintendent at Fort Pierre, here went ashore with a number of his men, and collected a large quantity of elk horns, which have been brought down by the *El Paso*.[19] At 2 o'clock P. M., of the same day, we passed the point where the steamer *Assinebois* [*Assiniboine*] had wintered some years ago—the highest point ever before or since attained by steamboats. The *Assinebois*, it is remembered, was frozen, and before the end of winter entirely broken up.

On the 20th of June we got eight miles above the mouth of Milk river, being about three hundred and fifty miles above the mouth of the Yellow Stone. Our freight and the traders were all landed here. A board bearing the following inscription was fixed on a tree, by the passengers: "The *El Paso* landed at this point on the 20th of June, 1850—thirty five days from St. Louis: John Durack, Captain." We commenced our downward trip the same day. In the latter days of the journey we saw on either shore large bands of buffaloes, deer and elk, and succeeded in killing, at different times, many of all.[20]

Thaddeus Culbertson's account of the down-river trip is brief. On the 21st they stopped at the Elk Horn Prairie, because Mr. Picotte wanted to take the horns down to Saint Louis. They arrived at Fort Union on the evening of the same day and on the 22nd Thaddeus parted from his brother. "At half past seven o'clock we moved off, firing a salute to the men belonging to the fort who had come over to help us take in fuel. Alexander was with them and the last sight I had of him he was standing up in the boat which was just pushing off." The trip was enlivened a bit by the unexpected antics of Picotte. One evening when they landed Picotte "was seen running up a very steep, high bluff, and while we were admiring his activity he called to us; we all at once started off, supposing he had seen game. Mr. Clark taking his rifle, and Ferd his knife; but on coming up to him we were much amused to hear the old man instead of pointing out the game, ask us to slide down the hill to the water's edge." The serious young man continued: "Fortune favored me at this place, for as we descended the hill, I saw for the first time in my life, the cactus in bloom. It was a most agreeable surprise to find this unsightly plant which is the great annoyance of moccasined voyageurs adorned with flowers of a fine straw color."

The *El Paso* reached Fort Pierre on the afternoon of the 28th and there Picotte remained. The next day the *St. Ange* passed, upward bound. "Capt. Durack raised a flag, but the civility was not returned,"

[19] According to Culbertson, these horns were taken on board during the trip down.

[20] Missouri Republican, July 8, 1850. Only one more paragraph of Durack's log was printed: "A number of cases of cholera occurred on board during the month of May, six of which terminated fatally. A man named Deshau died on the 15th, above Liberty Landing. One named Richard Adams, was buried on the 16th below Iatan. Another whose name was not ascertained, was buried on the 17th, near Savannah Landing. Charles Bardotte, the 5th, was buried on the 18th, and the 6th, named Leperie, was buried on the 21st. Two or three other cases of the disease were cured."

Culbertson reported in Saint Louis, "and the boats passed each other without exchanging any words."[21] On the 2d of July Thaddeus met Larpenteur at Vermilion Post. Then in rapid succession the *El Paso* steamed by Council Bluffs, Saint Joseph, Parkville, and other river towns to arrive at Saint Louis at 2 P. M. on Saturday the 6th of July. Thaddeus Culbertson's western trip was over and his journal came to a close.

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[21] Weekly Reveille, July 8, 1850, p. 4273. The Reveille credited its "latest from the Yellowstone" to Mr. F [T]. A. Culbertson of Chambersburg. The information supplied by Thaddeus merely duplicates what has already been given. It may be added that "Mr. Malcolm Clark, who has been nine years in the Indian country, and is stationed among the Blackfeet Indians; Mr. Disantel [Desautel], from Fort Clark, among the Riccarees, and Mr. Kipp, from Fort Berthould, together with three other traders, came as passengers on the *El Paso* to the city" (ibid.). It is possible that one of these others was Ferdinand Culbertson, since he is mentioned in the Journal on the down-river trip and was in Pennsylvania in February of 1851.

MAP 1.—Section of map compiled in Pacific Railroad Office with additions designed to illustrate Lt. Warren's Report of Military Reconnaissances in the Dacota Country, 1855.

JOURNAL OF AN EXPEDITION TO THE MAUVAISES TERRES AND THE UPPER MISSOURI IN 1850

By Thaddeus A. Culbertson

DEPARTURE FROM ST. LOUIS [22]

STEAMER, *MARY BLANE*, MISSOURI RIVER

Thursday March 21 1850—About 12 O'clock on the night of Tuesday last we left St. Louis on board the *Mary Blane* [23] bound for St. Joseph's. Our company consists of my brother Alexander, three voyageurs, one black servant and ten horses.[24] The boat is crowded to overflowing having about 250–300 cabin besides 200 deck passengers and certainly she cannot accomodate more than 100 with much comfort; however because of the number of us and of our freight (horses) the clerk gave us accomodation in the pilot's room. It contains four berths and we have for our room mates Col. Tilton of Polk County, Missouri, and Mr. Tutt of the same state; the colonel is an old pioneer having come to this part of the country from Kentucky: being accustomed to travelling on all kinds of craft and in all kinds of crowds, he was ready to make the best of our situation, and to unite with us in doing the best we could. Being well acquainted with my Uncle James [25] in his younger days we soon became well acquainted and we have found him a very agreeable traveling companion. We soon found the advantage of having our own servant, for it was exceedingly difficult, on account of the crowd, to get to the table and when there it was very unpleasant because of the

[22] The first portion (about one-third) of the Culbertson Journal is reproduced from the Bureau of American Ethnology manuscript, which is a revised copy of the original notebook carried by Culbertson on the trip and now in the possession of the Missouri Historical Society of Saint Louis. It is here reproduced without change from the original manuscript. (See page VII of Preface.)

[23] According to the Missouri Republican, March 19, 1850, the *Mary Blane*, J. F. Allen, master, a "fine light draught passenger boat," left Saint Louis for Weston and Saint Joseph at 12 noon on the 19th.

[24] A note on the fly leaf opposite the first page of the original journal gives the names of four voyageurs and the cook: Nerselle, Canadian; Vincent, Italian; Antoine, Canadian; Angelo, Italian; Jim (black), cook. The first of these names is later spelled Nersalle, Nassel, and Nasselle.

[25] James Culbertson was the youngest of the 12 children of Col. Robert (1755–1801) and Annie Duncan Culbertson (1755–1827). He was born in Pennsylvania, October 12, 1799, and died in Palmyra, Mo., in 1873. (See L. R. Culbertson, 1893, pp. 163–164, 167).

rough characters on board. We told our man Jim to bring our meals into our cabin, and as the head-Steward proved to be an old Chambersburgher named Smith, this was easily done; indeed he was glad to do it for us, and we lived better than any party on board. I fix my trunk for a table and Jim brings us what we want and we enjoy it very much, seated on the other trunks or berths.

To-day we had among other good things a most excellent wild duck, admirably cooked, and it was admirably eaten too. Dinner has just been dispatched and I am writing on the upper berth with A. enjoying a siesta on the lower one and our fine little dog Carlo enjoying one on the floor. We are now a little above Hermon [*sic*], a settlement of Swiss: we did not land, but the town has a fine appearance.[26] It is the seat of one of the best Roman Catholic schools in the state.

Yesterday we passed St. Charles City.[27] This is a small place and presents a very plain appearance, bearing no comparison to that of Hannibal on the Mississippi. Last night the boat did not run because of the danger from snags, sand bars &c, so that we have not gone very far for the time that we have been out. To-day we are making better time; this morning as I was enjoying some letters from the East in my berth, the boat struck a bar with considerable force. Tutt was also in his berth and was quite alarmed; we both bounced out and found the guards and forward deck full but there was no danger and we were afloat in 5 minutes. The alarm was greater because the Rowena had been snagged last week and we had passed the wreck yesterday.[28] The

[26] Hermann, on the south side of the Missouri about 5 miles below the mouth of the Gasconade River, is the county seat of Gasconade County, Mo. It had its beginning in 1837 in the purchase of Gasconade lands by the German Settlement Society of Philadelphia. In 1850 the town had a population of 943. (For its history, consult History of Franklin, Jefferson, Washington, Crawford, and Gasconade Counties, Missouri, pp. 657–681; Missouri, a Guide to the "Show Me" State, pp. 393–394; Bek, 1907.)

[27] Saint Charles, Mo., was first settled by Louis Blanchette about 1769 and became known by its present name about a dozen years later. It was the seat of government in Missouri from 1820 to 1826. When Culbertson saw it distantly, it had a population of 11,454. (Consult Houck, 1909, vol. 2, pp. 79–86; Missouri, a Guide to the "Show Me" State, pp. 260–268.)

[28] "The fine steamer *Rowena*, Capt. Jewett, in descending the Missouri river, about 2 o'clock, P. M. on Tuesday, struck a snag at the head of St. Charles Island, and immediately sunk in 12 or 15 feet of water. She was bound from Glasgow to this city, with a heavy cargo, all of which together with the boat will prove a total loss. There were a large number of passengers on board, and fortunately none were lost, or sustained serious injury. Shortly after sinking, the boat careened to one side, and at noon, yesterday, she had settled to her hurricane roof. The *Rowena* has been running two or three seasons, and at the time of sinking was in complete repair, and on her first trip in the Missouri this season. She is owned principally by her commander, Capt. Wm. C. Jewett, and was insured for about $8,000, partly here, and in Eastern offices. The cargo, which was a very valuable one, is no doubt fully covered, and unless a rise takes place sufficient to float the boat from her present position, a portion of it may be rescued in a damaged condition.

"The steamer *Fayaway* arrived last evening with the officers and crew, and nearly all the cabin furniture, &c., of the sunken boat.

"A transcript of the cargo will be found in another column" (Missouri Republican, Thursday, March 14, 1850).

banks of the Missouri, except where there are bluffs, present an alluvial appearance and are constantly washing away; the water is therefore discolored presenting the appearance of water mixed with ashes, but it is not at all disagreeable to me on that account. I think that the scenery thus far has been more picturesque than that on the Ohio or Mississippi as far as I have seen it.

Friday March 22nd—We have had another tedious day on the river. and have not yet reached Boonville.[29] This morning about 9 O'clock we got to Jefferson city, the capitol [sic] of Missouri and there our old friend Tilton left us: he has proved to be quite a pleasant travelling companion and we felt sorry to part company, especially as there is no one on board to supply his place; our companions are as rascally [unpleasant] [30] a set of fellows as could be easily found; nearly every man is at the card table sometime or other and some appear to play all night. Jefferson City has an unhappy location; it is built on several hills which allow no good place for business houses or for choice private dwellings; the state prison stands on the first hill reached as you come up the river and it is a fine looking building built in plain style; the next hill is intended for the governor's house, but it is not now occupied by it as the former one, which stood there, was burnt; just beyond this hill is the levee and the Capitol Hill.[31]

The Capitol can be seen about 9 miles down the river and at a distance has quite an imposing appearance. However a near view detracts somewhat from the effect because the stone of which it is built has been discolored by the weather and appears stained. It fronts down the river—is three stories high—has a large cupola and in the centre of the front, a semi-circular portico supported by five or six good looking pillars. I could not tell what order of architecture was attempted in its style.

A few hours after leaving Jefferson City we took on board a quantity of stone coal; it looked very much like slate and would certainly have been rejected in Pennsylvania, but judging from the rapid speed of the boat it must be better than it looks. Wood is abundant along the river and when they have coal they mix them together. Steam boat life affords but little variety at best and on our boat no variety at all.

Saturday March 23d—Still progressing slowly and tediously; it is rather tiresome pushing our way in such a crowd and on such a boat,

[29] Boonville, Cooper County, Mo., then had a population of 2,326.

[30] Bracketed words are generally variants from the Bureau of American Ethnology manuscript.

[31] The first sale of lots in Jefferson City was held in 1823; the town was incorporated in 1825 and became the capital in fact in 1826. For its early years consult History of Cole . . . Counties, Missouri, pp. 276–299. The first capitol was burned in 1837; the one Culbertson saw was finished in 1842. The state prison was completed in 1836. The free population of Jefferson City (not including slaves) in 1850 was 1,400.

but then it won't do to complain. This morning we passed Glascow,[32] quite an important point, but a plain looking place situated on some very sterile hills on the north bank of the Missouri. The great amusement of the passengers is card playing, which I dispise, but I took my seat in the midst of them this morning and enjoyed very much the conclusion of a little book called "Night of toil"; it gives an account of the early missionary labors in Tahiti and neighborhood and it suggested to me some delightful religious thoughts. I was led to think especially of the wonder of a revelation from God such as the Bible, and I hope to think much more of this marvelous fact. After dinner I found much pleasure in the account of the crucifixion as recorded in John's Gospel and then wrote a long letter to my friend Will Cattell.[33]

Sunday March 24—We are still getting slowly towards St. Joe; it would have been very agreeable to my feelings to have laid by to-day but that was out of my power. The day has not been regarded by most of the passengers except by refraining from cards; we have had more things to excite us than on any previous day; early in the morning we ran aground and stuck there for an hour or two, during which time the steamer *St. Ange*[34] passed us. While lying there we had a severe snow storm [with a strong blow] from the East. Soon after we got off the bar, the *Minnesota*[35] also passed much to the annoyance of our passengers. We moved on quietly until about noon, when in passing through a dangerous place filled with large snags, one paid a visit to our kitchen interfering somewhat with the dinner but doing no serious injury. The boat was in considerable danger but got off with no further hurt. This afternoon the sun shines out clear and of course it is warmer than in the morning but we have the prospect of a very cold night. We expect to reach Lexington in a few hours when we will lose a number of our passengers much to our comfort.

To-day I have read considerably in my French Bible and hope to continue doing so daily. Whenever I look into this Holy Book I feel that it is my place to have much shame because of the very little knowledge I have as yet gained of its contents. May God grant me a very great

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[32] Glasgow, laid out in 1836, was named for James Glasgow, who settled first at Chariton and later moved to Saint Louis. (Consult History of Howard and Chariton Counties, Missouri, pp. 205–235; Missouri, a Guide to the "Show Me" State, pp. 351–352.)

[33] William Cassaday Cattell (1827–98), the son of Thomas W. Cattell, was born in Salem, N. J., was graduated from Princeton in 1848 and from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1852, and was ordained in 1856. He was president of Lafayette College at Harrisburg from 1863 to 1883 (DAB, vol. 3, p. 578).

[34] At this moment the *St. Ange*, Joseph La Barge, master, was on its way to Weston and would return to Saint Louis on the 31st (Missouri Republican, April 1, 1850). On a later trip (leaving Saint Louis May 28, 1850), it carried, among other passengers, the Hon. Henry J. Coke; the voyage from Saint Louis to Saint Joseph is described briefly in Coke (1852, pp. 81–88). (For more about the *St. Ange* and particularly about its trip to the Upper Missouri in 1850, see Appendix 4.)

[35] The *Minnesota*, E. H. Glime, master, left Saint Louis on the 20th for Independence, Weston, and Saint Joseph (Missouri Republican, March 21, 1850).

increase of a sanctifying knowledge of its truth. I read also somewhat in Rugby School Sermons [36] and liked them much; thought of many of my dear friends far away—God bless them.

LEXINGTON—LIBERTY—INDEPENDENCE

Monday March 25th—To-day has passed with as little incident as the others; the *Mary Blane* still manages to get up stream but she takes her own time for it; indeed it appears to me that Miss Mary is like some others of her sex—she requires a great deal of coaxing to do very little work. However, our load is much lighter than it was, having lost yesterday evening a number of passengers at Lexington.[37] This is said to be quite a large town but as it is entirely on top of the bluff, and that a very high one, I did not see it. Liberty Landing [38] was reached about 10 O'clock this morning, and there we made a very short stay. The town is about 10 miles from the river. One of the Independence landings was reached soon after; from this one the town is distant about 7 miles; very few passengers landed here but 12 miles further up the river we came to another landing but 3 miles from the town and there a large number of our passengers went off.[39] Entertainment is here found in backwoods style, as passengers were informed by several signs attached to log houses; one of these, a small log house afforded entertainment for "Ladies and Gentlemen." The Levee had a very brisk appearance while we were there as two boats were then putting freight ashore and a third had just done so. There were several conveyances for passengers to the town; one of these a good four horse vehicle was at the lower landing, took a load from there—went to the town and came down to the upper landing ready to make some more "dimes."

As I was engaged in devotional meditations this afternoon my mind was led to think of the great dignity of being a child of God and to propose that to myself as a matter for future prayer and study. I formed also a plan for studying the prophetical Scriptures while in the mountains. Alexander spends his time very much as I do; we are

[36] Possibly Thomas Arnold, 1845.

[37] Lexington was laid out in 1822. For it, consult History of Lafayette County, Missouri, pp. 433–463; Missouri, A Guide to the "Show Me" State, pp. 373–377. At this time the population was 2,194.

[38] Liberty Landing was on the Missouri River about 3½ miles from the town of Liberty, which had been laid out as the county seat of Clay County in 1822. (Consult History of Clay and Platte Counties, Missouri, pp. 280–373; Missouri, a Guide to the "Show Me" State, pp. 516–518.) The United States Census for 1850 lists two towns of this name in Clay County; one had 827 people, the other 2,730. The first apparently was Liberty Landing, the second Liberty proper.

[39] Independence, Jackson County, Mo., was founded in 1827. (Consult Whitney, 1908, vol. 1, pp. 32–55; History of Jackson County, Missouri, pp. 633–667. For interesting glimpses of this town in its early years, see W. Irving, 1944, p. 89; Latrobe, 1836, vol. 1, pp. 128, 140; John T. Irving, 1888, p. 11; McDermott and Salvan, 1940, pp. 103–105; Parkman, 1902, p. 9.)

both sick and tired of our boat and hope to get safe to St. Joe in a day or two.

KANSAS—KANSAS RIVER

We have just passed the village of Kansas; it is a new place but already has several good large brick warehouses below the bluff, while the town appears to extend back considerably above it.[40] Nine Indian men and a boy were standing on the shore and sang [saluted us with] a song as we came to land; they were all dressed in Indian costume and had their faces painted red. One of them went into the ladies cabin and staid until the boat was off; the passengers had a great deal of amusement about his getting off but at last the boat put ashore again and landed him. As we passed a small island about half a mile below the town Alexander told me that that island had once been exceedingly fertile and well cultivated and that about 10 years ago there was an excellent farm with fine improvements on the opposite shore; since that time the channel has entirely changed and where the boat then landed him is now but a little more than a swamp and the farm has again become a wilderness growing up with timber. This is a good illustration of the constant change going on along the Missouri. A very short distance above the town the Kansas River comes in; it is now about 200 yards wide; the land north of it belongs to the Indians and from this point we have the state on one side and the Indian country on the other. The Missouri here changes its general course and flows in a direction nearly north and south; just below the Kansas the bank showed a layer of fine golden sand several feet thick and on it were several alluvial deposits making the soil 8 or 10 feet deep.

WESTON

Tuesday March 26th—This morning about 10 O'clock we got to Weston, a fine brisk looking place on the north bank of the Missouri.[41] Our ride to-day has had nothing exciting except the usual number of snags and sand bars. I saw thousands of wild geese on one bar; they have been very plenty for several days. Wrote several letters to-day—hope to reach St. Joe to-night.

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[40] Kansas City had its beginning in François Chouteau's trading post, established at the mouth of the Kaw in 1821. Flooded out some years later, he rebuilt a few miles east of his original location; a settlement developed there known as Chouteau's Landing or Westport Landing. The town of Westport, a few miles south on the Santa Fe Trail, was laid out by John Calvin McCoy in 1833. The town of Kansas was platted at Westport Landing in 1838 and the village was incorporated as the "City of Kansas" in 1853. All these points are within the present limits of Kansas City. (Consult Garraghan, 1920; Miller, 1881; Missouri, a Guide to the "Show Me" State, pp. 241–248.) Miller gave the population of Kansas City in 1850 as between 700 and 800 (p. 43).

[41] Weston, Platte County, Mo., laid out in 1837, was an important place in the plains trade until the shifting of the Missouri River in 1857 left the town high and dry inland. In 1850 Weston had a population of 1,915. One of its most famous early citizens was Ben Holladay, whose overland freighting business has been reported in Frederick, 1940. (Consult History of Clay and Platte Counties, Missouri, pp. 1038–85.)

ST. JOSEPH

Wednesday March 26th—Reached St. Joseph's [42] last night about 12 O'clock and remained on board until morning; it was excessively cold during the night but has moderated considerably to-day. All our horses were landed safely and we took up our quarters at the Mansion House; before breakfast we had the pleasure of a very kind welcome from Alexander's friend McDonald; he appears to be a man of a very kind spirit and ready to accommodate us in all things.[43] All of us have to-day been making little purchases of things needful for the trip and I have had occasion to be thankful for having so kind a brother; ever since Alexander proposed bringing me with him I have been stinted in nothing; he has been very generous in every thing and I hope to repay this kindness by a grateful spirit and by striving to succeed in the calling to which I have devoted myself. It is my prayer that this kindness may not go unrewarded. My outfit purchased here is a fine saddle, bridle and martingale; a belt and knife, leggins and a few minor articles; these with my previous purchase prepare me I think for a trip to the mountains. The town is full of Californians and the whole business of the place appears to be able to "outfit" them.[44] Horses, mules and cattle are in great demand bringing very high prices. French is spoken as commonly here as Dutch in Pennsylvania; it sounds strange to my ears to hear this language spoken so commonly, when heretofore it has been very rare for me to hear it.

Thursday March 28th—Still at St. Joe and preparing for our trip. Weather cold, clear and pleasant. Wrote to several friends as it would be the last chance for sometime to come. Had a pleasant little ride in the country this morning and found Alexander's mules to be all that he said—they travel quietly, quickly and well together. Not very well but hope to be able to be off in the morning. Our accomodations at the hotel are very good indeed especially our room and beds; we enjoyed them exceedingly last night.—Read a chapter to-day in

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[42] Joseph Robidoux (see footnote 45, below) founded the town in 1842. Kurz, in Saint Joseph in April, 1848, wrote that: "there are evidences already of a rapidly expanding and flourishing city." His description of the frontier town with its mountain men, Indians, gold seekers, and the like, and his account of his life there for about 2 years is the most detailed and most interesting that we have for this period (Kurz, 1937, pp. 29–54). Father O'Hanlon (1890, pp. 105–106, 109–137) spent some months there in 1846–47. (Consult also History of Buchanan County, Missouri, pp. 385–954; Missouri, a Guide to the "Show Me" State, pp. 282–292.) The town in 1850 had a free population of 2,550.

[43] This is possibly the Duncan McDonald of Orral Messmore Robidoux (1924, pp. 123–126) and the "MacD." of Kurz (1937, pp. 68–69), who one night in the summer of 1848 shot and killed young Charles Robidoux, having mistaken him for a robber. Miss Robidoux declared that after the trial he went broke, sold out his store, left town, and died a "miserable drunkard." Kurz in 1850, however, noted that he was merely a clerk in the store and that after his acquittal he returned to Saint Joseph to live. Alexander Culbertson's friend might as well have been the brother of Duncan and the head man of the store.

[44] Cf. Kurz, 1937, pp. 46–48.

1st John and found much pleasure and profit in thinking of the train of thought which was probably in the Apostle's mind—hope that I understood his sentiments and was brought nearer to the cross by sympathizing with him.

Friday March 29th—This morning about 9 O'clock we started from St. Joe on our trip by land. As we had spent two days there, resting the horses and making our preparations we had no detention to-day. My time there had been spent pleasantly enough as Mr. McDonald did all he could to make us feel comfortable and as our time was somewhat taken up in making purchases. Alexander bought from old Mr. Robidoux,[45] the founder of the town, four fine horses for $245.00. This old man came to this place many years ago and traded with the Indians: he had a preemption right to the land and when the town was laid out, of course made a great deal of money. It is a good location for a town, as the bluff retires from the river and leaves a fine level place for the town, which can easily be drained into the river, but I have since been told that it will probably wash away. There are a number of fine large brick houses in the place and the court house is a handsome brick building standing on the highest point in the place. I have one of the Robidoux horses while I remain in the upper country; he is a fine quiet animal and an excellent pacer. This morning having put on my belt, knife and shot bag, I mounted my horse and rode with the men while Alexander drove the mules. We rode through a beautiful rolling country, poorly timbered but affording the most beautiful locations for farms. When well settled and cultivated I think it must make one of the most lovely spots in our country. The sun was obscured by light floating clouds but it was a fine morning for riding and I enjoyed it much; had I been perfectly well it would have been very exhilerating; for the woods resounded with the sweet song of birds, so that I was constantly reminded of my delightful evening walks about Clifton.[46] I was able to recognise the sweet notes of a beautiful crimson colored bird that was very common there

[45] Joseph Robidoux (or Robidou or Roubidoux) III, the founder of Saint Joseph, was the son of Joseph Robidoux II (who with his father, also Joseph, had come from Montreal to Saint Louis in 1770) and Catherine Rollet *dit* Laderoute. He was born in Saint Louis in 1783, according to Tassé, or 1784, according to Billon. He was married twice: first to Eugenie Delisle, by whom he had a son Joseph; and second, to Angelique Vaudry of Cahokia, by whom he had seven children. He made his first voyage up the Missouri River in 1799 and thereafter was active with his father and others in the Missouri River fur trade. Although he had located there earlier as an agent of the company, he bought the Blacksnake Hills post from the American Fur Company in 1834 and laid out the town of Saint Joseph in 1842. According to Kurz, he platted 160 acres as city property; in 1850 a building lot 40 x 140 ft. was bringing from $300 to $600. Robidoux died in Saint Joseph in 1868. Billon and Kurz report interesting anecdotes concerning him; Prince Maximilian and Bodmer found his house attractive. For him, consult Billon (1886, pp. 174–177, 444–445), Maximilian (1904–7, p. 257), Tassé (1878, pp. 119–129), Kurz (1937, pp. 54, 66–69).

[46] Possibly Clifton, W. Va., on the Ohio in Mason County about 15 miles north of Point Pleasant.

and soon I saw one hopping among the bushes. About 12½ O'clock we reached the town of Savannah, 14 miles N. E. of St. Joe; it presented a pretty appearance at a distance but it did not look so well on a nearer approach.[47] We found Alexander there, unpacked the animals and had quite a good dinner, but the place was as dirty a hole [spot] as ever I entered. After dinner Alexander sold a pony he had for $35.00 and we came on five miles further. We started off again after dinner and passed through some prairie land which is bordered by scrub oak and tall bushes. The farms look as if they were excellent; hemp appears to be the staple here as elsewhere in Missouri. Here we have stopped for the night and have a prospect for a comfortable one.

Saturday March 30—To-day we have come about 25 miles: at 1½ O'clock we stopped and finding some of the horses tired, Alexander has determined to remain here for the night.

Mr. Terhune is the name of the person with whom we remained last night;[48] he appears to be a man who by industry and economy has made himself comfortable; his farm is a beautiful one, and of the richest soil, and is valued by him at about $20 per acre, although this is above the average price of land. His house is a comfortable log one and on looking at the compass I noticed that it ranges due north and south, and on mentioning this to him he said that he so ranged it and that he had taken the direction by a rude but simple contrivance. He had taken it from the north star by ranging with it two sticks, one of which had on its top a moveable piece of paper. Early in the morning we all arose refreshed by our night's rest and found a clear bright refreshing morning instead of a rainy one as we had feared.

We had breakfast and were on the road by 6½ o'clock and again I was delighted by the cheerful songs of the birds. Our road lay through rolling prairies and we passed a number of very neat and comfortable looking farm houses; both Alexander and myself remarked the superior air of neatness and thrift here over the farms in the heavy timbered land of Indiana. The difference shows the advantage of prairie land over timbered land, for new settlers.

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[47] Kurz went to Savannah, Andrew County, Mo., 14 miles above Saint Joseph, in April 1850. According to him, this town was founded 8 years earlier than Saint Joseph but the better location of the latter town had enabled it to outstrip Savannah. Kurz was particularly interested in commenting on the camp meeting and other religious customs of the place and remained there apparently until sometime in 1851 (Kurz, 1937, pp. 53 ff.). Henry Coke set out overland from Saint Joseph on June 3, 1850, and traveled by the same road to Council Bluffs by way of Savannah and Kanesville. He arrived at the Bluffs on June 16. His account, however, is neither so detailed nor so interesting as that of Culbertson (Coke, 1852, pp. 88–106). Williams (1915, vol. 1, pp. 313–324) gives 1841 as the date when Savannah was laid off as the county seat of Andrews County, Mo.

[48] That is, at Savannah.

NODAWAY RIVER—PRAIRIE

About 10 o'clock we crossed Nodoway river[49] by a ferry; this is a narrow stream very much like Willis[50] in Virginia and is a tributary of the Missouri. After crossing this, we passed over a very extensive prairie; it is not level but rolling land, the hills generally having round tops with a gentle declivity on the sides; the view is most extensive and would be very beautiful if it was in the spring or summer, but now everything presents the bleak aspect of winter. The wind blew quite hard as we passed over some of the knolls. There are pieces of woodland scattered here and there over the prairie and along the water courses. We had a long ride without any resting place and were rejoiced to see our stopping place about 1½ miles ahead; here we again reach the Missouri bottom and can see the river away in the distance.

Sunday March 31st—This day has not been spent as I have been accustomed to spend my sabbaths; we have been travelling all day instead of keeping the day sacred as we were wont [have been accustomed] to do. And yet I do not think it has been a day altogether without profit to me; it has not been violated heedlessly; all agreed that it was my duty to undertake the trip for my health and therefore it is excusable for me to travel as those do with whom alone I can go. My mind has been very much engaged in meditating on some scriptural truths and I have read with considerable care several of the chapters in the Revelations. My thoughts also wandered to my distant friends and contrasted their privileges with my present situation; it was good to think of them all—at home—at Princeton—at Clifton and while I found it pleasant to pray that God might bless them it was not less delightful to think that some of them would pray for me while enjoying their own quiet homes and churches. It is hard for me to realize the great contrast between my present situation and what it was two months ago and yet it is my hope that I will gain no less spiritual advantage from this than from that! We have seen no churches to-day and no church going crowd, although there appears to be a general resting from labor. Judging from what I have seen, our Western Missionaires have a discouraging work to perform. We have travelled 25 miles and are now at a place called the English Grove.[51] We crossed to-day the Little and the Big Tarkio rivers.

[49] Nodaway River is the boundary between Andrew and Holt Counties. Having gone almost straight north from Saint Joseph to Savannah, they were now headed north-northwest through Holt County. Where they crossed the Nodaway is uncertain.

[50] The Willis River rises in the southern part of Buckingham County, flows northeast through Cumberland, to enter the James River at Cartersville, Va.

[51] It is possible that Culbertson should have written Irish Grove. A place of the latter name then existed in Atchison County, Mo., on the western bank of the Big Tarkio. It was a station on the Saint Joseph and Council Bluff Stage line (to which Culbertson later refers) and is now part of the town of Milton. The 50 miles that Culbertson allows for the 2 days of travel since their leaving Savannah, the general direction given for their

Land fine—rolling prairies. Cloudy all day and rain morning and evening.

NISHNABOTANA RIVER

Monday April 1st—To-day we have made 25 miles and are stopping with a gentleman named Cromwell just across the Nishnabotana River.[52]

Our host of last night at English Grove was a Mormon and intends going to Salt Lake as soon as he can, and the sooner the better if he toasts all travellers as he did us; tired as we were we could scarcely get to sleep because of the intense heat of a big fire in the room and the incessant chattering of a Magpie in the shape of a little peddlar. Our landlord was not well and could not himself see that the horses were properly attended; he expressed his great regret at this because said he, when I know that all is done right I feel like a soldier who has obeyed his superior—I am too good a soldier to let things be done wrong—I was a soldier once—not in the wars but on the militia parade and then I took delight in doing every thing as it should be because it would please the officer and save him trouble. We bid the soldier [our host] good-bye before breakfast and rode about 8 miles when we got a very good breakfast in a very plain cabin.

The road to-day has been over the rolling prairie as before, and it has been excellent, except early in the morning where there was mud because of rain last night. These prairie roads have been delightful ever since we left St. Joe except in bottom lands and between some of the hills; there is not much level road but it is generally smooth with some declivity and through timber as it approaches rivers or small streams.

The view as we approached the ferry over the Nishnabotana was magnificent.[53] The river is one of the most crooked [tortuous] I ever saw. A slight shower this evening.

Wednesday April 3d—Last night I could not make my usual entries because it was late when we stopped. The morning had been showery and therefore we had not left Cromwells, but about 12 O'clock Alex. determined to start although it still threatened to rain. However it proved to be a good afternoon for travelling and we went 20 miles. Just after leaving we met the Bluff stage coming down;[54] this is a new enterprise and marks the progress of civilization; a few

route, and the fact that they have crossed both Little and Big Tarkio Creeks makes the presumption that they were now at Irish Grove (or Milton) a fairly safe one. (For this place, see History of Holt and Atchison Counties, pp. 723–726.)

[53] The Nishnabotana is the last considerable stream to enter the Missouri River in the State of Missouri. The travelers were now in Fremont County, Iowa, for in the entry of April 3d Culbertson says that a few miles before crossing this river they passed into that State.

[53] For an account of the Nishnabotana and its valley consult Petersen (1941, pp. 280–291).

[54] I. e., the Council Bluffs stage.

years ago and there were scarcely any whites up here and now there is sufficient travelling to warrant a stage twice a week between the Bluffs and St. Joe.

IOWA

It is only a two horse stage [vehicle] and like the early stages in the East it don't travel at night. The distance to the Bluffs from St. Joe is 150 miles. The place commonly called Council Bluffs is not the Council Bluffs marked on the maps but is considerably lower down the River, the original place being now deserted. The present Bluffs is opposite Bellevue where there is a Presbyterian missionary station, and it is called by different names—Point du Cou [55] in French, or louse point in English, or the Bluffs.[56] A few miles before crossing the Nishnabotana we passed into the state of Iowa and will travel in that state until we cross the Big Sioux. This is the boundary claimed by the state and is much larger than the one proffered by Congress. It seems to be a good distance from home away out in the western part of Iowa and it feels like it too when we get into these little log cabins with their big fire places, big air holes and the old rifle over the door, or the mantel piece.

Last night we had plenty of provender for man and beast, the former done up in plain style; Alexander and I had a bed on which we had a first rate sleep although I rather think that at home we would have staid up all night before lying in it. The roof of that part of the house in which we slept was of common bark which I am told makes a very good roof when put on with care. The wind blew very hard all night and this morning the whole sky was overcast with clouds big with rain. Alex. ordered the horses back but I told him that there was a man in the house very sick with the measles, chicken pox or some disease of that character and he soon determined not to stay longer. In about half an hour we packed up and started in a drizzling rain with a strong wind, and it grew worse as we advanced, so that at the end of 3 miles Alexander thought it best to stop. We have here found plenty of provender for the animals and good quarters for ourselves. But when I say good quarters I don't mean a fine brick house, or a frame house but a log cabin that has a good roof—a big fire place and plenty of places for air holes. However it is a cold rain and would be very unpleasant travelling so that I feel as well contented as if I were in a much finer house. Our host and hostess are from Oswego Co., New York, near Lake Ontario; she tells me that there is a great deal of fever and ague here. And I should think there always

[55] He should have written *pou*, not *cou*.

[56] It is confusing for Culbertson to speak of this place as "the present bluffs." The whole region was then known as Council Bluffs or the Bluffs. He refers particularly to a settlement in Iowa opposite Bellevue and the missionary station. (For Louse Point see footnote 58 and for Council Bluffs, some miles to the north, see footnote 63.)

will be; for the bottom all along here is from 6 to 8 miles wide and very level.

I have forgotten to mention the very singular appearance of the Bluffs along which we came yesterday. There are three roads to the Bluffs, one called the bottom road along the river, the other runs along the foot of the Bluffs, and the third called the Bluff road, passes on the high grounds; we chose the middle one and found it very good except in several places where for quite a distance we travelled in water several inches deep but the horses did not cut through. I don't see how these roads will ever be made good in wet weather, as there is no rock in the country to Macadamize them, nor is wood plenty enough to make plank road.

As we passed from the Bluffs to the low lands they presented a very singular appearance, being very irregular in their shape, something like the irregular piles of dirt around on one bank or any great excavation. They are about an equal distance from the river here, 6 or 8 miles, but not in a continuous line, being broken up into a great many hills some with a gradual slope and others with a perpendicular side. My brother says that they continue up to the Yellow Stone. Near the river there is timber. Alexander bought a fine horse for $100.00 from a neighbor of Mr. Cromwell's; he gave him to Jim to lead, but it was too much almost for him to ride and to lead and his horse threw him before we had gone far and ran for a mile or two before Alex. could catch him. I found great pleasure in reading several chapters in Revelations and think that I have clearer views than I ever before had of the nature and design of that book.

Thursday April 4th.—To-day has been a dull one; here we have been all day where we stopped yesterday morning, detained by a severe North West storm and no signs of quitting yet. This morning it was snowing, about noon there was no rain and signs of clearing off but in the afternoon it began to rain again and now [is] almost as bad as ever; the wind is not so hard and is still in the same direction, but I think there are signs of a change. There is nothing here to entertain us; the landlord is very reserved and scarcely speaks, but his wife and her mother are pleasant enough. We feel very much gratified that we are not in the crowded, dirty place where we spent Tuesday night.

This morning I found an hour to pass away pleasantly in reading the Scriptures; every day in travelling as at Princeton I have been enabled to study these and I pray that it may continue to be so throughout my journey. There is but little chance for this at our stopping places but as we seldom go out of a walk in travelling, I read them and read with profit. I have just finished the most profitable reading of the Revelations I have ever made and to-day I began to read the Epistles in course beginning at Corinthians.

Yesterday I wrote a joint letter to father and mother which we will mail at the Bluffs. It is a delightful occupation for me to think of my different friends from whom I am far away and to feel that they sometimes think of me.

An old novel, called The Rose of Thistle Island, has afforded me entertainment to-day; the scene is laid in Sweden and the story has considerable of interest; it is written in the Swedish language by Miss Emilia Carlen and translated by some American gentleman.[57]

Friday April 5th—This has been the worst day for travelling that we have tried but we were so tired of laying by that we started out on the first appearance of clearing off and we have come 20 miles as far as the Bluffs. The road has been the greater part of the way along the bottom and through the timber land of the Missouri and it has been as bad as I want to see.

This place [Council Bluffs] is a miserable looking village[58] and our hotel is a miserable dirty place but nevertheless I have just eaten a very hearty supper. Opposite this place is Bellevue the seat of a mission;[59] I feel very anxious to pay a visit to it but I will not have time; as we came up the river I had a fine view of the mission house a large white building on the west bank of the river.

Saturday April 6th—I forgot to mention yesterday that we had crossed in the morning Five Barrel Creek commonly called Keg Creek; and in the afternoon Mosquito creek within five miles of the Bluffs.[60]

Last evening Alexander and I crossed by the ferry to spend the night with Mr. Peter A. Sarpy,[61] a fur trader; we got there after dark

[57] Emilia Smith Flygars Carlen (1807–92), a prolific Swedish novelist, whose The Rose of Fistelön, published in 1842, was translated into English in 1844. A collected edition of her novels in 31 volumes was published at Stockholm, 1869–75.

[58] That is, Louse Point. (For the early history of this region consult Babbitt, 1916, pp. 69–239.) The present city of Council Bluffs was then called Kanesville (see note 63). The Culbertsons were at a settlement Kurz called "Iowa Point . . . A forlorn place. None of the houses are built near the river, because the inhabitants so much dread losing their lives by the constant floods. As a result the town is already a mile from its original site . . . Hardly a dozen houses are inhabited here; the people are, for the most part, Mormons" (Kurz, 1937, p. 60). Parker's map (1856) gives Traders Point as the settlement opposite Bellevue.

[59] Bellevue, Sarpy County, Nebr., then an American Fur Company post. Kurz visited there in May 1851 (1937, pp. 60–69). For Bellevue, consult J. Q. Goss, 1898, pp. 36–47; Edward L. Sayre, 1911, pp. 66–114; Mrs. E. Anderson, 1919, pp. 72–77. For Sarpy County, consult S. D. Bangs, 1887, pp. 293–306. (See also footnote 62.)

[60] Five Barrel or Keg Creek entered the Missouri in the northwestern corner of Fremont County, Iowa, a little below the mouth of the Platte; Mosquito Creek, also from the Iowa side, about half way between the Platte and Bellevue.

[61] Pierre Abadie Sarpy (son of Gregoire Sarpy and Pelagie Labbadie) was born in Saint Louis in 1805. The Bellevue house was established under his management in the 1830's. In May and June 1851, Sarpy was still occupying the post, for Kurz visited him (1937, pp. 60, 64). In 1855 he had a store at St. Mary's, Iowa (nearly opposite the mouth of the Platte), on the stage route between Council Bluffs and St. Joseph. He was then described as "about 55 years of age; rather below the medium height; black hair, dark complexion; well-knit and compact frame, and a heavy beard that had scorned a razor's touch for many a year. His manner was commanding; his address fluent, and in the presence of the opposite sex polished and refined" (Bangs, 1887, pp. 299–300). (Consult also Allis, 1887, pp. 162–163.)

and it was too late to visit Mr. M'kinney [62] the Missionary, which was a great disappointment for I felt a very great desire to do so. Mr. Sarpy lives in fur trader style and we had it pretty rough. We found there 8 or 10 Indians of the Ottoe tribe and I was much struck by the powerful appearance of two of them. Three appeared to be chiefs; one was an old man and the other two middle aged; they must have been more than six feet tall, finely formed but with countenances not what one expects to see with such noble forms. I could not repress a feeling of pity at seeing such men esteeming it a privilege to get a seat on the floor in such a place, where the very stable boys felt as if they had a right to curse them for "lousy indians." Of course the Indians did not know what was said. The poor fellows annoyed us very much in the night by coming into the place where we slept and taking up their quarters there too and then talking a great deal. I noticed that in talking they did not use our conversational key but they spoke on a musical scale having apparently a regular rise and fall in the voice, and they used many gestures.

About 8 O'clock A. M. we left the Bluffs and found the road very level until we reached Kanesville [63] about 8 miles.

KANESVILLE

This is a Mormon town and was full of people when we passed through because of to-morrow being the day for the meeting of the Mormon conference. We met a great many on the road going to the same meeting. The town is on level ground and it was almost impassible [sic] on account of the mud. After leaving it, we again entered on the Bluffs and passed over a constant succession of hills. During the whole ride I thought the term "Mountains in Miniature" is the most expressive one to describe these Bluffs. They have all the irregularity in shape, and in valleys that mountains have, but they have no rocks and rarely timber. Some of the views afforded by them are very beautiful; one very fine was presented to-day; as

[62] This was the Rev. Edward McKinney who built a mission house and Indian school a little below the Bellevue post in 1847–48; the mission (to the Oto and Omaha) was maintained by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church (Old School). The staff consisted of McKinney and his wife, David E. Read (assistant), Henry Martin (steward) and his wife, and Martha Fullerton (teacher). (Consult Missionary Herald, vol. 47, 1851, pp. 205–206; Bangs, 1887, p. 294; Allis, 1887, p. 133–166.)

[63] Henry W. Miller, a Mormon, settled about 1846 a little west of the old Council Bluffs blockhouse, and the village that formed around him was called Miller's Hollow. Upon petition by Brigham Young, a post office named Kane was established at Miller's Hollow, January 17, 1847, and on April 8, 1848, at a meeting of the Mormons, the settlement was officially renamed Kanesville, in honor of Col. Thomas Leiper Kane who, though not a Mormon, had been friendly to them. (Kane, 1822–83, was a brother of the celebrated Arctic explorer Elisha Kane.) The population of Kanesville was said to have been 7,000 in 1849, but after the departure of Orson Hyde it dropped to a little over 2,000. In 1853 the name of the town was changed to Council Bluffs. (Consult Babbitt, 1916, pp. 16–17; History of Pottawattamie County, Iowa, pp. 69–239.)

we rose over the last Bluff I did not know it and thought to see the same succession of hills that we had before when judge of my surprise to behold a plain for miles in length before me.

BOYER RIVER

I had to stop and gaze upon the splendid sight and imagined how it would be improved by the rich carpet of grass which would soon clothe it. For the balance of the distance, we had principally the bottom lands; we crossed several streams the principal of which were the Little & Big pigeon creeks. About 5 O'clock we stopped with an old Mormon at the Boyer River.[64] To-day we had the hardest dinner that we have yet had; great big buckwheat cakes formed the principal part. I begin to feel as though settlements were getting mighty scarce.

Sunday April 7th—To-day we have been travelling again but I endeavored to fix my thoughts on subjects suitable to the day. They would occasionally wander to my different friends and ask whether they were employing their privileges as they should. It was pleasant for me to feel that a bond of sympathy could at the throne of grace and in religious meditation bind pious hearts together. May their prayers on my behalf be graciously answered by our common Father.

To-day we passed Willow Creek, two forks of the Soldier River, and the main branch itself, and are now on the bank of the Little Sioux ready to cross it in the morning.[65] Had some Elk meat for dinner to-day and the men saw four antelopes.

LITTLE SIOUX RIVER

Last night we found exceedingly plain but very good quarters in the house of Mr. Chase.[66] Both he and his wife are from Vermont and as soon as I learned that, I was sure of something good to eat and well cooked too, and sure enough when supper was ready it was first rate consisting of wild turkey and wild duck properly done up; we had

[64] Boyer River, the most considerable stream of central western Iowa, enters the Missouri a few miles above Council Bluffs. The travelers were now somewhere near the line between Pottawattamie and Harrison Counties. The Nicollet map does not list the two Pigeon Creeks; it does label a stream entering the Missouri immediately below Boyer River as Gopher Creek.

[65] Willow Creek is a branch entering Boyer River from the west in the extreme northwestern corner of Pottawattamie County. Soldier River enters the Missouri in Harrison County about halfway between the Boyer and the Little Sioux. The Little Sioux enters the Missouri in the northwestern corner of Harrison County. The Boyer, the Soldier, and the Little Sioux are all described in Petersen, 1941, pp. 270–279, 264–269, 252–263.

[66] When he decided not to buy Vermilion Post in 1851, Larpenteur purchased a claim, about 85 miles down the Missouri, from Amos Chase, a Mormon, who had been an original settler at the Mormon settlement at the mouth of the Little Sioux. Chase died about 1887. (Consult Larpenteur, 1898, vol. 2, pp. 296, 298–299, and footnotes 9, 10.) The Culbertson were now at Little Sioux, Harrison County, Iowa.

for our seats several chests, and two chairs, one a large rocking chair but never did I relish a supper more. We slept soundly and arose early in the morning to enjoy a breakfast of wild fowl. Immediately after, we prepared to cross the Little Sioux River and as there was neither a bridge nor a ferry this was no slight job. Mr. Chase had a canoe and in that we took over every thing except the horses which had to swim for it. The carriage was taken apart and carried over in that way. This occupied us until about 12 o'clock and soon after, we started across a wide prairie.

We had now left the settlements; for several days houses had been scarce and now we are to expect but one more many miles from this. We have therefore to-day been undisturbed in our travelling not having met a single person nor seen the signs of inhabitants since leaving the river this noon and yet I can scarcely realize it; here we are encamped in the western wilds far from any house but I don't feel any lonliness [sic], or any of those feelings which we expect to experience in these circumstances. Our road this afternoon has been as near a level as can be which has been favorable to making good travelling. Yesterday also we had a great deal of level road but just before coming to the river we had to cross the steepest bluff that I have yet seen. We ascended quite a steep bluff and I expected something of a declivity on the other side but judge of my fearful surprise to find that I had to turn the wagon at a right angle to prevent it from going down the other side and then in a few feet I had to start down a very long and steep ridge scarcely wide enough for two carriages to pass. This was rather a fearful undertaking for so unskilful a driver but summoning up all my courage I started and thanks to the good mules, we got down in safety. To-day again I was impressed with the resemblance of the bluffs to mountains; they are perfect mountains in miniature wanting the rocks and timber.

I have noticed in all the streams the general characteristics of the Missouri; flowing through an alluvial soil the banks are steep, their water dark and they are very crooked; they also have very swift currents. To-day on the bottom I observed for the first time the remains of snails; their shells, injured by the weather, were very numerous.

We saw several antelopes in full flight as we came along the prairie. I have forgotten to notice the addition to our dogs, of a fine greyhound given by Mr. Peter Sarpy to Alexander; her name is Juno, but she is of much more amiable disposition than the honorable personage for whom she is named.

Tuesday April 9th—To-day has been a day of lonesome travel through a long dreary prairie. We have made about 30 miles and

are again encamped in a couley[67] [gully] well protected from a storm should one arise. When we left last night's encampment it was a warm beautiful morning but before 8 O'clock the wind became exceedingly cold and dark clouds threatened a storm. About 1 O'clock we camped for dinner and rest, and I enjoyed our plain meal very much. We had no fresh spring water however and I can't drink this pond water; to-night we are in the same fix so that tea must suffice me. Just before dinner we had the misfortune to lose our poor little dog Tip; he was most likely overcome with fatigue and at the sight of water was seized with a fit of madness; he commenced barking violently, described two or three circles and then started off on the road we had just come and that's the last we have seen of him to the great regret of all the company. After dinner Alexander rode out in search of him but could see nothing of him. Just after stopping for the night, the horses frightened and we had a regular stampede, all took off full flight but were brought back with some trouble.[68]

FLOYD'S GRAVE

Wednesday April 10th—This day has not forwarded us far on our journey although it has been a day of labors. We have made only about 10 miles; we had breakfast and were off from our camping ground by about 5½ O'clock; after coming 6 or 8 miles we reached the Missouri and here found the house of a man named Thompson, a *Whiskey trader* with the Indians.[69] There was two men, and they appeared to be brothers; here they lived alone in a mean dirty cabin alone to make money by selling whiskey. One of them told me that a very good house which he was putting up was just for the purpose of selling whiskey and that his present house was too small. Although we had breakfasted we asked them to prepare some food for us and they soon did it, giving us coffee, warm bread and venison; although I was witness to the filth with which it was prepared I ate very heartily; the venison was good and I felt confirmed in the

[67] Culbertson spells this word cooley, cooly, couley, but never uses the correct form: *coulée*.

[68] In the second paragraph of the entry for April 12, he gives a further description of this prairie.

[69] "The title of the Indians . . . became vacant in 1847, and in the summer of 1848 . . . a single pioneer, named William Thompson, settled at Floyd's Bluff—the first white man who became a permanent settler of the country. In the autumn of the same year his brother Charles and another man followed and spent the winter there, being at that time the only white men in the county [Woodbury]. Anticipating an immense immigration, he laid out a town here and named it in honor of himself—Thompsontown . . . To give it an air of business, and aid in its development, he erected here his cabin, and, on the organization of the county in 1853, this was made the county seat. It was a sort of post for Indian traders for some years, but the city lots were too steep for cultivating, or for building, and, unfortunately, there was no place for a landing on the bank of the river, and the stakes are all that now remain to mark the progress of the town" (History of Western Iowa, 1882, pp. 176–177).

opinion that venison ought never to be boiled. Thompson's house is just at the foot of Floyd's Bluff, so called from being the burial place of a man named Floyd, a Sargeant and member of Lewis and Clark's company. I went to the top and found there a part of the stake that marks the grave and the hollow indicating where the grave is; it commands a fine extensive view and appears to be a fit place for the repose of a member of so bold a company.[70]

CROSSING OF WILLOW RIVER

Immediately after breakfast we started for the Willow River, marked Floyd's on the maps (the second one of that name);[71] there was only a canoe to get us over and that was on the other side. How to get it was the question and as that must be by swimming or by raft it was determined in favor of the former as being the more speedy. But here another trouble arose and that was, who was to be swimmer? Being a cold morning it required some nerve to jump into a deep and swift river. Nasselle however was preparing for it, when four Sioux squaws appeared on the opposite bank; it appeared to be very fortunate and Alexander called to them in their own language to bring the canoe over. They came to the water's edge and one got in, but before the others could follow her the rope broke and the current bore the canoe downstream and then there was as much laughing and sport at the accident as there would have been amongst as many civilized women; their voices and their actions recalled strongly to mind the ways of my fair friends at home and this was still strengthened by their liveliness and pleasantry. Their voices were certainly very agreeable and had the softness that we usually ascribe to the female sex. They could not however boast of much beauty; their complexion was bordering on ashy paleness.

As we had the canoe we soon carried our baggage across—took the carriage apart and ferried it over and then put the horses in. Nearly everyone gave trouble and it would have afforded a horde of school boys infinite amusement but to us it was a serious trouble; however patience and perseverance will do a great deal and at length with some aid from themselves all the horses were safely across and we prepared for a fresh start.

HOG WEED CREEK

We had now but five miles to go to our stopping place; this would have been nothing had it not been for a little creek that intervened,

[70] For a description (and sketch) of Floyd's Bluff see Catlin, 1848, vol. 1, pp. 4–5, pls. 117, 118. The death of Charles Floyd is recorded in Coues, 1893, vol. 1, pp. 79–80.

[71] Floyd's River entered the Missouri a mile or two above Floyd's Bluff; it is now of course in the heart of Sioux City. What river lower down was also named Floyd's on Culbertson's map I do not know. (For an account of Floyd's River see Petersen, 1941, pp. 245–251.)

called Hog-weed Creek;[72] at usual stages this has scarcely any water in it but now being high it is probably *four* or *five feet* wide; this appears a trifle especially as the water is not more than three feet deep but then the banks are nearly perpendicular and are *15* or *20* feet high, or rather low for the water is that far below the surface of the plain above. Here we have to unpack and unload the carriage again, and to let it down by ropes; we then used it as a bridge and passed most of the goods by it, and then fastened a long rope to the tongue, hitched the mules to the rope and soon were ready for a fresh start.

BIG SIOUX RIVER—BRUYIERE'S

An hour's ride brought us to the Big Sioux River[73] and here we stop for the night with a Mr. Bruyiere[74] and will cross the river in the morning. This will be no trifling job as the river is high and wide. Bruyiere lives here with the Sioux, very much as an Indian; he has two wives who are very nice looking women indeed;[75] they prepared for us a most excellent dinner of good wheat bread, Elk meat, potatoes and coffee. This man had a fight with some Indians lately in which he wounded three of them, and yet he apears to be a quiet, modest, honest man.[76] I have to-day for the first time heard the Sioux language and I think that it sounds very sweetly to the ear. I took a walk to some very high bluffs near this and enjoyed a most magnificent and extensive [extended] view of the Missouri and its

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[72] The only stream shown on the Parker map between Floyd's River and the Big Sioux is labeled Perry Creek.

[73] The Big Sioux was the largest stream they had yet had to cross; the actual crossing is described in the entry for the 12th. They were still within the limits of the present Sioux City. (For an account of the Big Sioux, consult Petersen, 1941, pp. 229–244.)

[74] According to C. R. Marks (1908), Theophile Bruguier was born in Montreal, August 31, 1813, and died at Sioux City, February 18, 1895. For a long time he was employed at Vermilion Post. He settled at the mouth of the Big Sioux in 1849, and in 1854 Sioux City was laid out on land Joseph Lionnais bought from Bruguier. Marks located him *above* the mouth of the Big Sioux; but Culbertson's account corrects that statement. Kurz, in 1851–52, knew a Bruyiere who was an independent (?) trader in the Fort Union region (Kurz, 1937, pp. 213, 240, 274, 293, 310, 311). Coues located the Vermilion Post, at which Bruguier served in the 1830's, about 25 miles above the Vermilion Post mentioned by Audubon (*in* Larpenteur, 1897, vol. 2, p. 287, footnote). (See also footnote 81 below.)

[75] One of these wives was a daughter of War Eagle, chief of the Yankton Sioux, who died at Bruguier's house in 1851 (History of Western Iowa, pp. 177–178). Marks said that Bruguier married three daughters of War Eagle (1908, p. 264).

[76] "After Bruguier resided there [at the Big Sioux] he had some trouble with his Indian neighbors. He had probably, after settling down, become less watchful of danger and in this trouble he was shot through the lungs by an Indian but he instantly killed his assailant and then walked quickly to his house. Near it he fell. He was lifted by his squaw wife and laid across the doorway in accordance with some Indian custom or etiquette and his household raised the death song . . . Bruguier soon revived from his swoon and demanded of her to stop howling and asserted with many oaths that he wasn't dead yet and no Indian could ever kill him . . ." (Marks, 1908, pp. 267–268).

extensive [grand] prairies. We have just crossed one 50 miles in length. To-morrow morning we leave Iowa.

CROSSING BIG SIOUX

Friday April 12th—Yesterday early in the morning the men began the work of crossing the Big Sioux River and although they had the aid of Bruyiere and his two men, they did not get through until about 2 O'clock. The river at this point is generally very shallow because the Missouri backs it so much that all the mud is dropped here, but now the river is very high and swift so that it was very troublesome to swim the horses. But at length every thing was crossed safely and we went to enjoy again the good cookery of Bruyiere's Squaws; they gave us for dinner a kind of fritter, called "bangs,"[77] honey and coffee. About 3 O'clock we were all over the river and off so as to get out of the timber about 4 miles. The road was very bad as I have found it in all the wood lands through which I have passed; at length we reached the edge of the woods and made our camp for the night on the banks of the Sioux.[78] The wind was blowing very hard and right from the north, so that it was not at all pleasant. Our meat had all given out and we had forgotten to get any, so that our supper consisted of a wild goose which Nersalle had shot in the morning. Our party was increased by Bruyiere and his man who were bringing 129 robes to Vermillion, which Alexander had bought from him. We had a good deal of talk around the fire; Bruyiere told me that rattlesnakes are very numerous in the prairies but that a weed called black weed is a sure and speedy cure for the bite.[79] Nersalle told an adventure of his as he came down which illustrates the great danger of travelling in the prairies at certain seasons of the year. As he was sleeping in the open prairie one night, the fire overtook him before he was aware of its approach; there was no chance for escape but by a cooley which was near and into it he rushed in time to save his life; the fire came sweeping on with terrific rapidity, but passed over the cooley only scorching his coat; one of his horses however was so badly burnt that he died in a few days.

The prairies along the Missouri are many miles long and 10 or 15 wide; we passed over one about 50 miles wide between the Big Sioux and Little Sioux and had no running water; we used the pond and

[77] Beigne—a fried cake, very popular on the western frontier (McDermott, 1941, p. 22).

[78] If Culbertson has not made an error in writing *Sioux* here, they must have gone north on the west bank of that river for some distance before turning west for Vermilion Post. Parker's map shows a road crossing the Sioux near its mouth and then headed northwest, roughly paralleling and at no great distance from the Missouri.

[79] This was probably the "racine noir" of the French (McDermott, 1941, p. 132).

lake water. I have noticed several lakes within the last two days all of a peculiar shape—that of a half moon and having wood on the inner side.[80] I am told that all these lakes on the prairies are filled with fish which are left there from the high waters of the Missouri.

Last night we encamped just on the edge of the woods; during the night the wind increased to a powerful gale and roared with tremendous violence; the men were very cold as they had no protection from it but we were quite comfortable in our carriage, our only fear being that a tree might blow on us. We were up bright and early and as soon as we had breakfasted were off for the Vermilion.[81] The wind had not decreased in violence and our road lay right along the level prairie; it was intensely cold and the wind almost stopped the horses sometimes. Alexander and I got in the buggy and by aid of the diligent use of the lash we reached the trading house about 12 O'clock; it was about 25 miles from where we had crossed. We were soon enjoying the fire in Schlagel's house and were comforted by some dinner. The men came about 2 O'clock.[82]

VERMILION POST

Heretofore we have been travelling within the States although out of the settlements, but as soon as we had crossed the Big Sioux we were on Indian ground. A part of the Sontee [83] Indians stay about here; the main body of the tribe live on the Mississippi and St. Peter's Rivers; about 60 lodges being here. About 25 lodges of the Yanktons [84] stay about here. But there are none at this post just now as

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[80] The lakes so strange to Culbertson were the ox-bow lakes common to the whole stretch of the Missouri River, as to other similar meandering streams. Parker's map names several of those he passed in Iowa: Soldier Lake, Silver Lake, Crooked Lake; Blue Lake and Brown Lake are names given two of them today.

[81] The post, not the river. When Audubon visited the Vermilion Post, May 16, 1843, Pascal Cerré was in charge (Audubon and Coues, 1897, vol. 1, pp. 493–495). In February 1850, Larpenteur arranged with the Company to take charge of Vermilion on condition that he could purchase it at a stipulated price; he went there in the summer of 1850 and remained one year but decided the post would not suit him and on May 15, 1851, he left it (Larpenteur, vol. 2, pp. 286–292). In a long note (p. 287) Coues discussed the possible location of Vermilion Post and decided that that of the 1830's with which Bruguier was connected was some 25 miles above the later post. Culbertson's narrative shows the location of Larpenteur's Vermilion Post, concerning which Coues expressed some doubt.

[82] When Kurz headed up the river on the *St. Ange* a year later (as Picotte's clerk) he noted on June 25 that "Fort Vermilion is abandoned. Schlegel, the bourgeois, came with bag and baggage on board our steamer, to proceed 60 miles farther up the river and establish a new post . . . [June 26]. The Prussian Schlegel drank all my French brandy on the sly, as preventive for cholera. . . . Schlegel and his native mistress were put ashore with all their goods and chattels at the Isle de Bonhomme, where he intends to establish a new trading post in the land of the Sioux" (Kurz, 1937, p. 70). Kurz stopped there coming down river, May 8, 1852 (ibid., p. 333).

[83] According to Hodge, "the name Santee was applied by the Missouri River Dacota to all those of the group living on Mississippi and lower Minnesota rs." (Hodge, 1910, p. 460.)

[84] The Yankton, one of the seven primary divisions of the Dakotas, were at this time located chiefly on the Vermilion River (Hodge, 1910, pp. 988–989). See Culbertson's "Tabular View" in Appendix 1 below (pp. 132–137). Palliser, who had a poor opinion of the post itself, was much interested in a Sioux encampment there (1853, pp. 95–99).

they are out after Buffalo and therefore provisions are scarce; we had some fresh Buffalo tongue yesterday, however, which tasted very nice and tender. We met on the prairie three Indians going to Bruyieres, ladened with Buffalo meat.

The Missouri here is full of snags; indeed it is so at almost every point where I have had a chance to look at it; the higher we go up, the worse it appears to get, but the danger from these is of course decreased by the high water; every few miles places can be seen where the river has changed its channel, sometimes in one year moving off a mile or two from a place where a good channel had been; it is said that at Old Council Bluffs the river flows three miles from where it did when the Fort was first built. All along its course they calculate for these changes and don't put substantial buildings where there is danger of the bank moving away. The danger of boating here is also increased by what are called *Rapicages* (I spell as they pronounce) which are fearfully rapid flows of the water *as it rises* over sand bars and moving them off. The water rushes over [the bar], roars like a cataract and runs [in] high waves so that if a small boat be struck, it is swallowed up at once. When the bar has been swept away and the full rise has been attained these [Rapicages] subside.

Alexander determined to remain two days at this post (Vermilion) so that we have had rest to-day and shall have also tomorrow. We all needed it, or at least I am sure that I did, for although my health and strength have increased wonderfully since leaving home I feel as though some rest would be very agreeable. And so it has been, but still Monday morning will find me ready for a fresh start. Alexander has just been joking me about my increase of flesh and says that my shoulders are three inches broader than they were; certainly I am much stronger and have endured more fatigue than I could have for years back; I bear the cold, the wind, the fatigue of riding, or walking and then am ready for my meals and enjoy them plain as they may be and not excessively clean, and then I sleep soundly and rise refreshed.

Sleeping in the camp does not appear to affect me; our bed is very good and we are very warm in the wagon and sleep as comfortable as in most of the houses in this western country; even during the terrible and very cold wind of Thursday night we were very warm although the wind seemed as if it would move the wagon sometimes, and it blew in also where the curtains met, but this did no harm. To-day has been one of preparation for the remainder of the trip about 300 miles; my gun has been cleaned and with it I frightened two birds so badly that they flew from the bushes on which they were sitting. Alexander skinned a canvass back duck killed by one of the men.

The Missouri rose very rapidly this evening. Bruyiere promised to collect some sculls for me.

Sunday April 14th—Rested all day.

This has been one of the few sabbaths that have been days of rest to me since leaving home and although I have been far from any christian communion it has been a pleasant thing for me even to remain quiet. My little Testament has been my only religious consellor and I could have had no better; it has always been my opinion that christians are too ready to study very closely the biographies of eminently pious men and to imitate perhaps their faults, or at least their eccentricities while they neglect to study the eminently pious spirit of the sacred writers. The Bible is to me the book most prolific in examples of christian spirit and of christian practice and today as I read some of the Epistles of Paul I could not but think how all christians would be profited if they would study more than they do his *personal* character—if they would overlook for a time his doctrinal writings and search for the spirit with which these doctrines are urged. Such a study of Paul's writings would bring us all to a more practical and personal apprehension of Christ and would lead to a cultivation of that spirit of christian sympathy and compassion for the souls of men that are such conspicuous characteristics of Paul. I love to read the lives of eminent christians. I love to have my sluggish soul fired by their burning zeal—I love to regard Edwards,[85] and Nevins [86] and M'Cheyne [87] as my examples in preaching the gospel but still I feel that if I drink not often at the fountain of spiritual life my draughts from the stream will be of little value. It has been agreeable to have my thoughts wander off today to my friends who are many—many hundreds of miles from me. The pleasant days of my Clifton life have been renewed; in imagination I have seen the different ones there in their usual employments and have hoped the dear Mrs. H. is out of her sick room.

Why is it that I love to think of that family? It must be principally because of the christian kindness I there received and of the christian progress I there made and because the two most useful years of my life were spent there. The influence then exerted by me, I was enabled by the grace of God to feel to be very important and I strove to make it useful to my pupils; it was a constant thought

[85] Possibly Jonathan Edwards; *or* Bela Bates Edwards, 1802–52, noted clergyman and educator of Massachusetts (DAB, vol. 6, p. 27).

[86] Possibly Alfred Nevin, 1816–90, of Shippensburg, Pa., a Presbyterian clergyman, editor, and author; licensed to preach at Carlisle, 1840; served the German Lutheran Church (sic) at Chambersburg, 1845–52. *Or*: Edwin Henry Nevin, 1814–89, clergyman, educator, and author, brother of Alfred Nevin; graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, 1836. (Consult DAB, vol. 13, pp. 438–440.)

[87] Robert Murray M'Cheyne, Scottish clergyman and author, 1813–43 (DNB, vol. 35, p. 3). (See also footnote 140.)

that they would meet me before God's judgment bar and would be witnesses for or against me and therefore it was my endeavor to act in view of that account but I well knew that many a time my conduct was not what it should have been. I received great pleasure from an affectionate letter written to me by my esteemed pupil Freddy Hobson and received at St. Louis; he spoke in encouraging terms of his own spiritual state and then stated that Charles Woodson [88] had lately made a profession of religion; my heart was indeed rejoiced at this for I had long hoped for his conversion as well as that of each of my other pupils and I earnestly pray that my letter to him may be blessed to the strengthening of his faith.

I thought of home—of my aged parents and of my little effort to make them happy in their old days and prayed for the salvation of their own souls and of the souls of each of their household. It is good indeed to feel that you are remembered by distant friends and this pleasure I always enjoy; I feel sure that to-day not only those of my own household have thoughts of me and my kind brother but also that my dear young Princeton friends have had a thought of their distant friend and classmate. We are not grateful as we should be for this christian and family sympathy; we should ascribe it to its true source—the influence of the gospel and we should make an especial thanksgiving to God for it.

Alexander and I frequently speak of Simpson; [89] we cannot but feel a regret that he is so situated as to preclude almost all expectation of ever seeing him again; how pleasant, we say, would it be to meet him and his family at home, or even to anticipate such a meeting but as he is now situated we can't hope for that. For my own part I would love to have his christian counsel and sympathy in my studies and future labors, should God spare my life—I have during my whole course longed for this and yet I feel that he is right in doing as he has done. My own heart don't lead me to do as he has done but I understand something of the noble character of the missionary work and I can sympathize somewhat with the spirit that prompts others to labor in it.—May God bless him and his in their self-denying labors.

[88] Freddy Hobson and Charles Woodson apparently had been pupils of Culbertson during his short period of teaching at Clifton.

[89] Michael Simpson Culbertson (Jan. 18, 1819–August 25, 1862) was the oldest child of Joseph Culbertson by his second wife, Frances Stuart—a half-brother therefore of Alexander and a full brother of Thaddeus. Michael Simpson entered West Point July 1, 1835, was commissioned second lieutenant in the First Artillery, July 1, 1839. After service on the northeastern frontier and as assistant professor of mathematics at West Point, he resigned from the Army April 15, 1841, to enter the Princeton Theological Seminary. He was graduated in 1844, married Mary Duncan on May 16 of that year and went out immediately to China as a missionary, where he published a translation of the Bible into Chinese (1855), and died of cholera. (See Culbertson, 1893), pp. 163–165, 169, 184–185; Cullum, 1868, vol. 1, p. 575.)

HIGH WATERS

Monday April 15—To-night I feel too tired to do much writing: this has been a day of labor without much head way; Alexander had despatched two men with an ox-team to take [procure] a canoe to aid us in crossing the Vermillion River and early this morning we started expecting to overtake them and to get over to-day. But uncertainty always attends human affairs and this has been our experience; before reaching the bluffs about an hour after we had left the house we came on to the water which had filled the low part of the prairie from the high stage of the Missouri; here we were completely at a stand for a time, for this water passes down the prairie into the Big Sioux so that there was no possibility of going around it, and there might be 10 feet of water in some parts; however after a reconnoitre we ascertained that the water did not extend to the Bluffs and was not more than 4 feet deep in the deepest part; so we all started across and rode about one mile in the water. It was very cold on the feet as the horses splashed the water on us at every step.

The mule which Alexander had got from Mr. Schlagel to draw a cart with corn, would not cross, so that he had to send back his mules to bring the cart, and when they came over he let them remain in the cart and put two horses in the buggy, and fortunately they proved to be very good for harness. We then moved on and soon reached the mouth of the Vermilion [90] but there was no crossing then because of the extreme high water; the men had gone up the river with the boat and we followed their track; it soon turned from the bottom to the bluff; here was a very steep hill but the men took hold of the buggy and helped them up with it; on the top of this bluff was an immense tract of table land the most level that I had seen. Here we soon lost the track and had the pleasure of describing a great circle and finding ourselves at the starting point in a short time.

Then there was a look for the track of the ox team and at length Nassel found it and we followed it; we kept on for a long time and finally turned down to the banks of the river and made our camp much to the comfort of man and beast. My supper of meat, bread and coffee eaten in camp style, was relished mighty well and here I am writing this by way of dessert in the buggy, sitting tailor fashion on our bed. The wind is very high and cold and yet I calculate on a good sleep to-night. All the bottom here is full and water and as Alexander says [truly] "you can't see the river for water." How we shall get over, time only will show. The bluffs opposite the Vermilion post had some large stones and gravel on them.

[90] Coues estimated the distance between the Post and the river to be about 10 miles. (See footnote 81 above.)

Tuesday April 16th—We are at length across this Vermilion River; it is no wider than the Canococheague creek in Chambersburg but it has given us considerable trouble in getting over it. We have travelled about 20 miles to-day and have gotten above where the banks are overflowed so that by the aid of the canoe brought from the Vermilion Trading House we easily got over; to-morrow however we shall have to swim the horses which will take a few hours. Our route to-day lay over widely extended and very level prairies without wood and with but little water. Almost as far as the eye could reach there was nothing to be seen but wide spread level land covered with the dried grass of last season. Did I experience that elevation of mind so often ascribed to the beholding of these grand prairies? No, I did not, for it is one thing to be thrown in ecstacies by the description of these magnificent peculiarities of this western country, as one is seated by a warm fire surrounded by all the comforts of home and it is another to travel over them when they are covered by dry grass only, with a regular North Easter blowing in your face and the thermometer below the freezing point. And yet I have been filled with feelings of delight as my eyes have rested upon some of the views of this prairie land; my thoughts have been raised by them to their great Creator; these wide-spread fields untouched by the artistical skill of man have led me to think of him from whose hands they came as they are now, and I have felt that when clothed with their rich carpet of green that they must be all that the most romantic have pictured them.

PRAIRIE FIRE

We saw before us to-day for a long time the smoke of burning prairies; at length we came in sight of the flame which must have been miles in length and in a short time our road lay right through it. What is now to be done, thinks I; my doubts were soon solved for Nasselle tramping it out with his foot for a few feet we all passed through. Why how is this; some may say, we thought it a fearful thing to meet fire in the prairies? and so it is when the wind blows with the fire, but to-day the wind was against it and therefore the fire made but slow progress. About 1 O'clock we reached the river and found here two lodges of Indians. We had our meal prepared in one of them by our man, and Alexander and I ate there, which was my first meal in an Indian lodge. It is now very cold, and threatens snow. Gravel and large red and blue stones still seen on the bluffs.

Thursday April 18th—My inkstand has served me a scurvy trick and spilled all my ink so that henceforth I must write with pencil. Yesterday was the dullest day I have yet had; it snowed and we could not travel; our quarters were a small Indian lodge crowded with children and dogs and the small intervening spaces well filled with smoke. I

joined a black man named John from the Vermilion post, in hunting ducks; our success was but poor but I gained an appetite for dinner. In the afternoon it became a little warmer and Alexander fortunately determined to cross over the horses. The Indians also moved and on putting up their lodge again they stretched it to its full capacity, so that we were more comfortable.

The master of the lodge had brought in six fine large ducks and we had several of them cooked for supper; plain as the style was I thought them delicious and ate very heartily of them. During the night the wind blew most violently and it became intensely cold. I thought it was also raining but was mistaken. The men made for their sleeping apartments, little houses of twigs covered with a part of their blankets and there had very comfortable protection from the storm. I was disturbed by the noise of the wind and the cold, but notwithstanding this I had a delightful dream of being at home on a most beautiful day and enjoying the society of most kind friends. What a contrast between the dream and the reality.

In the morning we found it clear, very cold and a violent North wind blowing but we determined to start and soon Indians and all were on the way. I thought we would have afforded an admirable scene [subject] for a picture illustrating travel on the prairies; in moving off we got considerable. . . .,[91] and with the strange appearance of the Indians, their pack horses and their *pack dogs*, their squalling babes on the backs of their mothers and our own rather outlandish appearance, there was a fine scene; just as we ascended the hill and reached the plain I thought the appearance the most picturesque. We have not made more than 20 miles to-day and our way has been over dreary plains for many miles almost perfectly level and destitute of wood and water; occasionally however at intervals we would come on a small stream with a little wood.

WHITE EARTH FORK

We are now encamped on the White Earth Fork of the Vermilion.[92] We had not made the camp before the Indians discovered traces of a Buffalo and were after it; soon they came back saying it was killed; it was a cow and had become mired so that they killed it with the knife. This is the first one that we have seen and it is unusual to see them down this low on the Missouri. I have taken two specimens of

[91] The blank is in the original manuscript.

[92] The narrative is not clear, but apparently the Culbertsons traveled north, along the east bank of the Vermilion, for 20 miles before they were able to cross. They then continued (west?) until they struck the White Earth Fork. The Vermilion was also known on early maps as the White Stone or White Earth River. T. A. Culbertson's White Earth Fork of Vermilion was probably that western (right) branch of the Vermilion which enters the main stream just above the town of Vermilion, S. Dak.

stone from this little valley; one, something like marl in its configuration, is from a small mass of rock rising right out of the hill side for a few feet; the soil around it being the usual black loam. The other is a specimen of the rock from which I suppose this is called White Earth Fork; it is from a perpendicular bluff about 50 feet high on the fork and the whole of it appears to be of the same soft white stone as the specimen; it was broken with my fingers from the mass of the rock. The bluff fronts nearly due east I think. The hills on this valley and all along to-day have constantly exhibited gravel and large red and blue stones which appear to have been deposited there from water. Timber is very scarce on the Vermilion River.

Friday April 19th—We were off this morning about 6 O'clock; the weather was still unsettled but we were anxious to reach the River à Jacques and to cross it, for then our trouble in crossing rivers will be nearly over. The road to-day was over prairie more undulating than that of yesterday. We had gone but a short distance before our Indian guide pointed out some Buffalo but I could only discern something black away in the distance; soon after he showed some more and in a short time we could discern several bands in different directions. About 10 O'clock we crossed a small stream called Black Earth River, a fork of the Vermilion.[93] It detained us a short time: the squaws waded over or made a small bridge and then had to pull the packs of their animals across, one old woman probably 80 years old had a big dog for her pack horse; he generally worked very well and kept up with the horses easily but as we started this morning there was a steep and high hill just at first; up this he appeared unwilling to go and could only be persuaded so to do by the administration of sundry blows well put on.

[93] What stream Culbertson meant by the Black Earth River cannot be determined, nor can the position of the party at this time. Warren in 1855 traveled from Fort Pierre to Sioux City high up on the prairie; to his summary of distances he added information about another road which more nearly approximates the route of the Culbertsons: "As this route has very little wood, it is not safe in very cold weather, and as at such times we may calculate on crossing the Vermilion and James rivers, near their mouths, on the ice, the route near the Missouri should be taken. The following distances, &c., along it were given me by Mr. Henry Goulet: From The Big Sioux ferry go direct to near the mouth of the Vermilion, where the point of the bluffs end; 14 miles from the Big Sioux is a lake, with large willows for fuel; 4 miles further, plenty of wood at a spring; thence to Vermilion 16 miles; take now the ridge of the high prairie straight to where James river comes out from the bluffs, in 16 miles you reach White Clay creek; water in a spring, and wood plenty; thence to James river, 17 miles; from this river to the forks of Manuel creek is 25 miles, and here you are 12 miles from the Missouri, not far from l'Eau qui Court river; at the forks plenty of wood. The next camp will be on Andy's lake, 27 miles; here wood is plenty; from this lake to Yagalinyaka Creek, 14 miles, wood plenty; thence to Pratt's creek, 20 miles; thence to Bijou hills, 17 miles; thence to Crow creek, 25 miles. If this route should be taken in the spring and summer, the Vermilion and James rivers must be crossed by a ferry" (Warren, 1856, p. 34). From Crow Creek to Fort Pierre the lower road was apparently the same as Warren's own route.

RIVER À JACQUES

After crossing the creek the two Indian men went after the Buffalo which were quite near; we came on and reached the river à Jacques[94] about 12 O'clock. I was glad to go into camp for I felt much fatigued; we have for many days had very high winds and for two days we have been travelling through snow a few inches deep; this is not much but hardly to be expected in April and makes the walking fatiguing. To get to the river however is not to get over it; for the river is far beyond its banks, caused principally by the back water of the Missouri from which we are about 10 miles distant. We shall have to go some distance up the river before we shall be able to cross. Soon after camping a buffalo appeared on the bottom above us; Nasselle started after him but his gun missed fire and so we missed the game. Dinner was scarcely ended before Nasselle discovered another below us and he, Alexander, and I, went after him; we found him in a cooley about ¼ of a mile off and soon despatched him but as he was exceedingly poor in flesh we took nothing but the tongue. When we returned to the camp we found the Indian hunters back; they had killed two cows and their calves, which perhaps had not seen the light.

All afternoon the Indians have been eating; I have taken some in each man's lodge but as I had eaten very heartily at dinner I was not prepared for feasting much after it. As I was resting in the wagon Alexander called me to come in and eat some of the calf; I went and ate it although not with much relish, but it was not as disgusting as persons might suppose and if my dinner had been a few hours earlier I think this very young veal would have tasted well. I took some of the buyon [sic for bouillon!] that is, the water in which the meat was boiled and found it very sweet and quite drinkable. Scarcely any part of the buffalo can be mentioned which is not eaten; the calves in the womb are taken and cooked in the liquor in which they are and are esteemed a great dish by the Indians; they eat the liver and the manifold raw as it comes from the animal and almost every other part.

It is still very cold and cloudy, threatening a storm; for many days past the thermometer has been below the freezing point and we have had weather suitable for January. The fresh air however has done me great service and I don't feel at all the worse for the exposure and fatigue.

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[94] The Jacques, James, Yankton, or Dakota River. Audubon (1843) wrote that the Rivière à Jacques was "named after a man who some twenty or more years ago settled upon its banks, and made some money by collecting Beavers, etc., but who is dead and gone" (Audubon and Coues, 1897, vol. 1, p. 501). Audubon, however, was incorrect, for the river was called Jacques at least as early as the 1790's. A few lines later in this paragraph Culbertson informs us that they reached the Jacques about 10 miles above its mouth. From the entry for April 20 it will be seen that the party went 15 miles upstream before they could cross; it was not until the morning of the 25th, however, that Culbertson could write with satisfaction that they were safely over the Jacques.

Saturday April 20—Just one month from St. Louis; what a contrast between that day and this? We have travelled about 15 miles to-day over prairie land near the river and have at length reached a place where it is possible to cross although the water is still very high. We were in rather low spirits until this fact was ascertained but we felt quite a change as soon as it was announced. Plenty of buffalo meat in camp but short allowance of bread. Rocks and gravel still seen although not so frequent as for several days past; some are evidently the cropping out of rock beneath the surface; saw one very much like the one seen in the White Earth Fork. Too tired to write more—Timber scarce; more plenty further up.

Sunday April 21st—We are yet on the east bank of the River à Jacques, and this has been one of the longest days I have ever passed. It really appears as though it had 48 hours instead of the usual allowance of 24. We arose early and found it snowing with every appearance of storm for the day. This of course put a stop to passing the river, which I liked very much as afforded a quiet sabbath. But it was too unpleasant to read inside or outside of the lodge and besides that I became fidgetty and restless and could not have read if books had been near me. About 10 O'clock there was some appearance of clearing off and a warm afternoon. Alexander determined to cross but by the time that things were ready for it, the wind got around to the north again and blew violently so that it was impossible for the horses to go over. We all then settled down to spend at least one more night here; I felt tired and took a short walk on the hill for exercise. When I returned the Indians were preparing to go for buffalo, which had appeared in great number to the north; in a few minutes they were off and are now probably giving some of them a good chase.

It is now intensely cold and threatens a terrible snow storm, and I almost wish it would come for then perhaps we would have some clear weather; the sun has been very sparing with his favors lately as we have not seen the light of his countenance for some days and but very seldom for two weeks past. But unfavored as we have been in some things, we have been greatly blessed in others, for if we had not found buffalo and Indians to kill them we would now likely be in a camp very scarce of provisions; but as it is, the only thing we feel constrained to economise in, is bread. This I have not tasted for two days and probably will not for some days to come; we have a little but we save it, lest we should run out of meat. We are rich in buffalo meat and as the cow killed yesterday had some fat we had the pleasure of making a breakfast on steak. I ate some pudding to-day, made by our hostess, of buffalo meat cut into about as large a piece as a person would take at a mouthful and stuffed in a skin which probably had not seen water after being taken from the animal.

I am now sitting in the lodge with four little girls playing opposite me. Alexander is sleeping at one side and Jim frying some fat on the other, while several dogs of various sizes and colors are enjoying themselves about us. There is quite a good fire in the middle and the smoke ascends from the top; we find this lodge a great protection in such weather as we have had. Since the wind has again become so cold and violent the men have moved their fire into the hollow just above where they will be protected from the wind.

To-day I hope has been to my distant friends a more agreeable and a more sacred one than it has been to me. Here the sound of the church bells are heard not and although there is quiet enough it is not the sacred stillness of the sabbath. The privileges of religion are great if we only knew how to prize them, and far from christian communion as I am I feel as if I would not exchange my hope in Christ for anything the world can give.

Monday April 22nd—Last night was the coldest we have yet experienced; it would have done very well for December but in April it feels very much out of place. However we past it very comfortably in the buggy but the men must have been very cold, for the wind blew so hard that there was great danger of setting the prairie on fire so that they put their fire out. The sun arose clear this morning and everything had the appearance of winter; the men were out to find the horses which had strayed off during the night and did not return until about 11 O'clock. I enjoyed the buffalo steaks and coffee very much and have felt well all day. About 12 O'clock I went with one of the men after the meat of two cows which he and one Indian Landlord had killed; we brought it all home and our camp is full of good things to eat. I see [hear] the Indians returning with another load. The buffalo are seen all around us and on the opposite shore. All the cows killed have calves which are esteemed a great rarity. The weather is too cold to swim the horses over so that we are fixed here until warm weather comes again.

I was told to-day by a man well acquainted with the River à Jacques that there were numerous salt springs along its shores, one is near our camp and they are more numerous above. Good timber is also more plenty above this, here it is scarce.

Wednesday April 24—Yesterday was another dull day; we are still becalmed by the wind if such an expression be allowable; that is we are deterred from crossing the river by the great excess of wind and cold. For variety I took my gun in the afternoon and started after ducks up the river; my first shot was a lucky one and laid low the unfortunate duck that had fallen into my path. I went into the water about 10 inches deep to get him and walked the remainder of the afternoon with wet socks and moccasins, without being injured

by it; this shows how greatly I have been benefited by my trip. This morning I armed again and started out after some booty; my principal object was to get a good duck to skin and stuff. The first one I shot at was a little diver, a beautiful little duck with a black head, and black and grey back; he never noticed my first, second nor third shot but becoming foolhardy remained very near to me; I fired again and he was numbered with the dead. For several hours more I hunted but had no better success than scaring several ducks and breaking the wing of one. He was on a small stream in a cooley and when hit happened to be in a pool quite deep and wide. According to their custom he ran to the shore and hid but finding himself discovered, ran back into the pool again before I could get him. I made all kinds of noises, threw at him and tried to get him into shallow water but with no success. There he remained until he tired me out; then I resorted to cunning and the bird outwitted me; I pretended to go away but lay down in the grass and watched him; immediately he went to the shore and struggled out into the grass: thinks I you're mine now, but try my best I could not find him and had to come away without him.

When I reached the camp it was 12 O'clock and Jim had dinner for me; it consisted of an onion, some boiled sweet corn, water and most excellent buffalo roast done before the fire on a stick. I stuck the stick in the ground near me and made one of the most delicious dinners that my memory bears in mind. After dining I enjoyed a pipe and a snooze and then fell to work to skin a large duck which Angelo had killed: it was no slight job and two hours and a half had passed before it was through and badly done at that; it requires the greatest degree of patience and mine was all in requisition, however thinks I, Audubon himself did not learn to skin birds in a day. Here have I in the wilds of the River à Jacques without any instructor taken my first lessons in this art: what shall the end be? It is now a beautiful, clear warm evening; we have been here since Saturday noon and it is now Wednesday but there is a prospect of getting over to-night. The wind has lulled a little and already two horses are over; the poor fellow had to swim about half a mile but I believe they have arrived safely. I must stop and go to work to cross.

Thursday April 25—We got over the river last night and all again settled down by 8 O'clock. Just as I went over the scene appeared to me most picturesque and wild; on one side the Indians, their pack-horses and children were scattered for about ½ a mile; on the opposite shore were all our horses grazing at their leisure while the canoe was moving swiftly and smoothly in the water and a glorious sun set was gilding the whole scene. We arose for an early start this morning but the horses had gone off during the night and the men

did not get back with them until nearly 8 O'clock. I have been much struck with the great fatigue endured by these voyageurs without a single grumble; this morning they were all out before 4 O'clock after the horses and were on the run till 7½ O'clock; when they came back they packed their horses immediately, took a piece of boiled meat in their hand and a cup of coffee and have been travelling hard all day without any thing to eat, and now are off a mile for wood & I hear no murmurs.

This has been a clear and very warm day, so that it has been quite fatiguing to travel. Buffalo [95] very numerous. The wind has turned North this evening and blows violently. Much to my regret it blew my thermometer from its place and broke it.

We have no wood at this camp and we cooked our supper with rushes; water bad and all day have had nothing but pond water, which tastes better than at first. We are now very near the Missouri.

Observed to-day more frequent deposites of stone than at any previous place; came across several little hillocks whose tops were almost white with them, some as big as a man's head and the whole prairie well covered with gravel. No timber.

Saturday, 11 A. M. April 27—Yesterday was an exceedingly unpleasant day to travel; when we arose we found a violent north wind blowing but as soon as we had breakfasted we were off on the dreary, cheerless prairie. We saw but little wood but as the road was hilly ponds were frequent; about ten Oclock we crossed a little stream that gave us some trouble because of the mire; cold as the day was the Indians waded through without hesitation. About 12 Oclock we came into a very hilly section; the land was cut up into steep hills and deep ravines with a little scrubby timber in them. At 1 Oclock we reached the spot where the Indians had been certain of meeting Old Eagle who had been there hunting buffalo, but Old Eagle was not to be found; he had been there but had gone and now our Indians looked sad; they had left a good place for buffalo and had come here where there apparently were none. We also had depended on getting some dried meat here and were at first apprehensive of being short of provisions should bad weather overtake [us]; but a review of the larder showed a supply for 8 or 10 days. There was every appearance of a terrible storm and occasionally it would snow terribly, but bad as our situation promised to be we were thankful that it was no worse; had these appearances of a storm overtaken us the night before when there was not a stick of wood within two miles we might have been filled with real apprehension for our safety, but here we had wood,

[95] The Bureau of American Ethnology manuscript stops at this point; the original journal at the Missouri Historical Society, however, carries on for another month. The printed form of the journal, which appeared in the Smithsonian Report for 1850, for some unknown reason, began with the entry for April 27. But the journal as now reprinted is entirely from the original from the 27th of April to the 28th of May.

water and grass convenient and we were in a cooly [sic] well sheltered from the storm.

The afternoon passed away rapidly we had a good fire in the lodge and had for a dinner a most delicious piece of meat roasted before the fire; after dinner I got out my sewing apparatus and put two buttons on my coat, and fixed our hats with strings to tie under the throat. About 8 O'clock we went to rest in our wagon anticipating a day of cheerless rest on the morrow, but providence was kinder to us than we anticipated and about 4 O'clock this morning we were awakened by the stir around indicating a day of travel and sure enough it has been a most delightful day.

CHOUTEAU CREEK

We were off by 5½ O'clock and soon crossed Chouteau Creek on which we had been camped.[96] It is a very small stream. Our course thus far to day has been over level prairie since we left the creek and its forks. No timber in sight and water very scarce. Buffalo plenty. I forgot to mention that just as we were leaving the River à Jacques a very large *white* wolf came walking leisurely not very far from us. Alex shot at her but missed, when the wolf scampered off. It was pure white and quite a beautiful animal.

ANDY'S LAKE—PRAIRIE DOGS

Sunday April 28—Yesterday after dinner we traveled about 5 hours and encamped on the shore of Lake Andy, a long and large lake about 10 miles from the Missouri and about 60 from the à Jacques.[97] Our road was over fine prairie land and there was more appearance of grass than we had previously seen. I put in my book two specimens of a small weed the first that I had seen. During the day I got also three specimens of animals, one prairie squirrel whose skeleton I desire to get—one prairie dog whose skul [*sic*] I will keep and one lizard which appears to have withered and dried up: it was found on the shore of the lake. This prairie dog was shot by Alexander in the afternoon in the first village that we have seen; he shot at two others but did not get them; even when wounded they are so exceedingly quick in their motion that a person can scarcely get them.

This morning we were off before 5 Oclock; it has been a beautiful clear day and very fine for travelling except a strong head wind. The road has been very hilly indeed but is now less so; we have seen no timber except a very few small trees: where we are camping there are some thorn bushes and three or four small trees, but even these are bet-

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[96] Chouteau Creek, the western boundary of Bon Homme County, S. Dak., was the Goat Creek of Lewis and Clark and the Nawizi River of Nicollet's map (Coues, 1893, vol. 1, p. 108). It enters the Missouri, from the left, a few miles above the Niobara.

[97] Lake Andes is about 12 miles northwest of Wagner, Charles Mix County, S. Dak.

ter than yesterday noon's camp when we had fire of buffalo dung. This morning the cooleys have been filled with snow 4 or 5 feet deep in places, and distant hills appear covered with it.

AMERICAN FORK [98]

Tuesday April 30—Here am I at 8 Oclock in the morning at our camp on the American Fork tired and hungry for my breakfast. On Sunday evening about sunset after a long day's march we reached a good camp on Cow creek.[99] This is a small stream, the approach to it is over very steep, irregular hills covered with stones, not rocks; it is better timbered than any stream we had seen for days. During the night we were awakened by the roaring of the wind and the beating of snow against the carriage. Of course we expected to find the ground covered with snow in the morning but to our agreeable surprise the sun arose clear and the sky almost cloudless. We had breakfast and were on the march by 4½ Oclock.

BUTE BIJOUX [100]

The road was over gently rolling prairie without any wood, but with frequent ponds of water probably dry in the summer. About 9½ Oclock we reached the Bute Bijoux which on Sunday morning we had seen far in the distance covered with snow. It is a clump of hills rising out of the plain, very irregular and covered with rocks which have the appearance of light coloured limestone, at a distance.

There we found some wood, water and grass and rested two hours for dinner. It is 18 miles from that to the American Fork [101] and as that would make a forced march it was not without some hesitation that Alexander determined to go on. Our horses have had no grass but the dry grass of the prairies and are very much fatigued by their long journey and the cold. However we all felt so anxious to get through that we started. Our route lay across a wide prairie without wood for many miles: and covered with unburnt grass. We found it very warm when we first started but a cold north wind soon began to blow more violently than it had from the East before and in a few hours it became intensely cold. About 4 Oclock we discovered Indians at a distance and they also discovered us but took us for buffalo. Soon two scouts reached us coming at a full gallop. We went on with them to their lodges of which there were several and there appeared to be a

[98] See footnote 101.

[99] Cow Creek was probably the Pratt's Creek of Warren (see footnote 93).

[100] Bute Bijoux or Bijou Hills were on the east (left) bank of the Missouri a few miles below the White River of South Dakota. Maximilian described them as "Some lofty hills, hereabouts, are called Bijoux Hills, after a person of that name, who resided here many years" (1904–7, vol. 1, p. 301). They were named for Louis Bissonet *dit* Bijou (1774–1836) of Saint Louis (Drumm, ed., 1920, pp. 148–149).

[101] American Creek enters the Missouri from the east above Chamberlain, Brule County, S. Dak.

very friendly conversation between Alex and the men for a short time but we soon passed on. At our arrival men, women, children, dogs, and horses all came out to look. We still continue our fatiguing march over the dreary prairie but at length as night came on we found it would be too fatiguing to go to the Fork, and we encamped under a little hill and beside a pond. No wood however was seen, and the men scoured the country for Buffalo dung. When they brought it, it would not burn and we had to break up two of our boxes to start the fire and cook our suppers. I ate heartily and went to bed immediately for I was fatigued and there was no comfort outside. We were warm in the buggy and slept soundly till about 4½ Oclock when we were up and off. We are now 12 miles from the first trading post belonging to Fort Pierre.

YANKTON TRADING HOUSE[102]

Wednesday May 1st—When I made my entry yesterday it was [with] the pleasing anticipation of spending the night at the Yankton Trading House, but travellers must not calculate too certainly on everything turning out as they desire; the previous part of our journey might have taught us this and if it did not the present lesson certainly has impressed it on my mind. We had a beautiful road over rolling prairie and a fine day for it; everything seemed to favor us and as we moved along fatigued by our previous long marches my heart felt glad that at least one night's rest was before me. Soon the steep hills, that indicate the nearness of a river, were reached; we began to go over these gladly and my eyes were delighted by a most picturesque scene. I thought it would have been a most enchanting sight for a painter—beyond the little river at the foot of the hills on ground gradually rising were pitched probably 200 indian lodges with all that irregularity and those wild appurtenances that well become a scene in the wilderness. All that was wanting to make it as lovely as possible were the green grass on the ground and the summer dress of the trees. The hills over which we were passing were very steep and very irregular and some of them had the appearance of volcanic action. I picked up a stone from one of them that looked as though it had once been melted and the hill was covered with such.

We soon reached the stream called Crow Creek[103] I believe and instead of its being a small rivulet easily crossed it was rolling along with great velocity and far out of its banks.

Here we were put to a stand again; and all we could do was to camp and wait for a skin boat to be made and then cross. We soon had our

[102] The Yankton Trading House was not a "post" like Fort Pierre, but apparently one of the numerous little trading establishments scattered through the Indian country and dependent on one of the Forts. The next paragraphs show that it was located on the north bank of Crow Creek.

[103] Crow Creek enters the Missouri from the east in Buffalo County, S. Dak.

dinner which was enjoyed as hungry men only know how to enjoy plain fare. Meanwhile a number of indians had come in, some of them swimming the river cold as the day was and something must be cooked for them; fortunately they are content with what we regard as very plain fare and they eat it in as plain a manner.

INDIANS

It was very amusing to see the strange mixture of civilized and savage costumes exhibited in the dress of some of them: one fellow particularly struck my attention; he had met us on the hill with a friendly shake of the hand and a "how do you do"; all his garments consisted of a short shirt and a waist coat with the usual indians clout; his nether garments wore [sic] the clothes that nature made them; he was full of talk, was very officious and when the mush was given them he always made it convenient to the helper by eating out of the pot between times. During the afternoon many more young fellows came across swimming the rapid cold stream and remaining all day with scarcely any clothes. They were all anxious for horses and two of them brought the trader's receipt for 30 robes. They of course must be served and soon one of them was capering around on a fine bay horse which he had selected. The horse dealing was carried on as it is done in the states; all the by-standers had a great deal to say and there appeared to be a great deal of good humor on all hands.

During the afternoon the hands from the post had been at work on the boat and Alex and I expected to go to the houses [i. e. Yankton Trading House] that night but when the boat was done, it was a proof of the old adage—most haste—less speed—the boat would not do, although it was got across the stream. We therefore set down quietly to spend the night in our good wagon again. Many of the Indians stayed all night but I went to bed soon very much fatigued; as I watched the different countenances around the fire I was struck by the fact, that the circle of faces presented the same variety as to expression, intelligence, &c as would be exhibited by an equal number of Americans—in none did I notice the expression of ferocity—One young man in particular attracted my notice—he had a very intellectual mouth and expression and stood by himself with the mark of deep thought on his countenance—his appearance interested me greatly and at once suggested my friend Wistar Hodge to me but at the same moment my eye rested on a common feather, picked up probably on the prairie—stuck in his head for ornament and I could not keep from smiling at the ridiculous contrast between my intelligent young friend and the thoughtful indian—poor fellow—perhaps if he had an opportunity for study he would ornament his head with a more honorable feather than pleased his fancy yesterday.

Monday, May 6th—While writing on the other page it became so

dark that I had to stop and since that we have had too fatiguing a time to write.

Everything was crossed safely over the river and by evening we were all safe and snugly fixed at Randells.[104] The Indians had bought all our horses that were for sale and they came to the houses with us. There Alex had a feast prepared for them and they all appeared well satisfied. A feast for the Indians is a very simple affair—a little coffee and some gammon, or mush served in the simplest style serve them. There were 60 or 70 gathered at this one; before it was ready they came in and out and sat talking, joking and passing around the pipe just as whites spend their time when gathered for a dinner. When the things were prepared the two kettles were placed in the middle of the floor and each one was furnished with a pan of some kind to eat in, but they got no spoons or anything to answer the same purpose. Alex then made quite a long speech, not however standing up but sitting on a bench with his hat on his head and pipe in his mouth. One of the old men then arose, shook hands with him, resumed his seat on the floor and made quite a long and animated speech. I could not understand a word but was much interested by his earnest manner.

Both of the speeches were frequently interrupted by cries of "how! how" corresponding I suppose to our "hear, hear" indicating approbation. One of their number then volunteered to help out and he first served the coffee giving to each his portion which was received with a "how!" thank you. Then the gammon was served in the same way and supped from the dishes to the great risk of the tongue and throat as I thought. When this was going on Randell spoke and with great animation. I was surprised—he is a Canadien Frenchman and a very common man but he talked like a lawyer with great earnestness and animation. Afterwards the Indians gradually dispersed and we sat down to a supper of coffee, bangs and honey, for the whites don't generally eat when they give a feast to the indians. I could not but think how amusing it would be to my friends at home to see us enjoying this *feast* of bangs and honey. We had no forks and had to use the knives we carried in our belts, taking our victuals in our fingers as when in camp. We drank out of tin mugs and I despatched two of these full of coffee and a whole host of bangs. I felt satisfied and took a pipe and then went to bed but did not sleep very comfortably for a good while as it was too warm. I wished that we had been in the buggy.

In the morning we were off about 6½ Oclock and hoped to reach Fort Pierre on Friday evening but it was beyond our power. Our men had been furnished with Indian horses and we had put some other mules into the cart, giving our mules their old place in the buggy. The road was well marked as it is much travelled and is good passing

[104] Randell was evidently the trader at the Yankton Trading House.

over rolling prairie. Timber & water scarce. The wind blew quite violently which increased the fatigue of travel. About 2 Oclock we stopped for dinner on a high hill where we found plenty of wood left by some indians. After dinner the wind made the travelling so unpleasant that we camped early; our camp was in a cooly through which runs a small stream called the Chain of Rocks [105] from the fact of a chain of rocks extending across the Missouri at its mouth. The sides of this cooly had on them banks of snow 6 and 10 feet deep. In the morning we made an early start with a clear sky and bright sun: the wind did not seem to be unusually violent but in less than an hour it came. I felt well and found walking pleasant but soon I had to lean against the wind and became so tired that I had to get in the buggy. The violence of the wind increased and I found it too cold inside and so out I got to try the walking again but it would not do, and I again got in wrapped myself up as well as possible and bore it quietly.

I pitied the men very much they had to press on the best way they could and Alex did the same. About 10 o'clock we reached La Chapelle creek [106] as tired a set of men as have been there for some time I'll warrant. We all agreed that of all our bad days that had been the worst. But plenty of hot coffee and meat we found to be great for our weary bodies and a rest of a few hours made us all again feel for travelling. The afternoon proved pleasant and we soon reached Medicine creek [107] which was fordable; we passed on and about 7 O'clock found a good camping ground at the foot of an island some miles below the fort. We were off before sun rise in the morning and at 7 Oclock on the morning of Saturday May 4th I had the pleasure of calling a halt opposite Fort Pierre.[108]

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[105] Warren made the Chain of Rocks Creek about 15 miles below La Chapelle Creek, but his route was now out over the prairie towards the Jacques (Warren, 1856, p. 33).

[106] Warren's road crossed La Chapelle Creek (a stream about 10 yards wide) near its mouth; it was about 9 miles below Medicine Creek and about 25 miles below Fort Pierre (Warren, 1856, p. 33). It enters the Missouri in Hughes County, S. Dak.

[107] Medicine Creek enters the Missouri opposite and about 16 miles below Fort Pierre in Hughes County, S. Dak. It was then a stream about 20 yards wide (Warren, 1856, p. 33).

[108] Fort Pierre was built in 1831–32 for the American Fur Company, named for Pierre Chouteau, Jr., and occupied until 1855, when it was sold to the United States and used as General Harney's quarters in the Sioux troubles of 1855–56. The earliest and best description is that of Maximilian (1904–7, vol. 2, pp. 315 ff.). Palliser, who was there in October 1847, wrote: "Pierre is the largest fort belonging to the Fur Company's trade. It consists of a large space about 120 yards square, enclosed by piles of timber 24 feet high driven well into the ground. The roofs of the stores and trading houses are attached to two of the sides, with the stables, straw-yards, carpenters' and blacksmiths' shops, and a dairy for such cows as may escape the marauding hands of the Indians. A flagstaff, gaily rigged, stands in the center of the square, and the whole establishment has a most inviting look to a set of weary travelers on jaded horses, and who, with the exception of the aforesaid buffalo feast, had not fared over well for many days past. Here, therefore, we remained a day or two to refresh our horses . . . and to revel in fresh meat and new milk for the benefit of our own health." (Palliser, 1853, pp. 103–104). (Consult also Wilson, 1902, vol. 1, pp. 257–379. For Culbertson's own description, see his entry of May 27.)

FORT PIERRE

The boat could not come for us at once and so we had something to eat by way of variety and waited not very patiently for it to come. About 12 Oclock it reached us and as the wind was blowing we were cordelled up about a mile and then crossed and landed at the fort gate. The cannon and guns were fired in honor of the "Boss" and we were received with great kindness. I was glad to stop: we had been forty-five days from St. Louis and our trip had been a tedious one. Alex's quarters are very comfortable and we got fixed up better than we had been for some days. The indians were soon inviting Alex to a dog feast but he was too tired to go; however they made it and at night brought him some over and had a talk with him. I was too tired to attend, but he brought me some of the meat which I tasted; it tasted strongly of dog I thought. Yesterday was Sunday and was not passed as I like to spend my Sabbaths but I found opportunity to read several chapters in the Bible much to my profit I thought.

START FOR THE BAD LANDS

This morning I feel very well and am preparing for a start tomorrow for the Mauvaise Terre.

Tuesday May 7th—This morning at 7 Oclock I started from fort Pierre for the Mauvaise Terre or Bad Lands of White River.[109] Our company consists of three, young M'Kenzie,[110] myself and one of the men from the fort. The whole equipment is at the cost of Alexander. We are well furnished with provisions for about two weeks and have three mules all of which are the worse for wear, but they are the best we could get as the Indians have bought up all their best horses and mules and are clamerous for more. We had a pleasant morning for our start although it was a little hazy. By 10 Oclock we had reached

[109] Cf. Audubon and Coues, 1897, vol. 2, pp. 148–154; Audubon and Bachman, 1852–54, vol. 2., pp. 166–170 (Audubon here quoted from "a notice of them given to us by Mr. Dewey [Denig?], the principal clerk at Fort Union"); Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. 2, pp. 622–625; the report of Dr. John Evans in Owen, 1852, pp. 194–206. These several visits were made in 1843, 1848, and 1849. Consult also Cleophas C. O'Harra, 1920. It must be remembered that "mauvaises terres" was a descriptive term and not the name of a particular region. (See footnote 138.)

[110] Owen Mackenzie, son of Kenneth Mackenzie of Saint Louis and an Indian woman. Palliser, late in the winter of 1848, stayed for a time with Owen at the White River Post. He wrote: "My friend, Owen Mackenzie, was a particularly fine young fellow, about twenty-one, a splendid rider, first-rate shot, and, taken on the whole, on foot and on horseback, the best hunter I ever saw" (Palliser, 1853, pp. 165 ff.). Probably the first traveler to mention him was Audubon in 1843 (Audubon and Coues, 1897, vol. 2, passim). Kurz saw a good deal of him in 1851 and 1852 (Kurz, 1937, consult index). Larpenteur also knew him (1898, vol. 1, pp. 223–224; vol. 2, pp. 343–346, pp. 352–353). He was killed in 1863 by Malcolm Clarke (for whom see footnote 192).

Willow Creek,[111] 8 miles from the fort and there we dined. After dinner we moved off expecting to go 13 miles further but we found our mules scarcely able for the trip and have stopped after coming about 8. I hope to reach Bear Creek our destination on Saturday but fear that we shall not be able; however I find that to take all things patiently is the best way to get along and so I will do. The face of the country along the route of today has been hilly; it is nearly all barren rolling prairie scarce of water and timber and having the soil strongly impregnated with saltpetre. I understand this to be the cause of the white appearance I have so often noticed; it looks like lime scattered over the ground and has been very abundant to day. Not so much gravel nor so many stones as on the other side of the Missouri.

Mr. M'Kenzie has had great opportunity for learning the customs and habits of the Indians. He told me to day that while they have no priests nor regular religious systems they all worship something;—they offer sacrifices of cloth and other articles to the Great Spirit and this is done by simply casting them in the prairies with some form of prayer I suppose. Scarlet cloth is generally preferred for this, also calico with red in it, and sheet iron kettles that have not been used. The Gros Vents [112] and the Assineboines are more regular in this than the other tribes; they offer great sacrifices every spring at the time of the first rain accompanied with thunder and lightning. Besides this worship of the Great Spirit they all have something else to worship—a pipe stem, a cap feather or whatever suits their fancy.[113]

The tribes along the Missouri have no chiefs; those who have authority amongst them gain it by their valor in war, their skill in stealing horses and the number of their kindred. They have authority only because they are feared and if accident removes these props to their authority, they fall. This is often the case as I have been told by several familiar with all the Missouri Tribes.[114] They make frequent war parties but my opinion is that their bravery is overrated, they dont fight open and bold as the whites but their great aim is to surprise. M'K—— told me of one party of Sioux 900 strong who went to war

[111] Culbertson was now moving southwest, along the left bank of the Bad River; Willow Creek is the first of numerous affluents. *"The Bad river, Wahpa Shicha, Teton, or Little Missouri river,* is about 90 miles long, rising just east of the Bad Lands. The same difficulty is experienced as with the lower part of White river, if you attempt to follow along its valley. The valley is from one-half to one mile wide, well grassed and wooded. The bed of the stream is soft and miry, and generally not fordable. The approach to the valley is not difficult for wagons in dry weather. Cottonwood exists in considerable quantities mixed with willow, and in some places, ash and oak. Wild plum trees are abundant. When flooded, the river is from 25 to 40 yards wide . . . its immediate banks . . . are about 10 feet high. The stream flows through a section abounding in salt springs, and salt incrustations are almost everywhere visible, but the water is generally palatable" (Warren, 1856, p. 12).

[112] Culbertson consistently wrote Gros Ventres in this fashion.

[113] Cf. Denig, 1930, pp. 486–500.

[114] Denig had much the same thing to say (1930, pp. 431–434).

against the Gros Vents and returned having murdered only one little boy whom they caught straying from the village. Another party had several taken prisoners and burnt before their eyes and they instead of revenging the insult, returned crying and were laughed at when they got home. There are about 600 lodges of the Yanktonians and about 400 of the Tetons.

Wednesday May 8th—We are encamped this evening on the Sheepoi [115] River about 44 miles from the fort; our old mules have done better than I expected to day as they have brought us this far although gave out again this afternoon. The road to day has again been very hilly and the land barren. Animals are scarce, we have not seen any but a single wolf since we left and a few small birds: one of these latter is most beautiful in shape and plumage, it is a small snow bird, white in winter but now of a dove colour with some white.

I picked up a number of small stones to day and quite a number of small pieces of petrified wood which were all lying in the road. The hills thus far have not been covered with stones and rocks as they were across the river; I passed but one hill to day having stones scattered over the surface and they seemed to have been made by the breaking of large rocks; the pieces were about the size of those for turnpike roads. The wood has been found more abundant than what I expected from the accounts given me of its scarcity; it is scarce but still enough for a fire every few miles and water also abundant now but I suppose not so in the summer. We dined to day at Big Hole Creek,[116] now containing plenty of good running water but in the summer being only a large hole filled with water.

Last night we had a good deal of talk around our fire about the Black Hills. Joe, an experienced hunter, tells me that they are covered with the finest pine timber so thick that a person on horseback cannot pass through it in some places. There is an abundance of fine water but no fish; plenty of all other game. Grizzly bears are found there sometimes in bands like buffalo; they live on fruit, meat and ants; to get these they turn over the largest logs and eat them off the under side if there. He never knew a man to kill one with young and less is known about the time of their breeding than about that of any other animal in this section. They are not found north of the Missouri.

Note. Grizzly Bears are often found in the Bad Lands, we saw the fresh tracks of one at Sage creek but saw nothing more of him.[117]

[115] This is probably the Chehie Creek on the Evans map of the Bad Lands (Owen, 1852). It is another left bank affluent of the Bad River.

[116] F. V. Hayden wrote in 1855: "The following day we pursued the same direction, over a country having much the same sterile appearance, destitute of water, and camped in an immense depression, called by the traders 'Big Hole.' In it is the bed of a little stream that empties into the Teton river, but at this time [May] it was nearly dry; the water standing in pools and very unpleasant to the taste" (Warren, 1856, p. 72).

[117] This note was added later; they were not on Sage Creek until the 11th.

Thursday. May 9th—We are encamped this evening on Cotton Wood Creek [118] and a pleasant evening it is; here am I in this wilderness, sitting by a fire having my ears delighted by the sweet evening song of the birds and my eyes gratified by the lovely shades of the sky as the evening draws on. I have just finished my supper after having first cooked it; it was one of my greatest achievements in the culinary art and consisted of corn bangs and fried bacon. M'Kenzie having made the coffee and attended to the boiled buffalo meat. Both he and Joe as well as myself testified to the great success of my first effort in making bangs, the only error was in having too much fat to fry them in, but "never say die" is one of my principles and I'll try corn bangs again before long.

We have travelled about 26 miles to day which was doing wonders for our old mules; from the fine roads I should judge that with a good team and a light load a person could easily go to the Mauvaise Terre in three days; it will take us 5½ days. This morning we left the first fork of the Sheepoi Creek; dined on the Ree Creek [119] about 15 miles from the former and came on here for the night, 11 miles. These streams are all small; water and timber scarcer than heretofore: land rolling prairie, but more level land than yesterday. I have noticed that the streams along this road are different from those across the Missouri in that their banks are not so steep nor so much mire in them. There are no stones scattered on the hills as there. Land apparently poor.

Friday. May 10—Our camp this evening is at the head of the Little Missouri or Bad River.[120] There is another river higher up called the Little Missouri and how this one got the same name I do not know.[121] We have come to day about 26 miles; the route until noon was over a section of country very similar to what we passed before; the small streams we passed had better timber on them than any we have seen since we left. About 9 Oclock we came to what is called Grindstone Hills; [122] they are three elevations ranging north and south covered with a sand stone: there are more stones on them than on any hill I have seen this side of the Missouri and these evidently belong to strata beneath the surface; the soil on these little hills is different from what it is below and the eastern side is much steeper than the western; this is true of nearly all the large hills I passed this afternoon. I could not examine the top of the Grindstone Hills as I had no horse.

[118] Big Cotton Wood Creek, on the Evans map.

[119] Aricaree or Arikara Creek. Not shown on Evans map but would lie between the Chehie and Big Cotton Wood.

[120] See note 111.

[121] Culbertson found the real Little Missouri above Fort Berthold on June 13.

[122] Grindstone Creek on the Evans map is shown about 25 miles above Big Cotton Wood. Warren, returning from Fort Laramie to Fort Pierre, 1855, mentioned "Grindstone Buttes creek (*Buttes aux Gres creek*)"; he allowed only 9 miles between this creek and Big Cotton Wood (Warren, 1856, p. 32).

About 4 or 6 miles from there we reached a basin-shaped valley which at once suggested the idea of a lake with an outlet and an inlet; there is a ridge about the middle that divides it into two divisions. The face of the country has been more varied than what it has been before and timber much more abundant; we crossed the beds of several streams which were dry; nearly all the streams within a few miles of this go to form Bad River and this point is called its head. Tomorrow we mount a high Bluff early in the morning and have a prairie for a long way. Grass as scarce as ever; Joe killed one prairie dog—one little grey wolf and missed two antelopes. M'K is cleaning the wolf's head. We were all very much amused at the old mules about 4 miles from here: we had just reached a good camping ground and were passing on; Joe's little sorrel however thought it time to stop and did so; Joe kicked and whipped but the mule would only move in a circle or back; in this rebellious behavior he was seconded by our two old fellows; we would all whip awhile and then laugh awhile at the preposterous notion of camping at 4 O'clock on a fine afternoon, and after a time the whipping prevailed and on we went.

To morrow we will get a distant view of the Black Hills. Got to day several specimens of insects—yesterday one botanical specimen.

A lovely evening and a pleasant camp and a prospect of a good day tomorrow.

WHITE RIVER BAD LANDS

Saturday, May 11—Our camp this evening is on Sage Creek a few miles in the Mauvaise Terre, or Bad Lands of White River. We left our camp this morning just as the sun was peeping over the hills; about two miles from camp we arose a steep and high bluff and entered on a wide prairie. This extended unbroken by hill as far as a stream called Pinau's Spring[123] about 9 miles from Bad River. We passed down a few hills to reach this, and on the left of the road there was a long elevated piece of ground that appeared to me as though it might be a mound but doubtless it was only a natural elevation. At this spring we found a hole of good water and had an excellent place for camp. For breakfast we fared well as Joe made some excellent corn bangs and fried some bacon: we had also some buffalo meat and prairie dog. I tasted the latter and found it pretty good although it had some of the dog taste about it. These little animals are very much like a grey squirrel and are eaten a great deal by the hunters. Their bark is more like a chirp

[123] "Fifteen miles east of Bull's creek, is Pinon's spring, a noted camping place among voyageurs, as being one of the very few good springs of water on the road between Fort Pierre and Fort Laramie. It is the head of Teton river, and is so called in the Sioux language. It runs [south] for about four miles, then passing through the eastern position of the Bad Lands, becomes the Teton [Bad], takes a due east course, and empties into the Missouri four miles below Fort Pierre" (Hayden, in Warren, 1856, p. 76).

and reminds me of birds more than of dogs. They lie at their holes and make a constant barking, and their tails go fast as their jaws; for every bark a shake of the tail. We passed a large village of them covering several acres just after we started but I judge them to be lazy fellows as but two appeared to be stirring although the sun was then up. I found several good sculls [sic] and a number of jaw bones which I preserved. Poor fellows! they had been shot and suffered to rot at their own doors. After breakfast I got several specimens of a plant growing abundantly on the green bank at the edge of the water; I also prepared some wood for the pins of my specimens of insects of which I have a few. We then started and again arose to a level prairie which we had with only a few hills as far as Bull creek about 9 miles. Long before reaching this stream I had my first view of the Bad Lands; a bute arose perpendicular out of the plain, very irregular in its shape; I viewed it with a great deal of interest as being the first of that remarkable ground which I had come so far to see.

We reached Bull Creek [124] about 2 O'clock and there gave the mules some rest. Just before reaching it Joe killed an Antelope of which we had seen several. We packed the hams and shoulders to camp.

While there M'Kenzie prepared the scull of a bird called the Curlow which Joe had killed in the morning; he also partially prepared the scull of the Antelope. It was very warm while we were there but I examined somewhat the banks of the stream. It was dry having water only in a few holes; it was approached by a long descent and the banks were washed very much. There was a sand soil of about five feet, then a strata of gravel and stones of about three feet, then another deposite of a light yellow clay.

I took a small piece of wood about five feet under the surface.

We left Bull Creek about 3 O'clock and moved along very slowly as it was very warm and we all felt lazy. The road now lay over hills which became more steep and frequent as we approached the Bad Lands. These occasionally appeared in the distance and never before did I see anything that so resembled a large city; so complete was this deception that I could point out the public buildings; one appeared to have a large dome which might be the town Hall; another would have a large angular, cone shape top, which would suggest the court house or some magnificent buildings for public purposes: then would appear a long row of palaces, great in number and superb in all their arrangements. Indeed the thought frequently occurred as we rode along that at a distance this portion of the grounds looked like a city of palaces—everything arranged upon the grandest scale and adapted for the habitation, not of pigmies such as now inhabit the earth, but

[124] The streams they now cross flow northwest into the Cheyenne; Bull Creek is the first of these.

MAP 2.—Map showing the position of the Bad Lands or Mauvaises
from a draft by John Evans of the United States Geological Corp

MAP 2.—Map showing the position of the Bad Lands or Mauvaises Terres of Nebraska, from a draft by John Evans of the United States Geological Corps.

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of giants such as would be fit to rule over the immense animals whose remains are still found there. Again and again as from different positions these hills came in sight would such thoughts arise in my mind and I could almost fancy that upon the wind would occasionally be borne the din and bustle of the immense place as these gigantic men with their stentorian voices would jostle each other along the streets and would hurry in their giant beasts fatigued by the mountain loads which made their burdens. The mind could not remain with the present, it must range back to the earliest period and ask whence were these things, but soon a nearer view would destroy all delusion and the fancy must give place to fact and allow these self-created cities to be mere sand hills. But sand hills as they are, they are wonderful and must excite the greatest interest in scientific world. I wish that now we had a company of men of this kind prepared for a thorough exploration, as it is my only hope is to be an humble pioneer in this work and to be the means of prompting more able men to engage in it. Our route lay to the west of the Lands, and away in the distance still further west appeared a dim blue outline which marked the Black Hills; these are about two days march from us.

The road from Fort Pierre is in a direction nearly due west until about Pinots Spring where it takes a general direction of South by West. As it approaches Sage Creek however it becomes very serpentine for so great is the descent from the plains to the water level here that the road must follow all the windings of the ridge to get down to it.

The tops of the highest butes in the bad lands appeared to be about on a level with the plain but I took no exact observation. About 5 O'clock we came near to Sage Creek [125] and entered on the Bad Lands: here it is merely a great number of small hills of all shapes thrown together in great confusion and very barren. In thinking of how these lands were formed it occurred to me very forcibly that it was by some convulsion of nature by which the ground sunk—the hills were not elevated but were left so by the depression of the surrounding land. This opinion appears to be confirmed by the fact that the highest butes have on their tops prairie land covered with vegetation such as the plain beyond the Bad lands; then again the formation of one of the first hills over which the road passes confirms it.—the hill is very steep on both sides and ranges nearly North and South I think; it is just about long enough for a good road and is covered as thick as the bottom of any stream with gravel and small stones such as are

[125] Hayden wrote of this stream: ". . . so noted among voyageurs and travellers, for the purgative qualities of its water. I stopped here several days in the summer of 1853, with my friend, F. B. Meek, esquire, and both ourselves and horses experienced its weakening effect. This creek rises in the Bad Lands, and taking a northeast course, empties into the Shyenne. It is somewhat noted for the abundance of fine Cretaceous fossils that are found along its banks. For about four miles east of Sage creek the road is very rugged, until we again ascend to the table land" (Warren, 1856, p. 76).

found in the beds of streams here: at each end of this little hill, stand two butes one very slightly elevated between which the road passes and just opposite and east of the right hand one is another like them, the tops of all which are nearly level and as well as I could observe covered with the same kind of small stones as cover the road and just as thick: the sides of these small butes are perpendicular and the strata of clay in them are horizontal showing that they have not been disturbed by any upheaving operation.

This same thing is true of a great many of the hills; the strata are perfectly horizontal. I noticed one in which the hill appears to have sunk leaving the middle of it rising up as a peak 20 or 30 feet high and in this peak the strata are horizontal. It is true that there are a great many peaked hills with inclined sides but throughout there are many with horizontal strata of clay giving evidence that they had been left there and not made by upheaving violence. This opinion is recorded as a first impression to pass for what it is worth, and it may be altered by a further exploration. On Monday morning I hope to reach the petrifactions.

Tuesday May 14—Yesterday I visited the Bad Lands but did not get to camp until it was too late to record the events of the day. We had encamped during Sunday on Sage Creek 9 miles from Bear River; in the morning we were off early and took breakfast at Bear River. The road from Sage Creek winds considerably at first over some very steep hills. This creek is one of the most crooked streams I ever saw; its banks are almost perpendicular and about 20 to 30 feet high. I observed in several places in the bank a thick strata of slate about 20 feet below the surface of the ground; the water is briny and leaves a deposite of salt on the stones; it as all the other streams along the route contains at present no running water; the clay in the bottom is nearly a pure white and so clear is the water that at first it seemed muddy from the clay at the bottom; when the water in these pools was moved by a gentle breeze the shadows on the bottom were the most beautiful I ever saw. A few miles from the creek we passed over some hills that gave evidence of having experienced the most violent convulsions: these unlike those seen on Saturday appeared to have been upheaved and to have experienced the action of fire; one place suggested the idea of a volcanic crater; it was a slight hollow and contained a number of small rocks different from any around it, dark yellow in appearance: a little above, the hills were of white sand and one was covered with small red stones like those found at the bottom of streams.

From these hills we arose to a prairie, the most level that I have seen; for miles the eye could detect scarcely the least rise and it gave not the smallest evidence of the convulsions that probably raged so near it.

This level prairie continued with but a single interruption till the hills of Bear creek. The descent to this is by a very steep hill and beyond it another as steep takes us to another level beyond. All along this route the Black Hills are distinctly seen in the distance and this side of them the woods of the Shayen River. We encamped on Bear River [126] near a spring which is always anxiously looked for by travellers through this country. I shared in this anxiety and expected to see a fine flowing fountain. I was disappointed to find but three small holes of water in the side of the hill, but was again agreeably disappointed to find it cool delightful sand water. It is the only water I have really relished for a long while except perhaps the Missouri water. Immediately after breakfast we left our baggage and started for the point which I had long hoped to reach; my anxiety was great to see the wonders of which I had heard so much. A rapid ride over a good road soon brought us to the edge of the descent: this was steep but even and in a few minutes we were on the level below: nothing remarkable appeared here: in about ½ an hour we reached the Bad Lands themselves and my interest was intense.

The road now was over the deposite of yellowish white clay, so hardened now by the sun as scarcely to be impressed by the hoofs of the mules or by the buggy wheels, it was very smooth: we now passed by a number of small spots of ground from 1 to 5 feet above the level of this clay having grass and soil on their tops like those on the prairies above; their sides were perpendicular but falling down by the action of the weather: the strata of sand and clay in them were horizontal. We soon reached the place where petrifactions most abound. I got out and looked around me for them. I was shown a number of ugly dark red unshapen masses, these my guide told me are petrified turtles, their shells being destroyed by the action of the sun and they are crumbling to pieces.[127] The ground in many places is thickly covered with small lumps, the broken remains of turtles which a few years ago were perfect. I felt disappointed for I had expected to see many fine specimens of petrifactions of different animals. However, I started on a voyage of discovery around this pond shaped basin and was shown a large turtle almost perfect, his shell

[126] A tributary of the Cheyenne, in the heart of the Bad Lands. Hayden wrote of it: "The locality at Bear creek has yielded the large and valuable collections which have already been brought to the States by Mr. A. Culbertson, Captain Van Vliet, Dr. Evans, and others. . . . We spent five days at this locality. . . . I noticed one peculiarity in the atmosphere at this place—the frequent showers that annoyed us very much, for they kept the marly earth around us in a disagreeable condition" (Warren 1856, pp. 75–76).

[127] "These turtles were chiefly observed in a portion of the 'Bad Lands,' some five or six miles in extent, which has much the appearance of an ancient lake, where it is entered from Bear Creek, a tributary of the Cheyenne. At one of these lake-like expansions, hundreds of fossil turtles were discovered. They do not rest immediately on the grassy plain that forms the present floor or bottom, but on the talus or debris, collected into mounds, which have been derived from the disintegration of the marly earths that have slid from above" (Evans, *in* Owen, 1852, p. 200).

partly remained and he was broken in two pieces only: we secured him. There were three of us and we went in different directions. I found everywhere the remains of these turtles in different stages of preservation, none perfect however. I picked up a number of stones, and pieces of bone but found no teeth nor any heads. This was discouraging but on my return to the buggy, I found that one of the men had brought an excellently preserved head of an animal; it is about the size of a large bear's head; he had found also several other good specimens. When I ascertained the locality of these petrifactions to be so small I hastened to get through my collections in one day, and although the sun was broiling hot and we had no water except a very little brought with us to work I again went with all haste. By evening we had made quite a good examination of this immediate locality; we had about ½ a bushel of small things, a number of excellent teeth and jaw bones, several good heads and a couple of pretty good small turtles and the large one. These I thought as many as my means of transportation would allow; I have since found them to be more, for they are very heavy. I then filled a small bag with the clay, and the crumbs of petrified turtle, and started with M'Kenzie for the top of one of the highest hills. To gain this was no small matter as the path was very steep and mostly very narrow; at length we reached it and a most magnificent landscape rewarded us for our labor. The bute we ascended had on its top a level prairie of about 20 acres; it was covered with grass and as near as I could judge of the same level as those beyond the Lands. These prairies on the butes and they are on nearly every one, are the ranges of the Big Horn: they love to roam around the very brink and along the steep sides and seem to think themselves secure in these heights.[128] We judged this bute to be about 200 feet high, and nearly all the others are the same. In every direction except towards the prairie we could see these great hills towering above the plain below having their sides washed into picturesque shapes: the lower elevations looked beautiful with their carpet of grass and scattered about through the hard white clay surface and this itself appeared almost like water at the height where we stood. Away to the south appeared the hill on which is the Ash Spring and near it several high hills which looked like the old towers that are perched on the hills of the Rhine; in every direction this same palace like appearance was exhibited by the hills in the distance.

But how shall I convey to another a correct idea of these lands? this question has occurred to me often to day; my own conceptions of them were very inadequate from the general descriptions I had heard and I fear that I must likewise fail in describing them to others.

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[128] Audubon's account of this region was incidental to his description of the bighorn or Rocky Mountain sheep (Audubon and Bachman, 1852–54, vol. 2, pp. 163–172).

If you imagine an extensive piece of perfectly level land, and suppose that all sinks about 200 feet except some large lots every few hundred feet apart you will have some idea of what was probably the original appearance of these lands: you must suppose also a number some very small and some very large to sink not so much as 200 feet but near it; on all these the highest and the lowest the level prairie soil remains, but below these lowest a few feet a yellowish clay soil takes its place. In the course of time the rains wash the original perpendicular sides into various shapes still steep and partaking of the spirit of the Gothic style of architecture. From some the original soil is washed entirely away and they stand with whitened sides and rounding top at intervals amongst their higher and more fortunate neighbors. Fancy yourself on the hottest day in summer in the hottest spot of such a place without water—without an animal and scarce an insect astir—without a single flower to speak pleasant things to you and you will have some idea of the utter loneliness of the Bad Lands.[129]

It appears to me quite certain that slight excavations in some of these hills would develope many very perfect specimens; many of those now discovered on and near the surface most probably have

[129] "After leaving the locality on Sage Creek . . . crossing that stream, and proceeding in the direction of White River, about twelve or fifteen miles, the formation of the Mauvaises Terres proper bursts into view, disclosing, as here depicted, one of the most extraordinary and picturesque sights that can be found in the whole Missouri country.

"From the high prairies, that rise in the background, by a series of terraces or benches, towards the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, the traveller looks down into an extensive valley, that may be said to constitute a world of its own, and which appears to have been formed, partly by an extensive vertical fault, partly by the long-continued influence of the scooping action of denudation.

"The width of this valley may be about thirty miles, and its whole length about ninety, as it stretches away westwardly, towards the base of the gloomy and dark range of mountains known as the Black Hills. Its most depressed portion, three hundred feet below the general level of the surrounding country, is clothed with scanty grasses, and covered by a soil similar to that of the higher ground.

"To the surrounding country, however, the Mauvaises Terres present the most striking contrast. From the uniform, monotonous, open prairie, the traveller suddenly descends, one or two hundred feet, into a valley that looks as if it had sunk away from the surrounding world; leaving standing, all over it, thousands of abrupt, irregular, prismatic, and columnar masses, frequently capped with irregular pyramids, and stretching up to a height from one to two hundred feet, or more.

"So thickly are these natural towers studded over the surface of this extraordinary region that the traveller threads his way through deep, confined, labyrinthine passages, not unlike the narrow, irregular streets and lanes of some quaint old town of the European Continent. Viewed in the distance, indeed, these rocky piles, in their endless succession, assume the appearance of massive, artificial structures, decked out with all the accessories of buttress and turret, arched doorway and clustered shaft, pinnacle, and finial, and tapering spire. . . .

"On descending from the heights, however, and proceeding to thread this vast labyrinth, and inspect, in detail, its deep, intricate recesses, the realities of the scene soon dissipate the delusions of the distance. The castellated forms which fancy had conjured up have vanished; and around one, on every side, is bleak and barren desolation.

"Then too, if the exploration be made in midsummer, the scorching rays of the sun, pouring down in the hundred defiles that conduct the wayfarer through this pathless waste, are reflected back from the white or ash-colored walls that rise around, unmitigated by a breath of air, or the shelter of a solitary shrub." (Evans *in* Owen, 1852, pp. 196–197.)

been washed out by the rains; and when exposed for some time they crumble to pieces, at least the petrified turtles do.

I was much surprised to see running through different parts of the clay surface *perpendicular* strata of a singular looking substance something like melted glass and almost transparent: the strata are about ¼ of an inch in thickness and do not lie in a series of strata but between each there are several inches of the clay and they protrude several inches above the clay while in many places the surface is covered with small pieces as though these injected strata had been broken up. Specimens were secured.

Another singular fact is the *layers* of a peculiarly formed sand stone found in nearly every hill; they are generally of a roundish shape weighing probably 10 or 15 lbs. and they are placed as stone in a wall around the whole hill and between each layer there are from 8 to 10 feet of clay. They are not confined to this small size but are also found very large and of the most singular shapes. At a hasty glance they seem as if placed there by the hand of man; in some places they appear as if they had run into these irregular shapes in a melted state.

There was no water to be found there nor grass except on the prairie spots; the water when found is scarcely drinkable.

Wednesday May 15.—Darkness interrupted my narrative last evening and I resume it at our noon encampment at the Head of the Little Missouri or Bad River.

On our return to camp on Monday evening we found all our baggage safe. On thinking over the matter I determined to start for home in the morning. I had seen enough of the Lands to give a general description of that portion of them and had secured a few good specimens. To do more than this would have required good horses to ride and I had only a pair of very indifferent mules; the weather was intensely hot and no water to be had in them so that it would have been a great labor to have examined them more thoroughly and besides this I felt that a mere general examination such as my limited means and time would allow would be of but little service. I had already done enough to excite inquiry and further exploration must be made by scientific men with a corps of assistants. One day more might have secured a Big Horn but this would hardly justify my stay. Therefore while I greatly feared that Prof. Baird [130] would be disappointed I determined to start in the morning. We arose early but were detained by our mules having wandered off.

About 7 O'clock we started very heavily loaded. I felt sure that we must walk the whole distance and although such a prospect did not daunt me yet a walk of 130 miles in very hot weather and after a three

[130] Spencer F. Baird (1823–87) was made assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in 1850. For his part in Thaddeus Culbertson's expedition, see the Introduction. For his life, see Dall, 1915.

months trip was no trifling matter; we started but as we were rising the hill of the opposite bank of the river something about the tongue broke by which we were detained nearly an hour. Then our mule could scarcely pull the load up the hill and the buggy was evidently on the point of breaking down. However we got up the hill and on the level prairie had a fine road. I got in to ride a short distance and rather sad thoughts occurred to me; there I was laboring and fatiguing myself so much in perfect contrast to my pleasant situation a year ago or to my situation in Princeton but I felt that I would prefer being there to lounging about the fort; the only thing that troubled me was how to get the load home; we at last crossed Sage creek and then stopped for dinner; the buggy looked still worse and one of the springs showed evident signs of breaking. After a great deal of uneasiness I determined to leave there all that we could and hasten home and then send a cart for what we would leave. The principal reasons for so doing were that the buggy could not carry the load nor could I take any portion of my collection at all far on the road out, so heavy was the load and so weak the mules that we walked at least one half the distance. I felt sure also that I would give out; my limbs could not carry me much further. We therefore made what they call a baggage and started for Bull Creek; we had a very warm fatiguing ride and although we reached there early we were so tired that all hands were willing to rest. We stopped for the night and had a fine encampment.

This morning we were up, had breakfast and were on our way before sunrise and about 11 O'clock this morning we reached this place.

A few miles from this we met men with several carts going to trade with the Shayen Indians beyond the Bad Lands; they promised to bring our baggage which lightened my heart considerably. I find that the few warm days since I passed here have brought out the buds on the trees.

Thursday May 16th—Last night we camped on Grind Stone Creek; the clouds were heavy and threatened rain but happily it passed over without any. To day at noon we camped on Ree Creek and this evenning are at our old encampment on the Sheepoi River. To day has been windy and rather cool. Quite pleasant this evening. To morrow we hope to reach the fort and it is about time as our provisions are nearly out.

FORT PIERRE—INDIAN CUSTOMS—SIOUX—HUNTING

Saturday May 18—Last evening about sun-set I reached the fort again very much fatigued and very glad to get back again to comfortable quarters. We had travelled that day 43 miles and our team was about give-out. I had been absent eleven days, one of which was a day of rest; I had travelled nearly 300 miles—had made considerable collections in the Mauvaise Terre and had seen a goodly portion

of the country between the Missouri and the Platte. The journey was a fatiguing one to the flesh but a profitable one to the spirit and I do not in the least regret making it; my only regret is that my limited means allowed to [sic] me to go so unprepared for a more thorough exploration.

Tuesday, May 21st—Fatigued as I was from my late trip the rest of the fort has been very acceptable. Sunday was a quiet pleasant day but I did not do much reading as I did not feel very well and in the evening had a severe attack of my vomiting. On Monday morning I felt dull and disinclined to move about; so I busied myself for a part of the morning in marking what few specimens I have here. This so fatigued me that I took a good long sleep. In the evening the clouds threatened rain but although there was considerable of thunder and lightning there was to our regret scarcely any rain; this is very much needed now for the grass and for the farm which they are making now. But everything appears to indicate a very dry and hot season. The river has fallen about five feet while I was away and at the present stage of water the Steam Boat could scarcely get up: However the June rise from the mountains will probably make it high enough.

The weather has been very warm for some days and should a rain come I shall be able to make a good botanical collection but as it now is, all the flowers are very backward. I have found several different flowers along the route and the same near the fort: one delicate purple flower reminded me of the beautiful Virginian Cowslip which was plenty about Clifton; another I think is a species of Wild Pea: another is a modest Little Yellow violet, and another appears to be a white variety of the purple first mentioned; it resembles it in everything but the colour of the flowers and that is pure white; the specimen I secured is the only one I have seen. As soon as I feel more rested I will use more effort to secure specimens of the floral family in this neighborhood. Yesterday a party started out on a Buffalo hunt across the Missouri but I preferred staying in the fort.

This morning Alex and I took a fine ride on horseback four miles up the river; it is a pleasant level road and a fine place for exercise of that kind; we passed through a prairie-dog village but found them very timid.—A few days ago Alexander made me a present of a very handsomely worked buckskin coat; indeed there is no end to his kindness and I will never be able to repay it as I should.

Thursday, May 23—This morning arose about 5 Oclock and found the earth much refreshed by the slight shower of last night. The air was so sultry that we expected another shower but we have been disappointed. The river still continues very low and everything unfavorable for a very high stage of water; probably before I again reach St Louis I will know what it is to travel on low water. Felt better

than for several days past; the fatigues of my long trip are passing away gradually and some little energy is again creeping into my system. I spoke to M'Kenzie about getting for me a bow with a quiver of arrows which he promised to do, and also to start some little Indians out after the little rabbits peculiar to the prairie; he inquired about a young gray wolf which some Indians had a few days ago but to my regret it had been killed: it would have made a good skeleton. Having spent an hour in writing I felt like take [ing] a short botanical excursion and spent about two hours up the river gathering several good specimens of a number of different plants and also collecting some insects. Flowers are still rare. On my return saw a number of beautiful birds who were singing cheerfully: one of these was a little mocking bird such as we had first heard on Sage Creek; he perches himself on the topmost twig of a tree and sings away his varied song with great glee. I saw also a large and very beautiful species of the Thrush. After dinner rode with my brother to the Little Missouri; the hills in that direction are covered with gravel as across the Missouri: Brought in two botanical specimens. Afterward went out to the lodges with Gilpin [131] to witness a great game at *bandy* [132] by the Indians: about 60 were engaged in it—old and young—men and boys, and they had a number of bets staked on the result. The whole Company appeared to be greatly interested as the women stood at the lodge doors cheering on the players with songs and shouts. They, the players, had laid aside all their garments but their clouts and played with as much zest as a set of school boys but not with equal fairness for some of them carried blankets or robes with which to stop the ball.

This, I am told, is a favorite game with them, and sometimes hundreds are engaged in it. They have another popular game called Billiards [133] on which they bet a great deal; it is entirely different

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[131] Although Culbertson spelled this name consistently so, this must be Charles E. Galpin, who came to the Dakota country in 1839 and died in 1870. For him, consult indexes to Chittenden and Richardson, 1905; Chittenden, 1903; Larpenteur, 1898; Anne McDonnell, 1940. The Missouri Historical Society has a number of Galpin's letters written in the 1850's.

[132] Denig described the game in some detail: ". . . two posts are set up about three quarters of a mile apart and the game consists in knocking the ball with sticks towards these posts. . . . Each is furnished with a stick about 3½ feet long, turned up at the lower end, and they range themselves in two lines, commencing at the middle of the ground and extending some distance on either side. The ball is cast in the air in the center of the course, struck by someone as soon as it falls, and the game begins, each party endeavoring to knock the ball to the post designated as their limit. The game is played three times and whichever party succeeds in winning two courses out of the three is judged conqueror . . ." (Denig, 1930, pp. 565–566. Cf. also Culin, 1907, pp. 611–614).

[133] "Herantsa are fond of the so-called billiard game. . . . They play the game with a billiard wand that they throw with full strength toward a hoop rolling along the ground. This wand or cue has four markings indicated with leather and at the end a pad made of leather strips, scraps of cloth, or, for want of something better, even bunches of grass.

from our game of that name. In the evening walked up to the prairie village with Alex to kill a prairie dog but he did not succeed. Spent part of the afternoon in reading Lieut. Lynch's Expedition to the Dead Sea:[134] From his description of the formations there I have been led to think that this section of the country affords something very similar to them. That country abounds more in rocks and rugged hills and is more fertile, but the rapidity of the streams, the white clay, the boulders and rocks found on the hills with the occasional out-cropping of strata remind me of many places along the Missouri and in the Bad Lands. This land abounds with saline deposites as well as that and there are evidences of volcanic action also. The bed of the Jordan differs from those here principally in having so many rocks in it; his greatest velocity there was 12 miles an hour and I think I have seen streams here running at 7 miles per hour without the aid of a rapid as that had: the average of the Missouri I have been told is about 4 miles. I think that the rocks here exhibit a formation analogous to those on the Jordan although this is without any knowledge of the subject.

Friday, May 24.—Last night I was aroused by the roaring of the wind which blew violently through my open window, and I immediately closed it; soon after my ears were delighted to hear the rain beating heavily on the roof and I was prepared for the evidence shown this morning of a heavy rain.

In the afternoon took a walk up the river for exercise and flowers: found very few as the day had been cold and cloudy, however I found two new specimens and saw several of the old ones quite numerous, especially the delicate purple violet. Paid a hasty visit to the prairie dog village and got three sculls and then hastened home refreshed by the invigorating breeze and prepared to relish my supper. M'Kenzie was out at the same time and secured three birds for stuffing —one thrush and two quite small ones.

I noticed on my way home a black bird with his wings marked with white where one species has that beautiful brilliant red; also noticed a little bird with its breast of the singular colour of a pale pea-green.

After tea walked out to see another game of bandy; all were again at it with hearty good will—it appeared singular to see the Old Chief—Little Bear with nothing but his breech clout on and his bandy in hand as hard at play as the youngest child in the party and there were some quite young ones there; they afforded a pretty sight as they would hurry in different directions after the ball in their *flesh-coloured* uni-

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The winner starts the hoop, both players run along beside it and throw their wands, the flight of which is retarded by the pads . . . so that they do not take too wide a range over the smooth course. . . . According to that mark on the cue or wand on which the hoop in falling rests, they reckon the game." (Kurz, 1937, pp. 147–148). Boller (1869, p. 196) also described the game.

[134] W. F. Lynch, 1849.

form—their scarlet cloth streaming out behind and occasionally a head handsomely ornamented.

One squaw only appeared to join in the play and as she had on an American dress she appeared out of place. The whole encampment however took great interest in the scene and every lodge had its collection of squaws and babies looking on with various interest. It was altogether a wild and cheerful scene and a good illustration of one of the national amusements of the Indian. I would suggest it as a grave question for those who can see farther than their neighbors into a mill stone—whether our school boys derived this game from the Savage, or handed it over to them, or whether both being ranked under the head of Savages may be regarded as having inherited it from the same original source!

Two of the voyageurs were engaged in the game and at the end of the sport an Indian gave one of them a very good horse with probably 20 robes; the same person a few days ago received a present of 40 robes; "fortunate fellow" would the uninitiated exclaim, but not so fast my good friend—an Indian present is like an eastern gift, which is to be returned with compound interest; in this country a person always makes money by buying anything he may want from an Indian. A gentleman just showed me an Indian who had given him a porcupine skin in the winter, and says he, "I haven't got done paying for it yet and I have given him the value of *$17.00* already." This system of presents prevails to a great extent here; you would think them the most generous people in the world, and they are very generous but they get paid a great deal in the same way. This refers to the whites as well as to the Indians. Got from Mr. Gilpin, a young man from New York who has been 10 years in the country, some valuable statistics about the Sioux nation.[135]

Read considerably in Lynch's work and was again exceedingly struck by the similarity that must exist between the conformation of some parts of that country and some parts of this; so striking must this resemblance be that a paragraph descriptive of them is almost the same as my language in describing the distant view of the Mauvaise Terre; it is found on page 330, Ch 15, in his account of An Excursion to Masada[136] where he says, "they beheld in the distance, most singular formations resembling a plain covered with towns and villages, marble cities with towns and villages, marble cities with columns, temples, domes and palaces which as they (the beholders) advanced, faded away and finally resolved themselves into curiously-configurated hills, so marked and channelled by the

[135] See Culbertson's "Tabular View" in Appendix 1.

[136] Culbertson evidently refers to Chapter 15, "Excursion to Masada," in Lynch, 1849, pp. 328–335.

weather, that, although aware of the formation, it was difficult to destroy the first illusion."[137]

I think the picture of Masada, facing p. 332 might easily pass for a view of one of the Sand Butes of the Bad Lands.

It will certainly be an interesting question for my more learned followers to investigate and I hope that it may serve to throw some light on the formations in both districts.

Lieut. Lynch deserves well of the simple hearted christian as well as of the exact geographer for he had examined that sacred portion of the world with a christian's humility and a christian's enthusiasm as well as with the devotion of an explorer. I hope that he will not go unrewarded.

—Alexander mentioned today some Mauvaise Terre high up on the Missouri more wonderful than those on White River—he did not know whether petrifactions were found there, or not.[138]

Saturday, May 25th—This morning early the clouds were very heavy and indicated a heavy rain but it did not come although it has been cloudy throughout the day; just now however it appears as if about to rain and it probably will be a long one. Fire has been very pleasant all day. Before coming here I had been led to suppose that changes in temperature here were not sudden; my experience however has been very different, as I have never felt more sudden changes than in this country. But my constitution does not suffer from them as it did in the East, either because of my more vigorous health or of the great purity of the air and perhaps it may be from a combination of both. The breakfast bell caught Alex and myself in bed this morning as it rung ½ an hour earlier than usual, but we were dressed and had finished breakfast *in 15 minutes* from the time we were in bed. I cannot become accustomed to this "eating first and chewing afterwards" and am always the last man at the table. Mr. Hodgekiss[139] the obliging clerk is so kind and polite as to wait for me always and has placed me under infinite obligations thereby; small favours in this way are always thankfully received.

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[137] Here Culbertson refers the reader to a previous passage in his journal; under the entry for May 11, beginning, "We left Bull creek about 3 o'clock. . . This opinion appears to be confirmed." (See pp. 60–61 of the present edition.)

[138] Evidently Alexander referred to the Bad Lands of the river Judith, not far below Fort Benton. De Smet, greatly impressed by them, thought: "These Bad Lands of the Missouri will some day take their place among the great wonders of the American hemisphere" (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. 4, pp. 1368–1370). The Stevens Map No. 2 shows mauvaises terres on both banks of the Missouri: below the Muscleshell, and on the south bank between Dry Creek and Elk Horn Creek, opposite Poplar River.

[139] This was William D. Hodgkiss, who entertained Boller at the Ree Post (Fort Clark) in 1858 "with interesting reminiscences of his life, he being one of the veteran mountaineers, having come up in 1832 as clerk for Captain Bonneville"; when Boller met him later he was at Fort Union (Boller, 1869, pp. 263, 369, 373). He died in 1864. In the 1950's at least he had half a share (or 1/24) in the Upper Missouri Outfit (Anne McDonnell, 1940, pp. 234–235).

After breakfast finished Lynch's Expedition and closed the book highly gratified with what I had read and much regretting that my attention had been so little turned to the geography of Palestine: Lynch shows one qualification which has always appeared to me of great importance to a traveller and that is a historical and geographical knowledge of the land he visits. A trip to Europe or to Palestine would be little valued by me without a much more exact and *enthusiastic* knowledge of their history than I now possess, and were I much more familiar with the history and habits of our Indians, my present trip would be exceedingly more profitable to me than it now will be.

During the forenoon took a long walk down the river on the lookout for plants but found very few; however got three new specimens for the herbarium and several good yellow violets, which I hope will keep better than those heretofore tried. I walked for nearly a mile on a sand bar and found imbedded in the sand a well preserved Buffalo skull, wanting only the lower jaw. I sent Jim for it and it will have the privilege of a visit to the East.

M'Kenzie did not succeed in skinning the small birds this morning as the shot had made such large holes in them. In the afternoon took a delightful nap and afterwards some one brought to me one of the small owls which live with the prairie dog. I murdered it and with M'K's assistance skinned it but as we have no arsenic here I fear it will not keep; I have therefore made a skeleton of the bones and if the skin decays will have a perfect skeleton at least. While engaged in this operation, a band of Indians entered the yard for a dance; they were about 20 in number and had two leaders, one on horseback. All were dressed in war costume and had their bodies stained with vermilion, or with yellow ochre; they exhibit the same taste for display that the whites do in their Military Costume; the buckskin leggins of those who had them were ornamented with very long fringes of several different colours, and so were the coats of several; some had long tails ornamented with metallic plates about as large as a dollar, reaching to the ground; their lances which were about 10 feet long had a long fringe of brilliantly coloured feathers reaching almost the whole length; some had handsome bows and quivers and indeed time would fail me in describing all their ornaments and implements. Having formed themselves into a circle the musicians began to beat on their drums, made like a tambourine, to use their other instruments and to howl most melodiously according to their taste. All joined in the song, which sounded very much like some of the negro songs, all notes and no words, which I was told was the case, but the negro is far more musical: while singing they also danced, that is jumped right up and down in the same place; after having thus danced and sung and drummed and beaten on the instru-

ments of two sticks they all gave a great flourish of instruments and loud halloos and a grand finale. These shouts reminded me very much of the screech and shudder a poor fellow lets out as he jumps into an ice cold bath.

This first performance was followed by several others of the like general character intermingled with occasional speeches declarative of what wonders the orator has done in war, or perhaps intends doing and these speeches were received with a true military salute of the beating of drums and the loud halloo. Another interruption was the presentation of a—*calico shirt* to one of the leaders and of a little tobacco and vermillion to the party; something of this kind they always expect. Why is it that all uncivilized nations are so fond of the cry, "give—give"! This was the first Indian dance I have seen and I confess I looked upon [it] as upon some of those horrible curiosities from heathen lands—merely as a curiosity not with delight. But all these customs should suggest many philosophical reflections as they indicate more than at first sight appears. The philosophy of costume is well worthy of study.—The river is rising rapidly this evening and a fine rain falling.

Sunday May 26th—This has been the most Sabbath-like day that I have spent for a long while. I have been in the house most of the time and enjoyed much the reading of different portions of the Bible. Think that I will give the Hebrew Psalms a trial tomorrow but shall probably fail. M'Cheyne's Life [140] has afforded me a great deal of pleasant & profitable thought—it is a valuable companion for a student or preacher.

After tea took a short walk with Mr. Hodgekiss and as we passed through the lodge I remarked to him that we ought to go armed with clubs to keep off the dogs, which were then holding a threatening attitude. He replied that in a Crow village it would be impossible for us to pass with safety as we were then doing but would have to go wrapped in a robe as an Indian and under the guidance of one and even then clubs would hardly protect us from the hordes of savage dogs that would assail us. The river still continues to rise and is already in good boating order so that we look for the boat in about two weeks.

It cleared off last night and we have had a bright sun for most of the day but about sunset dark clouds overspread the sky and there was every appearance of a rainy night, however at present it appears as though it would not rain.

Monday May 27.—This has been a day of rain & mud, but in the evening it cleared off beautifully. Spent the day in reading and writing;

[140] For M'Cheyne, see footnote 87. Culbertson probably refers to his Memoirs and Remains, published posthumously by his colleague, Andrew Bonar, in 1843.

read for the first time a translation of Schiller's Robbers and was much interested in parts but felt my admiration for Shakespeare increased by reading this great work of a great German writer. Made out this afternoon a tabular view of the Sioux nation on the Missouri, so as to exhibit their numbers, divisions and localities. This has been made out under the inspection of Mr. Gilpin, who has been in this country for 10 years and is of good authority on this subject; his account of the numbers of the different tribes was confirmed by 6 or 8 Indians of authority who were in his room at the time.[141]

Hodgekiss mentioned a singular fact this evening; he says that the spring which is the head of the Yellowstone gushes out in a strong stream of excellent and very cold water and that about 30 yards from the source it is divided by a large rock into two parts, one of which forms the Yellowstone River and the other the Lewis' Fork of the Columbia.

He says that the Elk are far more numerous on the Yellowstone than we suppose—that in one place the Indians have made quite a substantial fort from their horns piled together and that in another place quite a large hill has been formed by the number of these horns collected together by the Indians.[142]

I have for some time intended giving a description of Fort Pierre Chouteau and its environs but have postponed it from day to day for no reason whatever.[143] A person coming up the country on the other side of the river has his first view of it about ½ a mile below the fort and it then presents a most beautiful view. I thought the whole landscape there presented would have tempted any one skilled in drawing to take out his pencil and at once sketch it on paper.

The main object in the view was the fort itself, having a white appearance—lying four-square, surrounded by a square palisade wall 15 feet high and 500 feet on each side with bastions at the N. W. and S. E. corners; then the Indian lodges were seen around the fort, by their irregularity of position, their conical shape and varied colours giving life and a picturesque air to the scene and for a couple of miles below the fort and between it and the bluffs the whole plain was dotted with horses grazing and moving leisurely about, while the bold bluffs, a mile west of the fort afforded a fine background for the picture. The shores immediately opposite the fort are high bluffs almost from the waters edge, and with their steep barren, sandy sides look as if determined to wrap themselves up forever in the dignity of their own sterility. The main channel runs along this shore although at present there is a probability that the boat will be able to land at the fort. The fort is situated on a beautiful piece of bottom land which extends

[141] For the Tabular View see Appendix 1, pp. 132–137.
[142] See footnotes 205, 221.
[143] For other descriptions of Fort Pierre see footnote 108.

for some miles along the bank of the river and is skirted by a range of bluff hills on the west by which you rise to the rolling prairie beyond. This bottom land affords fine pasture and has a beautiful appearance when the grass and flowers are out on it, but the company pasture their horses on the Bad River about 8 miles from the fort, as the Indians always have so many horses here. But let me now introduce you to the inside of the fort; you perceive there are two large gates over each of which there is a large picture intended to represent scenes of interest to the Indian; we will enter by the one to your left, as the other leads to the stable yard and we will choose a dry day for our visit as on any other our shoes will suffer very much from the mud. A number of Indians, men & women, with their robes or blankets wrapped around them, their bare legs, painted faces and curiously ornamented heads will probably be lounging in perfect listlessness about the gate, but don't be afraid, they wont hurt you. The main building that you see opposite the gate and occupying nearly the whole length of that side, with a porch along its whole front, windows in the roof and a bell on top and above it the old weather cock, looking for all the world like a Dutch tavern—that is the main building containing the mess hall, kitchen and rooms for the traders; to the right of it you see a neat log house with a pleasant little portico in front and five [fine?] oil painted window blinds,—that is the boujier [144] or boss' house, and the long one storied building painted red and occupying almost the whole of the north side of the fort is the store and warehouse where the goods and robes are kept. To your immediate right as you enter the gate are the blacksmith shop and several rooms for the men and to your left is a small building containing the carpenter shop and a room for the men; nearly the whole south side is occupied by a low building divided into seven rooms occupied by the laborers and traders. These low houses are covered with dirt roofs: none of the houses are built against the fort walls, but behind them is a space of about 25 feet, and this is occupied in various ways. The north side has a house for the deposite [sic] of harness and implements of labor—the powder house—milk house for they have quite a good dairy—the stable and stable yard; the south side has two large buildings for their corn, meat, skins &c while the S: West corner is occupied by the office, a one story building ranging with the main building and having behind it a house occupied by one of the clerks and a yard in which the feathered tribe live and lay eggs. This arrangement of the buildings leaves quite a large fine square in the center from the middle of which rises generally a tall flag staff, but at present there is none as the last was blown down by the wind last summer.

[144] Bourgeois!

The fort Pierre grave yard lies about ¼ of a mile south of the fort; it is a square piece of ground which has been well fenced in but not ornamented in any way; it contains the bodies of a number of dead both Indians and whites; the latter are in the ground and their graves are marked with wooden crosses or with tombstones, recording their names, & dates of their death. The Indians however have followed their own customs in disposing of their dead, which is to place them on a scaffold about 8 or 10 feet from the ground. As you approach the yard coming from the fort, you see elevated on a scaffold supported by rough willow poles and now half broken down, a confused pile of old boxes of various lengths—old trunks and pieces of blankets sticking about. These may seem strange things for a grave yard, but these old boxes contain the bodies of dead Indians; they were originally placed on a good scaffold and had piles of blankets wrapped around them but the scaffold has broken down from stress of weather and weight of bodies which appear to have been heaped on without order of any kind. If you look over the fence to the left of this scaffold, you will see on the ground, one of these boxes which has probaby fallen down and broken open, and then the bones lay exposed, escept the scull which perhaps has been burried by some friend of the deceased: if you look a little more closely you will see lying with the bones a dark looking object about 3 inches broad and perhaps 15 long tied around with a string; that is some tobacco given to the dead to smoke in the other world: they always place with their dead almost every article of common use for their benefit in the other world, blankets sometimes as many as 20 the best parties can afford—tobacco, sugar, coffee, molasses, kettles of mush and all kinds of things and these remain undisturbed until they decay or become destroyed by the weather or wolves. On the east side is a scaffold put up a few months since; the box is a rough one daubed with black paint and is surrounded by several old trunks that were the property of the old squaw who rests within. On the opposite side is another scaffold on which rests the body of a man who died not many months since: you can see the scarlet blanket through the large cracks in this rude coffin. It appears to me that this method of burial originated in a desire to protect the bodies from the wolves more than in any of their religious opinions: they frequently bury the bones after the flesh has decayed entirely. On a large tree a little above the fort is a body which must have a great pile of blankets on it from the size.[145]

Tuesday, May 28.—This morning arose early and found the day to be clear, with a delightful, bracing air: after breakfast went up the river

[145] Culbertson's original journal at the Missouri Historical Society ends here; evidently the second notebook was lost. The remainder of the present text is from the printed copy, which appeared in the Smithsonian Report for 1850, with the exception of the entries for June 13–18 (see footnote 181).

about a mile, intending to cross in the flat, with some Indians going after buffalo, but they went in such numbers, and with so many horses, that I declined, and came back. Spent an hour in writing, and then partook of some real Baltimore oysters; they were a year old, however, but tasted better than I expected.

After dinner started with M'Kenzie up the river; he shot at a prairie squirrel and missed; we then went on to a cooley, in which there was a large rock of red sand stone, seen frequently in the prairies below this, about five feet each way, and it appears to be on the surface only. I had no hammer and could not bring away a specimen; the side of the hill had many stones in it as large as a half bushel measure, but they were nearer a limestone in appearance. I got in this little valley, specimens of five or six plants seen for the first time. After returning, I spent an hour in putting dried specimens in the herbarium.

I received some information about the Indians, of which the following is the substance. The Sioux nation has no general council, but each tribe and band determines its own affairs.[146] These bands have some bond of common interest analogous to the ties of our secret societies;[147] the Crow-Feather-in-Cap band are pledged to protect each others wives—to refrain from violating them, and if the wife of one of their number is stolen by another of their number, she is returned, the band either paying the thief for returning the stolen property, or forcing him to do it whether he will or not. Should a wife be violated, they are bound to aid the injured brother, in revenging his wrong. These bands have societies analogous to the Orders, Divisions, &c., of our secret societies, in all parts of the Sioux nation, and a stranger always finds friends amongst those of his own band. One reason why this band are thus pledged, is that so many quarrels arise because of the women; they say that in any camp, if a difficulty occurs, in almost every case a woman is the cause.

The Strong Heart band is pledged to protect each other in their horses; should a Strong Heart from a distance, steal some horses, and they be claimed by a brother Strong Heart, his fellows would tell him that he must give them up, or they would give the robbed man some of their own horses, regarding it as the greatest disgrace to themselves, to allow him to go away on foot. And thus, I suppose, that all these bands have some common object that unites them together; and here we have the origin of this system of banding; in the absence of law it takes the place of our system of justice. The

[146] For the Sioux in general consult Robinson, 1904; Hayden, 1863, pp. 364–375. An excellent account of government and related matters for the Assiniboin and other tribes is that of Denig, 1930, pp. 430–456.

[147] On the subject of secret societies consult Hodge, 1910, pp. 495–497. Cf. also Denig, 1930, pp. 434–435.

only law among the savage tribes is that of force; if a man is injured, he must himself punish the offender, but in most cases, to do this, he must be supported by others, and who so proper for this as his brother or brother-in-law? And thus, for mutual protection, kindred are forced to unite in bands.

To give me [sic] some idea of their religion, I may state that they pray to the Great Spirit on any occasion when they feel the need of his aid, and then promise a sacrifice of cloth, or a feast of dogs to him. Thus, a man is struck by a ball that only sticks in his flesh, producing a slight wound; from this circumstance he fancies that he is not to be killed by a ball; he holds it up and offers a prayer to the Great Spirit, thus: "Oh, thou Great Spirit, I believe that I am not to be killed by a ball, and, as a proof of that belief, I will wear this ball constantly, and will give to you, exposed to the sun and air till they rot, some blankets and tobacco; should I lose this ball from around my neck, then I believe that the next one will kill me." This ball is thenceforth worn as his "medicine," and it is prayed to and guarded with the most scrupulous care; it is therefore more than a charm, having the addition of the element of reverence and worship. The sacrifices of blankets, &c., are exposed on a tree or in the prairie, till destroyed. In battle, when they feel themselves in great danger, like the warriors of old, they stop, and with outstretched arm, they pray to the Great Spirit, and promise a sacrifice if they have success, and are careful to fulfil their promise. But they have no idea of future reward and punishment; all are to be happy in the other world. They know of no moral relation to God; his will, as a standard of right and wrong, is never heeded, but like the Greeks and Romans, they pray for his favor in their worst deeds.[148]

One of the most singular things amongst their customs is the relation held by a man to the parents of his wife; he never names them, speaks to them, nor looks his mother-in-law in the face, no matter how long they may live together; he is "ashamed" and thinks he shows them the highest respect by acting so; he gets the best lodge, and is bound to supply the old people with meat until he has a family.[149] The young couple occupy the large lodge, while the old folks live in the small one behind them, and should they accidentally meet, they hide their faces in some way. All his dealings with the old people are through his wife. This treatment of his new parents is the highest test of good breeding among them, and the man is exceedingly ill-bred who violates this custom. The husband never mentions his wife's name, but in speaking to her uses the word "tche," which good interpreters say they cannot translate; it is not confined to this use, but is addressed also to

[148] Cf. Hodge, 1910, pp. 303–304, 365–371; Denig., 1930, pp. 503–504.

[149] Among the Assiniboin at least this taboo applies as much to the father-in-law as to the mother-in-law (Denig, 1930, pp. 503–504).

a man when speaking to him, in speaking of his wife. If she have children, he speaks of her as this boy's, or this girl's mother, naming the child. The philosophy of this custom does not occur to me, but it is a very important fact, in the attempt to ascertain the ruling principles that make the savage to differ from the white man. What a contrast to the happy circle of friends to which a marriage often introduces a man amongst us. Indians despise the female sex; say that woman was made only for doing man's drudgery, and for the gratification of his grossest passion; they say that whites ought not to have women because they don't know how to use them—thank God we do not, in their sense. How grateful we should feel to the Bible for the great social happiness it has diffused over the world.[150] I think that Bancroft says the Indian language contains no word for the abstract father—that he always says my father or your father, &c. My brother says that it is not so in any Indian language that he is acquainted with.

Wednesday, May 29.—I forgot to mention yesterday, how the ceremony of sending and smoking the pipe was conducted.[151] The different bands of Sioux are not bound to take up arms in defence of one another; when therefore, any band finds itself under the necessity of calling in the aid of others, *it pays them*, and the negotiation is carried on somewhat in this way: The band wishing aid, collects in solemn council, and the pipe and tobacco are placed in the centre; having no written language, of course the message must be conveyed verbally, and the messenger who has been chosen is in the council. They all make their speeches in his presence, so that he may know what to repeat; they then, with solemn ceremony, bind up the tobacco in a piece of skin, tie it in a particular manner, and paint it with blue earth and vermilion. The pipe and tobacco are then put into the hands of the messenger to be borne to the tribe to which he is sent. Having arrived at their village, a council of the braves is held to hear his message, and to determine whether they will open and smoke his tobacco. He makes his speech, states the wrongs suffered by his tribe, tells the number of blankets, horses, and robes that will be paid them for their services, and awaits their answer. If they determine to accept his offer, the tobacco is opened and smoked; they are then bound by the strongest ties to meet at the rendezvous, and to fulfil their engagements; if they fail so to do, they are scorned and derided by the other tribes. On their arrival at the appointed place, the articles promised, are handed over to the partisans [152] or leaders of the different bands in solemn council, and as there will not be enough for every one, the leader, if he is generous, will give these things to those of his band who are poor and have none. On the

[150] Cf. Denig, 1930, pp. 504–508, 510–512. Denig shows always a maturity and understanding which young Culbertson clearly lacked.

[151] On the subject of war, cf. Denig, 1930, pp. 544–556.

[152] The partisan was the voluntary and responsible leader of a war party; consult McDermott, 1941, pp. 112–113.

contrary, should they decline the offer of this ambassador, his tobacco and pipe are returned to him unopened, and he is dismissed with some present.

The Sioux language is said to be as flexible as our own, having many different forms for expressing the same idea. They have inflexions of nouns and verbs, but no genders; it is said to be a more difficult language to acquire, than either the Blackfoot or Crow tongue. Every day seems to develop something interesting relative to the Indians, and a careful observer could, in a year or two, collect a volume of valuable facts relative to their habits and languages.

Thursday, May 30.—This morning at breakfast, I was glad to learn that the carts from the Cheyenne Indians were in sight, and soon afterward was relieved of a good deal of anxiety by seeing them unload my specimens from the Bad Lands. They all came safely, except some of the bags, which had been torn by wolves which had opened the cache, eaten up all the parfleche, and opened the bags in search of something more palatable, but the unkind bags gave them stones when they asked for meat. I think a number of the small pieces of petrified wood were lost. A part of the morning was passed in packing the specimens in boxes, and soon I had the pleasure of seeing one large box well filled, marked T. A. Culbertson; another box is also nearly full.[153] Afterwards I prepared a long report to Professor Baird.[154] While engaged in writing it, I heard a gun fired in the yard, and a noise as if a large number of persons had arrived.

On going to the window, I saw a large band of Indians on horseback, preceded by several on foot, bearing two flags—the stars and stripes; it was a band of the Blackfeet tribe of Sioux.[155] They had just arrived with about fifty lodges, and, while squaws were putting up these, the "Braves" come to announce themselves. They dismounted and entered the reception room with a friendly shake of the hand to most of the whites present. A feast was ordered for them. In the middle of the room were placed four (five gallon) kettles, filled with most tempting mush, and beside, these, to keep them in countenance, were two others, equally large, filled with equally tempting coffee, already sweetened, while on the floor were fifty large hard crackers (pilot bread), and about one-hundred plugs of very common tobacco. The Indians were all around the room on chairs, if they could get them, while those in the middle sat on the floor, enjoying the most happy anticipations. They had no meat in their camps and

[153] See Introduction.

[154] This letter is printed here as Appendix 2.

[155] A subtribe of the Tetons, not to be confused with the Blackfoot Nation which traded at Fort Benton and of whom Culbertson speaks in his entry for June 19. The Blackfeet of the Sioux ranged the Cheyenne, Moreau, Grand, and Cannonball Rivers. See the Tabular View, pp. 132, 134, 135, 137, below.

had been almost starving for some time. I entered and placed myself full length on a bed beside Gilpin, who was master of the feast. While the company were detained, waiting for the arrival of one of the young men, I took observations; and first, I noticed that they had all the gravity of countenance usually exhibited by hungry men of all countries, while waiting for their dinners; there was no laughing or jesting unbecoming the serious business before them, but the various pipes were passed round in profound silence. They were all in full dress, presenting an amusing mixture of savage and civilized costumes; many of them had fur caps, decorated with handsome plumes of the ostrich feathers, dyed red; others had on the much coveted soldier coat, and all wore highly ornamented Indian dress. There was a most agreeable variety of faces, exhibiting all degrees, from that of the stern old brave to the light-hearted daring young scalp taker. There were several who had an amiable and intellectual expression of countenance; they were tall, lightly framed, and with the features of the face delicate and long. Among these were four brothers, noble-hearted fellows, the sons of an old man, whose bones I hope to carry away with me.

These were the Indians that Gilpin traded with, and he said they were all strongly attached to him—that they are most excellent men, although they certainly bear a bad name with the other traders. He said that the young braves of noble families despise a mean action, such as not paying for anything a trader might advance them on credit—that they would cast it up as a reproach to any one who should fail in so doing. One of them who sat near recognized me as a brother of Alexander; he asked Gilpin if I was not, and then gave me a friendly shake of the hand. After all were in, and each had his pan (they provide their own utensils for eating here), this one arose, shook hands with Gilpin, myself and the Little Bear, a chief of another tribe, and made a short speech, returning thanks for the feast, &c. When he closed, an old palefaced warrior came forward, shook hands with us, and remaining on his feet began a speech. "Ah," said Gilpin, "that old fellow can speak, he is a second John Q. Adams." I regarded him attentively; he was of the common height, broad shouldered, with an expansive forehead, and that style of prominent and large features which indicates intellect and sternness. He stood erect, with his left hand holding his blanket, and with his right making gestures continually. Never did I listen to a more ready flow of language, or to a more self composed, dignified speaker, whether he addressed us or turned to the Indians on either side of him. His speech was also a complimentary one, and was short, as the dinner was getting cold. He concluded, and two young men took the office of waiters; they had no light task, and before they got through had burnt their fingers, and

made the sweat roll from their faces. It was pleasing to observe the quiet and decorum throughout the whole scene; each one waited patiently until his turn came, and then modestly received his cracker, meat or coffee. The Little Bear, the old man and an invited guest, had no dish, and when the coffee was being served out, a large tin mug was got for him; the young man who was serving, instead of passing on, waited until the mug was brought, and then gave the old man a treble portion, being a very pleasing instance of politness and respect. As they drank their coffee nearly every one, especially the old man, made their compliments to us, as we do in drinking wine. The feast went on cheerfully, and towards the conclusion, our old man started a song, or rather a howl of thanks, which was caught up and echoed by several. Gilpin tells me that these songs have only an occasional word and that it is the same with nearly all their songs. The tobacco was then distributed, two plugs being given to each; but the young men, being able to kill buffalo and buy tobacco, gave their portion to some of their friends too old for the hunt. I noticed quite a number passing their pans, well filled with mush, to their squaws who were standing about the door, which indicated generous and kind feeling. This was not an act of impoliteness, but just the reverse according to Indian etiquette, for with them it is very impolite not to eat all that is given at a feast—you must eat or *carry away*. Soon after, the parties dispersed and went to their lodges, to feast again most probably.

On asking at what age young men were allowed to attend these feasts, I was told that they went to those given by whites at all ages, but that they must gain admittance to the feasts among themselves in one of three ways—by stealing a great many horses, by giving a great deal to the poor, or by bringing in the scalps of a great many warriors. The men who appeared so peaceable this afternoon were all ready to kill their fellows, on any provocation, and, doubtless, every man of them had killed more than one. They are regarded at the fort as the worst of all the tribes, and are blamed for killing cattle every time they come. They have traded a large number of robes this afternoon, and nearly all for eatables, as they were starving; they want to trade for meat, but Alexander will not do this, on any consideration, for fear of starving himself.

Oh! for the jaw bone of an ass to murder these miserable Indian dogs; just now, as at every few minutes during the day and night they are howling like a set of fiends; they have not a decent bark like our well-bred American dogs, but it is howl! howl!! howl!!! everlastingly—but after all it is their nature, for they are more wolf than dog.

Recipe for making dried Plums.—It is late, but I must note a new way, or rather the Indian way of drying plums, for the benefit of our

economical housewives. When a lady wished to preserve her plums, which grow here abundantly, she gathers them, invites her neighbors, and they spend the afternoon sociably in sucking out the plum stones, saving the skins, which are carefully put away and dried, and when cooked with the scrapings of a buffalo skin, are esteemed a most rare dish. This is worthy a place amongst "Miss Leslie's Thousand and one Receipts." [156]

Friday, May 31.—This morning was spent in hunting antelope with M'Kenzie; we rode about ten miles over the hills bordering the Missouri, but did not get any game. The few antelopes that we saw were very wild, and although M'Kenzie shot twice, the animals were too far off. A wolf was seen scampering along, but at such a distance that we could get no chance for a shot. It appears as if I were to get no game at all here; the best marksmen about the fort have tried to get wolves, antelope and prairie dogs, but thus far without success. I have tried to get rabbits, and have engaged several young Indians to bring me some, but none have yet come. About two o'clock this afternoon, Gilpin, Alexander and myself went to a feast in the village, given by one of the tribe which arrived yesterday. On entering the lodge, we found but few assembled. Opposite the door or place of entrance, through which we passed by stooping and dragging ourselves in, was placed a good robe for our seat, and in honor of the occasion, a small square box containing a flag. In a short time the whole company had assembled, consisting of perhaps twenty persons. An old man, who came in last, returned thanks to the host for his hospitality, and then each of the company followed in turn, all using the same form except the title by which they addressed him: thus—"brother-in-law, I thank you for the feast,"—"cousin, I thank you, &c."—"uncle, I thank you, &c." Then the host gave the hand of friendship to the whites present, and made a short speech, thanking us for our company, and making some inquiries concerning them; to these M'Kenzie replied, and then the master of ceremonies began to help the food, each one having provided his own dish. The mess, consisting of two dogs, of reverend age and valuable services, judging from appearances, had been boiled in a large copper kettle and was served out in very generous shares, beginning with us, and going around to complete the circle. I noticed that the man who sat at Gilpin's right was not served, nor had he a pan—this seemed very strange, as he was the one who had made the speech to us, and appeared to be a

[156] Eliza Leslie was born in Philadelphia in 1787, the daughter of Robert Leslie and Lydia Baker, and died in 1858. She was the author of verses, stories, cookbooks, children's books; a contributor to Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine; the editor of several annuals. Her first publication was Seventy-Five Receipts for Pastry, Cakes, and Sweetmeats (1827). Culbertson probably had in mind one of her later compilations, either The Domestic Cookery Book (1837) or The Lady's Receipt Book (1846), both of which were very popular. (Consult Duyckinck, 1856, vol. 2, pp. 87–89; DAB, vol. 11, pp. 185–186.)

prominent personage. On inquiring the reason, I was told that he was the host. "The host," said I, "and don't he eat?" "No, etiquette requires that he shall not partake at all of the feast." Nor did he serve it out, but simply sat as a mere looker on. A rib was given each of us, and having tasted it, the custom of carrying away what we could not eat, was a relief to us, and we left, carrying with us our ribs. There was a good deal of conversation, during which one of the old men spoke of their custom of eating dogs, and said that they regarded dogs as we do cattle. And it is partly true; they are of great service to us, being much used as pack animals, so that a dog feast is really an expensive one and a great compliment. But I was surprised to learn that this custom does not extend to the mountain Indians, who eat them only when starving. Hodgekiss tells me that a fat pup, well boiled, and the water changed several times, and then allowed to cool, is a delicious dish, and has no dog taste about it.

Before one of the lodges near where the feast was held, was the body of a little girl who had died yesterday; it was wrapped in a blue blanket, and was to be placed on the scaffold as soon as the coffin should be finished. I did not see the ceremony of conveying it to the tomb, or rather, to its resting place, but it was probably done in a very simple manner, as I was told that the burying of the dead, except braves, is left principally to the squaws. Blankets and food are placed on the scaffold for their use in the other world; the family of the deceased mourn very much, and if others aid them in this sad work, they expect pay and are sure to get it.[157]

THE *EL PASO*—JOURNEY UP THE MISSOURI

Wednesday, June 5.—This afternoon I am on the Missouri, above Fort Pierre, and again at leisure to write as usual. On Monday evening it rained very heavily, and in the midst of this pouring down, an Indian arrived and stated that the steamboat was but a few miles down the river; this announcement electrified the whole establishment, and there were various opinions as to the hour she might be expected. At length we all settled down in the belief that she certainly could not come that night, but that morning would bring her. About this time Gilpin brought me a prairie dog an Indian had killed with a stick; the skin was not injured in the least, and the hair was in excellent order, the old coat having been shed so recently. I determined to take both skeleton and skin, as the specimens are so rare. An Indian who happened to be in the room soon took off the skin, and

[157] Denig described the burial customs at greater length (Denig, 1930, pp. 571–576). He said, however, that "there is as much mourning or distress observed on the death of their children, perhaps more, than when grown. On these occasions often some one of the parents destroy themselves, and all other Indians are very attentive to them for several days until the most violent grief is over." He may, of course, have had in mind only the Assiniboin.

I began to cut the meat from the bones, but it turned out to be a long job. At length the bones were cleaned in tolerably good order, and after various efforts the skin has at length been stuffed so as to make a fine specimen. I may think myself fortunate in having thus secured a prairie dog; I am told that Audubon failed in getting one and Dr. Evans[158] told me that he had not secured a specimen last summer, as the skins of three he had taken spoiled.

Tuesday morning opened rather gloomy, but in spite of mud on the earth and clouds in the sky, all preparation was made for the arrival of the boat, and every one was on the look-out to get the first peep. At length, about half-past one o'clock, the smoke was discovered as the boat began to round the point below the fort; in about half an hour after, she hove in sight, and before very long, we had the pleasure of boarding the *El Paso*,[159] as she lay just below the fort. Salutes were fired on the boat and at the fort alternately, from the time she appeared in sight until her landing, and there was a great gathering of Indians and Whites to welcome her. A. recognized on the hurricane deck, his friend Dr. Evans, of last summer, and soon I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. He had visited the Mauvaise Terre last summer, and had made quite a collection there; this, of course, was a bond of sympathy between us; it was a real gratification for me to converse with an intelligent man on the subject of the Bad Lands. He was very free, and we soon understood each other.

The substance of our several conversations was that we were both disappointed in the appearance of the Bad Lands, in the number of petrifications found, and in the number of localities when [where?] found. He says he believes they are scarcely to be obtained in any other place than the locality of the turtles near Bear river, visited by me. Our estimate of their extent was the same, namely—thirty by sixty miles; he says that White Earth now runs through the whole length of them. Before seeing him I had felt very much disappointed about my collection, fearing that it would be of little value; but was greatly relieved to hear him say that such had been his feelings before reaching the States, but that he was agreeably disappointed to find that

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[158] John Evans, United States geologist, who arrives at Fort Pierre in the next paragraph, was then on his second trip to the Bad Lands region. The report of his first journey (1849) forms a chapter in Owen, 1852, pp. 194–206. In 1851 he returned once more to Fort Pierre on the *St. Ange* and was useful during the outbreak of cholera on the boat. Kurz wrote: "June 17. No doctor on board; two more deaths since yesterday! Evans, a professor of geology, prepared the remedy (meal mixed with whisky) that I administer" (Kurz, 1937, p. 69). De Smet, however, spoke of him differently: "Dr. Evans, a physician of great experience and of remarkable charity, endeavored to relieve him [Father Hoeken], and watched by him, but his cares and remedies proved fruitless" (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. 2, p. 641).

[159] The *El Paso* had been chartered by the Fur Company for the annual expedition to the farthest posts. (See Introduction.)

his small collections had excited a great deal of interest in all who saw them, and he predicted a like favorable reception for mine. The letter I had written to Professor Baird was submitted to his inspection, as I wished to have his opinion of what I said; he had attentively read through the six pages, and complimented me on the accuracy of what I had there stated.[160] "There was no alteration that he would suggest," though he gave me a caution I readily acted on, which was not to state any thing except on my own personal observation, not depending even on the best authority, "for," said he "this may appear under the sanction of a well known name, and may afterwards be discovered to be a most ridiculous error." I mentioned to him that I thought, from Lieutenant Lynch's description, that similar formations abounded along the Jordan; he examined the account in his book, to which I have before particularly referred, and coincided in my opinion, stating that he supposed that such was probably the case. That point will be more particularly examined by those to whom we make our reports. The formation in the Bad Lands is what is called the tertiary.

Thursday, June 6.—Last night the boat laid up about dark, as it would be impossible to travel on this river at night. We must have been off very early, as when I got up about four o'clock, we were under way, and some distance from our starting place. We stopped before breakfast for fuel, the procuring of which here is not like that in the States; there are here no wood-yards, with the wood all cut and in proper order, but whenever a lot of dry timber appears, if the boat needs it, she puts ashore, and all hands fall to work cutting and carrying on board; with the number of hands on board, it takes very little time. I landed and tramped about in the wet weeds, to look for botanical specimens, and got quite a number, although not in flower. Soon afterwards we entered the Great Bend, into which the Shayen (Chenenne) river empties; it is about five miles across, and twenty around by the river. Just below this bend, while we were wooding, six Mackinaw boats belonging to the opposition company,[161] and from the upper country came in sight, and passed down; they appeared to be lightly laden, and were estimated to have about thirteen hundred packs of robes aboard. The slate formation appeared on the banks just above this. About twelve o'clock we passed the mouth of the Shayen, and stopped to wood just above it; it appeared to be a small stream. No specimens gathered there. Afterwards we were detained on a sand bar for an hour or two, but found it to be no annoyance, since I was engaged for a part of the morning in putting some specimens in the herbarium.

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[160] See Appendix 2, pp. 139–145.

[161] Harvey, Primeau and Company—also known as the Union Fur Company and the St. Louis Fur Company. (See footnotes 200, 202; also Appendix 3.)

We are accustomed to speak of the Indian as the Red Men of the forest; this was true once, when the Eastern states were peopled by them, but now they are the Red Men of the Prairie. This, of such vast extent, is almost entirely destitute of timber, at least there is nothing that would be called forest, except at some places along the Missouri. To-day we have seen very little timber; most of the banks are destitute of it entirely, except the willow; occasionally a point is seen well timbered with young cotton wood. I have been told that they go from Fort Pierre, one hundred miles above, to get timber for their boats and other purposes.

The banks to-day have been bluffs, sometimes abruptly descending to the water's edge, and at other times having a beautiful intervening bottom. It appears to me that although the hills look so barren, the river is more beautiful than the Ohio, probably because of the green foliage of the willows skirting the banks, and covering many of the islands. I have several times admired the fine grass on the islands at a distance, but the grass has turned to willows on a near approach. These are islands newly formed from sand bars, and they are soon covered with a growth of young willows; this is very good for cattle and horses, and often is their only food.

I found my watch to be just one hour behind the watches from St. Louis. This led to some conversation with Mr. Picotte[162] about the difference of time at the two places. Fort Pierre is only about ten degrees west of St. Louis, which would make forty minutes difference in time. The latitude of St. Louis is nearly thirty-eight degrees, forty-five minutes; that of Fort Pierre, forty-four degrees, twenty minutes, making it five degrees thirty-five minutes further north than the former, and four degrees twenty minutes north of Chambersburg.

I am told in reply to my questions on the subject, that the water of the river might safely be said to move with a velocity of from four to seven miles per hour, depending upon the stage of water. This corresponds very well with Col. Tilton's account.

Friday, June 7—Six o'clock A. M.—Last night we were visited by an unusually severe thunder storm, but were not injured by it. The sun rose beautiful and clear this morning, and promises a warm day. We are within ten or fifteen miles of the Little Shayen now, which comes in from the west side of the Missouri.[163] The banks this morning,

[162] This is Honoré Picotte. According to Kurz, in 1851 he was agent for the Lower Missouri Outfit which included Forts Pierre, Lookout, Vermilion, Clarke, and Berthold (Kurz, 1937, p. 235). Audubon met him at Fort Pierre in 1843 (Audubon and Coues, 1897, vol. 1, pp. 524–529). He figures repeatedly in Kurz (1937) and in Larpenteur, 1898. There are numerous letters of his in the Missouri Historical Society. In his will, made May 7, 1850, he named as heirs his wife Therese, and his daughters Rita and Celestine; the administrators of his estate gave bond of $100,000 on November 12, 1860 (Records of the Saint Louis Probate Court, File No. 5841).

[163] The Little Cheyenne enters the Missouri from the left (east) about 45 miles above the Cheyenne.

and for several hours at the close of last evening exhibited steep, irregular bluffs, and slate formation on the western bank, and beautiful prairie bottoms, with gently ascending bluffs on the east side. The strata of slate are generally horizontal. Went ashore last night expecting to get some botanical specimens, but found none; a plant which I had got at the last wooding place, very much like the fox corn of my Virginia collection, was abundant. We have cut green ash timber, which the captain says is better than the dry wood we have been getting before. No locality of fossil specimens has been seen, or rather we have landed at no such place, although I have seen some that appeared worthy of an examination.

Half-past nine A. M.—The boat is now wooding on the western shore, not far above the mouth of the Little Shayen; the fuel is cotton wood, that has been killed by the fire, I would judge. Vegetation is flourishing, but flowers scarce; got one new specimen and saw several old ones; the purple violet must have abounded here, as the beds were numerous, and I took one merely as a remembrance of this upper country. Saw several frogs, but was able to secure but one of the smaller kind; have as yet seen no snakes; saw some mushrooms. Slate still continues to appear on the western bank.

This is certainly the most agreeable traveling I ever experienced; the air is delightful—the shores and trees quite green—only three of us on board, besides the Captain, who are really companions;[164] myself, the only "distinguished" stranger, living on the best, and treated with the most generous kindness and respect—all these things combine to render the trip as delightful as possible. I can never forget the kindness that has afforded me this pleasure. The musquitoes, however, are showing the cloven foot; they have made sundry violent attacks on my person, with malice aforethought, and intent of blood-drawing, and I have murdered numbers in pure self defence.

We have just passed the mouth of the river marked Sawarcana on the map; its most common name here is the Moreau, so called from an old Frenchman who probably lived on it once.[165] It is a small stream, although larger than most others here. The banks of the Missouri for some miles below are gently ascending hills with round tops, and they are covered with short grass, enough, however, to give them a very pleasing appearance. The opposite bank is less hilly, but equally beautiful, and timber rare on both of them. I do not feel as persons generally expect to feel when traveling in a wild country, inhabited

[164] The Captain is John Durack (see Introduction). The other two are Alexander Culbertson and Honoré Picotte.

[165] Maximilian noted here "a pretty river, called Moreau's River, from a man of that name who passed the night here with a Cheyenne Indian woman, who had been taken by the Arikkaras and escaped. She stabbed him while he slept, and fled on his horse to her own nation." (Maximilian, 1904–7, vol. 1, pp. 335). On some maps it appeared as Owl River. It enters from the right (west) about a dozen miles above the Little Cheyenne.

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only by savages, nor have I so felt at any period of my traveling on the prairies, with very few exceptions. The reason of this has frequently appeared to be the almost entire absence of forests; on the prairies, early in the season, one sees large tracts of land covered with yellow grass that readily suggests the grain fields of his home; the lonely [lovely?] appearance of the prairie as the grass comes up reminds one of the green pastures of home, and one almost feels as if the farm house was just over the hill. It was hard to realize that the beautiful fields we saw to-day were not the fields of a cultivated farm. Just where we are the eastern side exhibits an abrupt bank, thirty feet high, composed of slate.

Saturday, June 8—Seven o'clock A. M.—Last evening I exhibited my tabular view of the Sioux nation to Mr. Picotte for examination, and he pronounced it to be correct, except that the estimate of souls to each loge is too small; he feels sure that eight or ten is the correct average for each lodge, and his opinion is worthy of regard.[166]

When we landed I examined a bluff bank to confirm an opinion I had formed that certain flowers seen along the bank were the same as some about Fort Pierre, and I found myself correct. Alexander found a buffalo skeleton wanting very few of the bones, and, as it was probably, the most perfect one that we would find, I determined to bring it on board. This morning, very early, we met six Mackinaw boats, belonging to the company, from the Yellowstone, the Blackfeet and Crow forts. They had about sixteen-hundred packs, and were under the charge of Maj. Hamilton.[167] We had encamped only about two miles from them last night. Some of the men went out to hunt yesterday, and succeeded in frightening quite a number of elk, but got none. They are plenty in the young willows on the sand bars, and along the banks. We passed the mouth of the Grand River [168] before breakfast. I have just been called out to see the skin of a buffalo calf that is indeed a singular thing; It has two separate heads, the bodies being joined near the tail; it has six feet and two tails, and has plenty of hair on

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[166] See Appendix 1.

[167] "The steamer *Robert Campbell* arrived yesterday from Council Bluffs, having left that point on the first of the present month. She brought with her as passengers Major Hamilton, agent of Messrs. P. Chouteau, Jr., & Co., and fifty *engages*, with the cargoes of ten Mackinaw boats, comprising twenty-four [2,400?] packs of buffalo robes, collected last winter with the Crow Indians. Major Hamilton and his party left Fort Alexander, twenty miles below the mouth of the Big Horn river, on the Yellow Stone, on the 8th of May, and Fort Union at the mouth of the Yellow Stone, on the 27th of the same month. They met the steamer *El Paso* [see Introduction] on the 8th of June at the mouth of Grand River, nine hundred miles below her destination, and the *St. Ange* [see Appendix 4] on the 22d of June seventy miles below the mouth of Vermillion. On account of there having been but little snow on the mountains during the last winter, Major Hamilton thinks that neither of these boats will be able to return before next spring. He has had numerous skirmishes with the Blackfeet Indians during his three years absences and has lost two men in them" (Weekly Reveille, July 8, 1850, p. 4273).

[168] The Grand River enters the Missouri from the west (right) not far below the South Dakota-North Dakota Line.

it. It was taken from a cow in the Blackfeet country. It has been used by the Indians for a "medicine," and is not well enough preserved to be taken down. Banks not so steep as yesterday.

Eleven o'clock.—We have just been landing for wood; the first place was at a watering house of one of the traders of this company—he furnished us some wood but not enough. We then went about a quarter of a mile up the river, to a watering house of the opposition, and from that still higher to a patch of timber where we hoped to procure ash, though elm abounded most; we found ash, box-elder, and sugar maple. [?] The trading houses are built of rough logs and are intended but for one winter; they are built wherever a party of Indians happens to locate for the hunting season, and traders are sent out with an equipment according to the prospect for robes; they say "an outfit to trade ten, twenty, forty, one-hundred, &c., packs." Each pack contains ten robes. Mr. Picotte told me that about one-hundred thousand robes would go to St. Louis this season from all the traders in the country; that the Indians and others could use or destroy three times that number, probably, as each Indian must have two robes for his wearing apparel every year, besides those for a new lodge and other purposes, so that, by the calculation of an old trader, probably four hundred thousand buffalo are destroyed annually.[169]

Six o'clock.—We have just taken our tea, and are wooding on the east side of the river; the trees appear to have been torn down, or had their tops torn off by a hurricane; they are very dry and give us good wood. Timber has been more abundant and better to-day than before; we got a large lot of ash early in the afternoon. At the landing I gathered some violets of a species different from any before seen. This has been a pleasant day again, and there is the promise of another one to-morrow.

How different does Saturday evening appear here from what it does in the east; there one is reminded that the next day will be the Sabbath —the day for rest and spiritual enjoyments, and he feels the satisfaction of having reached another period in his labor. He can stop and look back, or he can look forward and feel satisfied: but here, to-morrow will bring the same routine of travel and work.

Sunday, June 9.—This is another clear and bright morning; we are now ploughing our way not many miles below the Cannon Ball river, between beautiful banks, covered with fine grass. For the last twenty-four hours I have seen but little of that abrupt and very high bluff bank of slate and tertiary formation noticed before; the hills have been

[169] It is not known how many packs of buffalo robes were brought down the Missouri in 1850, but Picotte's estimate was probably not far wrong. The opposition (the Union Fur Company—see note 202 and Appendix 3) expected to bring down 4,000 packs (Missouri Republican, April 5, 1850). Hamilton's 2,400 packs (see note 167) represented only part of the Chouteau company's business; if one can judge from the records for other seasons the latter company would have had at least twice as much fur as their opposition.

a little distance from the water and of gentle ascent, and the timber has been more abundant. One of the pilots killed a deer last evening. This morning I noticed on the west bank, large square blocks of sandstone, projecting in strata eight or ten feet above the water's edge; they appeared for a short distance only.

Twelve o'clock.—We have just passed the mouth of Cannon Ball river;[170] the bank above it is steep bluffs, composed of thick strata of sand stone; the opposite bank is gently rolling prairie, until it meets the hills about half a mile or a mile back.

Six o'clock, P. M.—The banks this afternoon have been, generally level or rolling prairie, sometimes ascending gradually from the water's edge, and in other places, having a perpendicular rise of eighteen or twenty feet; these last appear to be alluvial deposite, sometimes recent, and covered with a thick growth of small timber, and again having a growth of large timber, indicating that years had elapsed since the soil had been formed. In several places high bluff banks rose from the water's edge, composed principally of sand stone, the strata sometimes very much inclined, and at others horizontal. We are now just below Apple Creek,[171] and, on each side of the river, nearly opposite, are two small hills, entirely bare of vegetation, called the Peeled Hills;[172] they seem to be the same formation as those in the Bad Lands.

Monday, June 10—Six o'clock, A. M.—We are now, and have been for several hours on a sand bar, just at the head of Heart River Island;[173] we have been working hard to get off, but we may be here all day. This island is covered with a fine growth of cotton wood. Last night, after landing, a buffalo bull was killed by some of the men, and several others were seen, the first that have been since we left. Four men started out immediately after landing to walk nearly all night and make a hunt to-day.

I forgot to notice what I had learned a few days ago of the custom of the Indians in the treatment of the aged and infirm. Hodgekiss was speaking of a certain young Indian who had been killed in battle with the Crows, and said that he had but one fault to find with him; that he would beat his old father, and that he had seen him strike the old man with a club and leave him almost lifeless. On inquiring if

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[170] The Cannonball River enters the Missouri from the west (right) about 40 miles below Bismarck, N. Dak. "This river derives its name from the singular regular sandstone balls which are found in its banks, and in those of the Missouri in its vicinity. They are of various sizes, from that of a musket ball to that of a large bomb, and lie irregularly on the bank . . ." (Maximilian, 1904–7, vol. 1, pp. 337–338).

[171] Apple Creek enters the Missouri from the east (left) about 20 miles above the Cannonball.

[172] The only point on the Isaac Stevens Map No. 2 that might be identified with Culbertson's Peeled Hills is Eagle Butte which lies below Apple Creek and on the opposite side of the river.

[173] Heart River enters the Missouri from the west opposite Bismarck, North Dakota.

such was the custom, I was told that it was, and instances were cited by several to show that it was common for the Indians to leave the old to perish on the prairies. An instance was mentioned of a blind Crow Indian having been taken to a battle in the hope that he might be killed—of one very old man having been shut up in some trading house and left to perish—of an old squaw having been left in camp to die, and, being found by the traders, was kept through the winter; in the spring, being sent back to her people, she was put in a small boat and cast adrift on the river. A small boy is now at Fort Pierre, who was found by a trader and brought in; he had been left to die, because he had received a very severe injury in one of his legs, and would have been a burden to his friends. I, myself, noticed one day, on the arrival of a large band of Blackfeet, that an old man, who was said to be one-hundred and four years old, if I am not mistaken, was very badly clad, and had a wretched appearance. It seemed as if the young men had left him to provide for his own wants. This custom of neglect and cruelty to the aged does not necessarily arise from a cruel unfeeling disposition; it probably come from two causes—their views of a future state and their mode of life. The former leads them to suppose that if these aged persons die, they will go to a state of happiness and abundance, whereas now they are a burden to themselves and friends; the latter makes it a great trouble to their friends to transport them in their frequent changes of abode, and it must be impossible for some, in their feebleness, to endure the privations and exposure inseparable from such a mode of life.[174]

Twelve o'clock M.—For the last three hours we have been windbound just below the mouth of Heart river. I have taken a walk up the high bank, and found on its side three new flowers, of which I took specimens. I also secured a number of small stones, which I picked up on the tops and the sides of the bluffs; the land back of the river is rolling prairie, on the opposite shore it is low and covered with timber. A little above where the boat is, I noticed that quite a large part of the bank had sunk, some of it probably eighty feet, and some of it only forty. I approached it in descending from the high bluff beyond, of which the sunken portion must have once formed a part; the descent was steep but not dangerous, and conducted me to a plot of ground which appeared to have been broken off short from the upper part of the hill, and sunk about forty feet. The surface was mostly covered with grass, and of the same general level, although much divided by large cracks running in various directions through it, and at its edge

[174] According to Denig, (1930, p. 485) "The Indians show great veneration for their parents . . . but this only continues as long as they are vigorous enough to hunt, travel, and follow camp. . . . In proportion as age advances, veneration diminishes, and when parents become a burden they are left in some encampment with a small supply of provisions, which being exhausted, they perish."

towards the river, rising irregularly into peaks above the other part. This part I examined with some care to find fossils, but saw nothing that indicated their presence; a small yellow flower was gathered—the only place where it had been seen as yet. The formation in the side of the hill so well exposed by this great depression of a part of it was, yellow slate. I next descended to the lower part of the sunken land, towards the river. Here it was much broken up and descended by irregular steps to the water level. The same slate formation prevailed here as above, and amongst it there was quite an abundance of a crystal, specimens of which I brought with me. I walked down to the boat along the same shore, and noticed that at several places in the very high slate bluff, beneath the yellow strata formation, there were strata of what appeared to be black slate, but it crumbled to pieces when pressed slightly, and had the appearance of charred bark—a piece was brought along. The whole extent of this sunken ground was probably seventy-five yards long and forty broad. An evidence of its being recent is that an Indian trail on the hill side may be distinctly traced on the surface of the ground below. I noticed here, as at all other points along the river, the absence of animals of the snake kind; not a single snake has been seen since leaving Fort Pierre, so far as I know, and we have been in the thickest bushes, among dead trees, and have torn down old houses, but not even a rat has been seen. The young rats that I got came from an old tree in the woods.

Six o'clock P. M.—We have a delightful evening, and have just enjoyed one of the most beautiful views yet presented to us; for several miles along the west bank there extended a prairie covered with fine grass, and rising gradually to low hills at a little distance from the water. Timber is more plenty to-day. Game is abundant also; our supper table afforded most delicious buffalo steak, antelope steak, and elk meat, besides our usual dishes.

Tuesday, June 11—Seven o'clock, A. M.—I was aroused this morning by the firing of guns in rapid succession, and the hurried tramp of men on the deck, which indicated that something was going on. On rising, I found that seven buffalo had been seen crossing the river, and the men had been firing at them. Two were killed by shots, and Mr. Picotte killed a third with the axe, cutting his back bone through in several places. They had already hauled one on board when I got forward, but I saw the drawing up of the others, and some idea of their size may be formed, from the fact that ten men, with the assistance of rope and pulleys, were scarcely able to get them on deck. They were immediately cut up, and, together with our former supplies, have made us rich in meat—how it would excite an epicure to be seated at our table laden as it is with such a variety of game.

I was interrupted in writing the above, and did not resume until I had finished the job I had undertaken; this was no less than to skin and preserve the head of one of the buffalo bulls. The head with the skin and flesh on it, was very heavy, as they all are, and it is not much lighter after being scraped for preservation. It required several hours constant work to skin this one and prepare it properly, and even then I had to leave it unstuffed, as nothing was to be had for this operation. I hope, however, that it will reach the east in safety, and give my friends some idea of what a buffalo looks like. While I was working on this, the boat was aground for a considerable time, and had great difficulty in getting through a very bad place. We had expected to have reached and passed Fort Clark to-day, but will not be able to do so now. The banks have not presented that abrupt steepness noticed before, but beautiful slopes, covered with the finest pasture, and occasionally a large band of buffalo grazing.

Six o'clock P. M.—Another lovely evening, beautiful banks, and a pleasant breeze, while the boat is in motion. Expect to reach Fort Clark to-morrow morning.

FORT CLARK—REES

Wednesday, June 12.—Last night we lay at an old Ree village, about fifteen miles below Fort Clark. During the night we had a storm, which we had been led to expect from the intense heat of the day. We had quite a storm of another kind also, although not a dangerous one. Three Indians who had been out hunting had seen us during the day, and came on board about twelve o'clock. The only injury resulting from this visit was that my brother and Mr. Picotte lost their sleep, as they had to remain up with them till daylight. I was awakened by a very eloquent part of a speech made by one of them, but soon fell again into a sound sleep.

About six o'clock this morning we came in sight of Fort Clark;[175] it is a small fort, about one-hundred feet in length on each side, and stands on the left bank of the Missouri just below the Ree village.[176] As we came around the bend a number of patches of ground under cultivation appeared along the river,[177] and a very pleasing view was presented by the prairie curving inward for several miles, and

[175] Fort Clark, about 8 miles below the Knife River on the south (right) bank of the Missouri, was built in 1831 to replace a fort built in 1822. For important descriptions of it and of the surrounding country, see Maximilian, 1904–7, vol. 1, pp. 344 ff.; vol. 2, pp. 222–251; vol. 3, pp. 11–83; Audubon and Coues, 1897, vol. 2, pp. 10–50. The most important single publication concerning it is Abel, 1932.

[176] For the Ree or Arikara Indians consult Hodge, 1907, pp. 83–86; Hayden, 1863, pp. 351–363; Maximilian, 1904–7, vol. 2, pp. 386–395; Kurz, 1937 (consult index); Chittenden and Richardson, 1905 (consult index); DeLand, 1906; Will, 1929–30; Abel, 1932; *passim*.

[177] According to Hayden, the Arikara traded some 500 to 800 bushels of corn annually at the Fort; their corn crop ran from 2,000 to 4,000 bushels a year; they also raised considerable crops of squash and pumpkins on these farms (Hayden, 1863, pp. 352–354).

the inner bank having the fort and village on it. Our arrival was marked by salutes from ship and shore, and as soon as we landed, numbers of Indians came aboard. I thought their features were more decidedly like those of the English than the features of the Sioux, and my ear immediately caught the difference in the language. If I could speak either tongue I might explain this difference, but as it is, I feel as if an opinion should scarcely be regarded. On first listening to the Sioux language, it appeared to me that to characterize it as an affectionate language would best describe the impression made upon me by its tones; in the Ree language this is not the case; I thought that it was pitched on a higher key and had a harsher sound, and yet this may not express the true difference. Their features express the same variety of expression as I before noticed in the Sioux. The Ariccarees, or Rees as they are commonly called, are said to be great thieves, pilfering anything they can lay their hands on—they are also great beggars like all other tribes. If a feast and some presents are not given to them, they injure the boat, and perhaps would take the lives of some of the traders in the winter season. Therefore a feast of coffee and biscuits was given to all who came on board, and sugar, coffee, flour, biscuit, tobacco and ammunition were distributed amongst them, with all of which they appeared to be well satisfied. We were invited into the village, and Mr. Picotte and Alexander determined to go; although last year they had served the latter in a very treacherous manner.

One of their chiefs had gone down to Council Bluffs on the company's boat a year before, although much against the will of Mr. Picotte, who had paid him not to do so for two years before. But on this occasion he would go in spite of all opposition, and was killed by the Pawnees. The Rees blamed the company for his death, and determined to make them pay for it. On the arrival of the boat last year, Alexander was invited to a feast in the village, and went, accompanied only by the young man in charge of the fort. He found them all in a large hut armed to the teeth, and then first learned that dissatisfaction existed among them. They charged him with the murder of their chief, and in the most threatening manner, demanded pay for his blood. My brother was unarmed, and the people in the boat knew nothing of what was doing in the village. They had a stormy session at the feast, but at length all was settled by his promising to pay them two good horses; they then allowed him to depart in safety, and at the proper time he sent the horses. Amongst all the Indians blood may be paid for, which is a fact, I believe, common to all heathen nations.

To-day four of us went to the village and made a "complimentary call," as we had not time for a feast. We were received in a large

mud lodge or hut, built in a circular form, having a diameter of about thirty feet. The entrance is through a small projection, corresponding in design, and somewhat in shape to our small covered porches. The lodge was airy, clean and had no unpleasant smell in the inside. The gentleman of the house received us politely, placed a mat on the ground, then four or five robes, and taking us each by the hand seated us on them. Then he ran out, and standing on the top of his house invited the people to call and see us. While they were assembling I made observations.

The Rees do not use the skin lodge.[178] The one we had entered was of their usual fashion, and was built somewhat in this way; a circular foundation often thirty feet in diameter, is dug about twelve inches deep; in the middle of this a platform about ten feet square and twenty feet high, is made by erecting four upright posts, and on these are placed four others horizontally; then around the circular foundation are placed a proper number of upright posts, on which are again laid horizontal timbers, and against these rest small poles set very close together and one end stuck in the ground. These are probably five feet in length; then from the horizontal poles to those of the square platform in the middle, and beyond them, extend other poles laid as close together as possible, and of such a length as to form an entire roof, except a hole in the centre for the passage of smoke. On the sides and top dirt is thrown, and the house is finished. At the entrance a small projection is built of poles, extending probably six feet beyond the main wall, and covered; this protects them the better from the snow and rain. The external appearance is that of a rude cone, set on a base about five feet high, and thirty feet in diameter. On entering, you must stoop, but as soon as you pass the skin door, your head may again become erect.

We were conducted to the place of honor, opposite to and facing the door. To our right, along the wall, were arranged several bedsteads, rudely made, while to the left, a part was cut off by a couple of poles, for the accommodation of the horses; the chickens had a coop in one corner, but roam at large on most occasions, and the centre is used for a fireplace. The lodge was clean, airy, light and comfortable, and there was plenty of room for more than those, who I suppose, inhabited it. Behind us were hung bows with spears on the ends, and two rude instruments of music, made of a number of pumpkins.[179] I believe something is put in the inside of them and shaken, but I have not learned the modus operandi. There were two squaws present, the elder of whom was very polite, the younger one stood back, either because she was the younger wife, or perhaps the wife of another man. I was quite pleased

[178] Cf. Hodge, 1907, pp. 410–411; Reid, 1929–30; the latter quotes Thaddeus Culbertson among others.

[179] For a summary of Indian musical instruments, see Hodge, 1907, pp. 958–960.

with both of them. Near the fireplace a small wooden mortar was sunk in the ground, for pounding corn. The large and high room appeared rather scarce of furniture. I have thus attempted to describe the appearance and structure of the lodge in which we were, and this is the general appearance of all others. Many persons in the States live in much more filth and much less comfort. About twenty of the men having assembled, the owner of the lodge gave us the right hand again in token of friendship, and made a short speech, which we replied to, through an interpreter, and then we left.

The village is composed of two-hundred lodges, as near as I could learn from the interpreter, and is built upon the top of a bluff bank rising about seventy-five feet perpendicular from the water. The huts are placed very irregularly, sometimes with very narrow, and sometimes with quite broad spaces between them. A number of platforms of poles, as high as the lodges themselves, are interspersed among them for the convenience of drying meat and dressing robes. I noticed a number of squaws busily employed in dressing robes. I left the village much pleased with my visit, and with the politeness with which we had been treated.

On passing to the fort, I observed a great number of hillocks scattered over the prairie, and these, I was told, are graves, this people having abandoned the old method of scaffolding their dead. Other more agreeable sights on the prairie also attracted my attention, and these were little patches of corn and pumpkins, generally enclosed by a slight bush fence. I forgot to mention that over the fire in the lodge were two bundles of what appeared to be hay tied up in skins; these, I was told, contained grains of corn put up in hay, and hung so as to be heated; if the grains germinate they are planted, and those that do not are left out. This corn is small and on small ears, but Mr. Picotte says it contains a larger amount of flour than our corn. We spent a short time in the fort, and found it to be small and the buildings old, but everything very neat and clean. I saw there a young antelope, which a squaw allowed to suck from her breasts; it is said to be quite common for squaws to suckle young animals, often raising in this manner cubs of the grizzly bear. I have noticed that they often allow their children to suckle till much older than with us. I have seen children four or five years old taking a good tug at the maternal fount.

About nine o'clock the boat was off again, having landed all her freight, and taken in some Ree corn. The hills opposite the fort and a little above it, are steep, irregular and of the whitish clay (tertiary, I think,) formation. The tops of several have a light red appearance as though they might be of pumice stone, such as I picked up last night at the landing. The hill at the village was covered with men, women and children, but as the top of it is level, no general view of the village

could be obtained. This village is one of sad celebrity; in the year 18[37], it was inhabited by the Mandans, then quite a large tribe, but in that year the smallpox passed over the country, and swept off nearly the whole nation. Many of them, in despair, seeing all their kindred dead or dying from the loathsome disease, cast themselves into the river from this high bluff. The small remnant of the Mandans now occupy a few lodges about five miles above the village or have been incorporated with the Rees and Gros Ventres.[180]

Above the Ree village stretches a fine bottom, on which I was pleased to see quite a number of squaws at work putting in their summer crop; it reminded me of some of the James river bottoms in Virginia. We are just now passing quite a long stretch of high steep bluffs on the west shore; formations like that of *hills* in the Bad Lands—strata of a red slate, like half burnt brick, and occasional spots of a slate-like substance that looks as if it had just been exposed to the fire. Probably these are the appearances that indicate former volcanic action. I wished that I could land and search for fossils.

The Rees offer many advantages for missionary labor. They have one fixed place of residence, except for a few months in winter, when they go to some other place for wood and meat, but they return again to the village at Fort Clark. They cultivate corn not only for their own use, but also enough to make it a very prominent part of trade, and they are said to be peaceable and generally well disposed. The same things are said to be true of the Mandans and Gros Ventres, and the old traders say they are more like the whites in their ways than any other Indians.

FORT BERTHOLD—GROS VENTRES

Thursday, June 13.[181]—Last evening for miles we had on both banks principally on the east, the very irregular steep and white colored hills mentioned before as being somewhat similar in their material to those in the Bad Lands. I notice however that sand was the principal component while the white clay occurred in occasional strata only.

[180] Chardon told Audubon that the smallpox was brought to the Mandans and the Arikara by the steamer *Assiniboin* which arrived at Fort Clark in July 1837; the epidemic is more commonly credited to the *St. Peter*. Only 27 Mandans survived, but by 1843 these had increased to 10 or 12 lodges. Consult Audubon and Coues, 1897, vol. 2, pp. 42–47; Larpenteur, 1898, vol. 1, pp. 131–135; Jacob Halsey to Pratte, Chouteau and Company, Fort Pierre, Nov. 2, 1837, ms. Mo. Hist. Soc.; Chappell, 1905–6a, pp. 290–291; Chittenden, 1935, vol. 2, pp. 612–620.

[181] The text beginning with June 13 and running through almost all the entry for June 18 has been taken from a typescript supplied me by the Montana Historical Society of a Thaddeus Culbertson notebook in its possession. This small notebook, written in ink, bears the page numbering "260–307" and apparently is the only fragment extant of the original notebooks other than the portion owned by the Missouri Historical Society. This typescript I have reproduced exactly with two exceptions: first, I have moved date and hour lines to the left margin in accordance with form already set up for this edition; second, I have occasionally inserted in square brackets a correction or an additional word necessary for clarity.

I thought that fossils might be found in them but had no opportunity for examination. About five o'clock one of the pilots brought me a very young sand crane which I put in alcohol and I intend preserving the skeleton of a large one he gave me as it was not in order to skin. About six o'clock A M we reached Fort Berthold,[182] one of the company's forts situated on the east bank of the Missouri about 60 miles above fort Clark. It is built on a high bluff just on the north side of the Gros Vent village.[183] It is a small fort and has no particular interest about it. Mr. Kipp [184] who has it in charge now has kept it in good order if we may judge from its neat and cleanly looks. The prairie extends beautifully eastward from the village and affords fine pasture for their horses. The part near the fort is also their burying ground and is studded with a great many scaffolds on which the dead are placed and also a great many graves in which they have been buried. Many of these scaffolds were partly broken down and had deposited their burdens on the ground where they lay unsightly and forbidding. A great number of skulls were kicking; that is being kicked about on the ground and had it not been for fear of arousing the indians, I could easily have secured six or seven good ones; as it was I picked up but one and wrapping it in my coat marched boldly to the boat and got it safely in my trunk without any suspicion being excited. The village suffers [differs?] nothing in looks from the Ree village described yesterday as they use mud lodges also. In one thing they differed and that is they are now engaged in picketing their whole village. The logs are well prepared and are all up except on the west side; a bastion with loop holes is placed in the middle of each side. This picket is of course to protect them against their enemies who frequently attack them. I think it was said at Fort Pierre that the Sioux nation families and all were coming up to war this summer and if they are I doubt not that they will go back with a flea in their

[182] Fort Berthold was built in 1845 about 125 miles above Bismarck, N. Dak., and about 40 miles above the lower Knife River, on the left or north bank of the Missouri (Wilson, 1902, pp. 359–361). When Palliser reached Fort Berthold, Chardon was in charge (Palliser, 1853, pp. 197–203). This fort is mentioned several times in Kurz (1937; consult index); for something of it in the years after Culbertson's visit, see Larpenteur, 1898 (consult index).

[183] The Gros Ventres of the Missouri were Hidatsa or Minitari; they had been removed to this neighborhood in 1845 (and the Mandans, too) and Fort Berthold had been erected on their account. (Consult Hodge, 1907, pp. 508–549; Maximilian, 1904–7, vol. 2, pp. 367–385; Kurz, 1937, pp. 73–78 (and consult index under Heransta); Hayden, 1862, pp. 420–424.)

[184] James Kipp, born in Canada in 1788, came to the Upper Missouri in 1822 as agent of the Columbia Fur Company and later joined the American Fur Company. He built Fort Piegan in the Blackfoot country in 1831; 2 years later Maximilian saw much of him at Fort Clark (Maximilian, 1904–7, vol. 2, pp. 221–251, vol. 3, pp. 11–83). Audubon knew him at Fort Union in 1843 (Audubon and Coues, 1897, passim). Palliser traveled to the northwest overland with Kipp in 1848 (Palliser, 1853, pp. 82 ff.) and in 1851 Kurz served as clerk to Kipp at Fort Berthold (1937, pp. 73 ff.). He died at Parkville, Mo., in 1880. For interesting and informative glimpses of him, consult indexes to Chittenden, 1903; Larpenteur, 1898; Kurz, 1937; McDonnell, 1940; Abel, 1932.

ears for they can do nothing with this fort. Between the fort and the village stands a log house which belonged to a man that they killed there last winter; he had killed an Assiniboine and the Gros Vents killed him in revenge. Many of them came on board and had their usual feast and presents with which they marched off in great glee. One of their chiefs a tall sharp looking man is on board going up with us, and also several others, one of whom is a Crow Indian with his family. He has been visiting at the village and is the only one that escaped from a small hunting party that was cut off by a small Sioux war party a few days ago. I noticed nothing peculiar about the Gros Vents except that their skin was generally much lighter in colour than that previously seen. Some of the squaws were very light coloured approaching closely the whites. Their hands and feet appear to be unusually small and neat and their teeth were generally good and shown very much. They have bright eyes and very cheerful countenances and bodies generally built slenderly and for activity. Their extensive corn fields show signs of industry covering as they do the bottom grounds. I have no doubt that a prudent patient missionary instructing them with arts of civilized life would be well received.

3 ½ Oclock P M—We have just passed the mouth of the Little Missouri River[185] coming from the South, about 120 miles above Fort Clark. Mr. Picotte has just been talking with me and confirms what I had previously heard about the abandonment of the aged and infirm by the indians. He says that the indians further east on Lakes Superior and Winipeg are worse than these Missouri indians for it. He said in speaking on another subject that since he first knew them in 1820 the Mandans, Rees and Gros Vents had lost probably ⅚ of their number. Each of them was then a large and flourishing people and now the Rees have but one village the Gros Vents one, and the Mandans a very small one. He assigned several reasons for this, and he says they are true of every tribe with a fixed place of residence; because they remain in one place the wood is all destroyed and they are forced to winter out where wood is convenient; because of danger from their enemies and the high water in the spring they have to return to their villages before winter breaks up and there enter houses that have been exposed to the snows of winter and are frozen and damp; consequently many—especially of the very young and the old, die of colds and of diseases originating in the dampness and cold; because they live in villages and in these mud houses they are more exposed to the epidemic and again their enemies always know where to find them and lurking about kill them when working in their fields.

[185] The Little Missouri, after the Yellowstone, is the principal affluent of the Missouri in North Dakota. It flows north from the Black Hills halfway through North Dakota and then east and north to enter the Missouri nearly 30 miles above Fort Berthold.

These are the four reasons why he thinks that for years past those tribes having fixed habitations have decreased in numbers and besides the above nations he cites as instances the Otoes, Omahaws, Pawnees and several others. While these have decreased the Sioux, a wandering people [,] have greatly increased. Their mode of life giving them advantages on all the particulars mentioned as being disadvantageous for the others.—The river has been on the rise for several days and I have frequently thought of Prof Henry's theory that when a stream rises it is higher in the middle than at the shores and consequently the driftwood floats near the shores, while in falling water the stream is lowest in the middle and will therefore carry the driftwood there. My observations on two rises in the Missouri do not confirm that theory. I noticed that the drift has always been found in the current whether that be near the shore or in the middle and Capt. Durack [186] confirms that opinion saying that such is the case in rising and falling waters—that the drift always floats in the current. This however does not conflict with Prof. Henry's theory as it is true of an ideal stream perfectly straight, of a level bottom, even shores and no force but gravitation acting, but where the various forces found in every stream combine to effect the force of gravitation on the phenomena cannot be in accordance with the requirements of its laws considered without reference to these foreign forces.—Shores to-day, generally ascending, occasionally abrupt and of sand and white clay.

Friday, June 14th.—We are still in the Big Bend which we entered last night and we will not be out of it until we reach the Knife River coming in from the north.[187] This I take to be the one marked Onion Creek on the map. There is also a Knife River below on the south side, a very few miles above Fort Clark. The Little Missouri is placed wrong on the map, it comes in a few miles *below* the Big Bend, not *Above* it as there marked. This bend is about ten miles across and thirty around. This morning is windy and cloudy. Buffalo are very plenty, some hunters out ahead of the boat killed three bulls early this morning and we stopped to take in the meat, soon after a small band was discovered trying to get up the bank on the west side, having just crossed the river. A great many guns were fired and three bulls were killed; we took one on board. Shortly afterwards we overtook a large band of cows in the middle of the river and had the engines not been stopped we would have run them down, but all even the calves escaped with a very great fright. The banks thus far on this bend have been Mauvaise Terre.—This morning we had for snack one of the dainties of this country—the milk gut of buffalo roasted on coals; it tastes somewhat like our white pudding having in it a substance that when

[186] Of the *El Paso*. (See Introduction, pp. 10–14.)

[187] Little Knife River enters the Missouri from the north (left) about 7 miles below the White Earth River.

cooked has also the appearance of their stuffing.[188] Mr. Picotte in speaking of the dislike persons in the states have to such things says that in the north the dung of the reindeer is eaten and very much relished and that he himself has eaten it. It is good because of the peculiar weed eaten very much by them and is taken out of them before being completely digested.

Evening. Have travelled finely today; river continues rising; banks prairies and bad lands; passed Knife River about noon and this evening White [Earth] River, about fifty miles from British Dominion and said by some to be the most northern point of the river.[189] We will reach Fort Union probably on Sunday—sorry for it.

Saturday, June 15.—Last night we landed early because of heavy clouds in the west threatening a severe storm of wind and rain: It rained all night but the storm was by no means as severe as it threatened to be. I went out on the prairie as soon as we landed and got several new and pretty flowers for the herbarium.—During the morning the banks have exhibited frequent signs of former volcanic action, and some of the hills have been very high irregular and steep. About 11 o'clock we stopped to wood and I had the first opportunity to examine those hills that have appeared so often exhibiting signs of containing fossil remains. As I pushed my way along a buffalo path through the bushes I caught a glimpse of the first snake I have seen since leaving Fort Pierre; it was hurrying off and got off before I could kill it. I next got specimens of several beautiful flowers growing on the edge of the woods and on the small hills at the foot of the large barren ones. One of these was a most beautiful and delicate flower, delighting my eye by its delicately colored and gracefully curled little petals, and I was exceedingly mortified to find this very one withered up when I came to put it away; but I put the best one in determined to keep them if I'd not find more. I then pressed on to the large hills; they are about sixty feet high, composed principally of large strata of sandstone with a perpendicular side toward the river. I examined along the side of one of the larger hills for fossils but found nothing at all except very small pieces of bone. I picked up the specimens of stone marked 36 & 37. At the base of the hill I found the large petrified roots of which 37 is a part; it was taken from a stump about three feet in diameter—hollow in the middle and about six inches thick. Near the whole of the stump, rising one foot above the ground still remains, within a few inches of it are the remains of another one still larger I should judge. The

[188] Culbertson's description of this dish is misleading. Boudin was a kind of sausage made on the spot; the intestine was stuffed with strips of buffalo meat and boiled or roasted. (See McDermott, 1941, pp. 32–33.)

[189] The White or White Earth River flows almost directly south to enter the Missouri just where it heads south for the first time.

formation is different from that of the Bad Lands of White River. A little below the bases of these large hills and between them and the river I saw what has excited my curiosity frequently as we came along—one of those burnt places that gives a red appearance to the earth. Some of the stones in 36 [190] came from this spot; there was quite a heap of red colored stone there having every appearance of having been under the action of fire. One piece in particular about the size of a half bushel measure seemed to have been melted to nearly a liquid state and then stuck to-gether. If these red places were once volcanoes the country must have been full of them. Coal cropped out just at the base of these burnt hills toward the river. Large veins of it appeared at least once this morning in one of the steep banks right above the water. I asked Mr. Picotte about the smoking hills mentioned by Nicollet and he says that he himself has seen smoke coming from them for years at a time and that some years ago they fell in and since that have not smoked. (Poor fellows they must want a pipe.) They are about fifteen miles below Fort Lookout on the east side of the river.[191]

6 O'clock.—A few hours ago we met a skiff from Fort Union, in [which] were Mr. Clark [192] of the Blackfoot Post, the Crow interpreter and two men: They were coming to meet the boat and had left the Fort this morning expecting to meet us in several days. Alexander and Joe Howard [193] have just left us to ride to the Fort where they will arrive in four or five hours. We have for some time been passing along a beautiful prairie and although the day has been very windy, the evening is calm and lovely,—the sun set beautifully a few minutes ago and it appeared as though I had got beyond the sunset, for it appeared to go down behind us almost, probably because our course is now southwest. I feel rather sad at the prospect of parting so soon with my brother who has been so kind to me. May God bless him and his goodness to me one of the humblest followers of Christ.

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[190] No list of petrifactions collected by Culbertson was printed with his journal; these were no doubt among the specimens discussed by Leidy, 1854.

[191] Culbertson referred apparently to the discussion by Nicollet of the smoking hills or "pseudo-volcanoes," as he chose to call them, in his *Report*, Nicollet, 1845, pp. 39–41. See also *American Journal of Science*, vol. 45, (1843), pp. 154–155. Fort Lookout was nearly opposite the mouth of Crow Creek (see footnote 103).

[192] Malcolm Clark or Clarke was born at Fort Wayne, Ind., the son of Lt. Nathan Clark of the U. S. Fifth Infantry. His biographer says that he entered West Point at 17 (Cullum, 1868, however, does not list him) but was dismissed. He went to Texas to serve in the War of Independence there and presently through Capt. John Culbertson he received an appointment in the American Fur Company. He went up the Missouri for the first time at the age of 24. Until his death in 1869 (he was killed by the Indians) he was active in the fur trade. For him, consult Van Cleve, 1876; Clarke, 1896; Larpenteur (Coues, Editor), 1898 (consult index); McDonnell, 1940 (consult index). See footnote 110, above.

[193] This was probably Joseph Howard, "one of the oldest hands," who guided Larpenteur from Fort Lewis to Fort Union in 1846 (Larpenteur, 1898, vol. 2, p. 244).

FORT UNION—ASSINIBOINES

Monday, June 17th.—Yesterday afternoon at four o'clock the boat landed at Fort Union having made the trip of 2,500 miles in thirty-six days, 4 hours, the quickest one ever made. We [were] received very kindly by the gentlemen of the Post, Mr. E. L. [T.] Denig [194] and Ferdinand Culbertson.[195] They showed me quite a good collection of stuffed skins made by them for Prof. Baird at the request of my brother. This must have cost them a great deal of labor and considerable expense and they deserve many thanks from the students of natural history for whose benefit they were made.[196] Fort Union [197] is very much like Fort Pierre in its structure and about the same size the principal difference being that here they have stone bastions and a cannon mounted above the gate. A room also is built against the wall by the gate, in which they used to trade through a small hole about one foot square in the wall. Now however they trade at the retail store inside of the fort. The Assineboines and the Crees are the people principally trading here. The Crees [198] are from the British possessions, and are then called Re-nis-te-nas; they visit the Missouri but once a year. About six lodges [of Assiniboines [199]] are encamped at the opposition Fort [200] a few miles below and they were all here when we arrived. This occasioned some trouble and has been near making a serious difficulty as we had two Crow Indians on board, and the Crows and the Assiniboines began to war a few days ago. Some of the Assiniboines wanted to kill the Crows on Board and the gentlemen here had to protect them, by putting one in the Fort and concealing the other in one of

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[194] The most elaborate sketch of the life of Denig is that by J. N. B. Hewitt prefacing the "Indian Tribes of the Upper Missouri" (Denig, 1930, pp. 377–386). Edwin Thompson Denig, son of Dr. George Denig, was born in McConnellstown, Pa., March 10, 1812 and died in 1862 or 1863 in Manitoba, Canada. He entered the Upper Missouri fur trade in 1833. For much of interest about him, in addition to his very valuable report on "The Indian Tribes of the Upper Missouri," see Audubon and Coues, 1897; Kurz, 1937; Chittenden and Richardson, 1905; McDonnell, 1940.

[195] Ferdinand Culbertson (1823–63) was the son of Dr. Samuel Duncan and Nancy Purviance Culbertson of Chambersburg; he was a first cousin of Alexander and Thaddeus Culbertson (Culbertson, 1893, pp. 163–165, 170).

[196] See Fifth Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution, for 1850, pp. 42, 44.

[197] Fort Union, begun under Kenneth McKenzie in 1829 and completed 4 years later, was on the north side of the Missouri about 6½ miles above the mouth of the Yellowstone. An excellent description of it written by Denig is included in Audubon and Coues, 1897, vol. 2, pp. 180–188. See also Maximilian, 1904–7, vol. 1, pp. 376–393; vol. 2, pp. 11–25, 188–207; Palliser, 1853, pp. 110–151; consult indexes to Chittenden and Richardson, 1905; Larpenteur, 1898; Kurz, 1937.

[198] For the Cree Indians (derived from Kristinaux) see Hodge, 1907, pp. 359–362; Hayden, 1863, pp. 234–248. Kurz and De Smet both have much to say about these Indians.

[199] For the Assiniboin the most important source, of course, is Denig, 1930. Consult also Hodge, 1907, pp. 102–105; Hayden, 1863, pp. 379–389; Kurz, 1937, (consult index); Chittenden and Richardson, 1905 (consult index). When Palliser was at Fort Union (in the fall of 1848), he noted one band of Assiniboin on the river 13 miles below the Fort and a second about 6 miles above the Fort "to the westward" (Palliser, 1853, p. 110).

[200] Kurz located Fort William 5 miles below Fort Union and therefore below the mouth of the Yellowstone (1937, p. 119). (See footnote 202.)

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the staterooms. One of the Crows is a great warrior although still a young man his name is the Horse Guard [201] and although not thirty years old he has returned from about thirty expeditions, always bringing back hair (scalps), or horses and getting his party back in safety. He is not a full breed but a half breed and has the features of a white man. I should not judge him to be a blood thirsty man from his looks, but he is very brave and says that if they would let him on the prairie he would whip all the Assiniboines here. He has his son a fine looking little boy with him. The Assiniboines are the worst dressed and meanest looking Indians I have seen but this is partly owing to their being in mourning for the young man whom the Crows killed the other day. The peace was broken in this way; a war party of the Assiniboines attacked some Crows mistaking them for Blackfeet and killed a couple; they tried to settle the difficulty but the Crows killed a young Assiniboine who had strayed from camp while the negociations [sic] were going on and now war is declared fully. Fort Union is situated on the east bank of the Missouri about four miles above the mouth of the Yellowstone and has a very beautiful prairie running back of it to the hills. On the same side just below the mouth of the Yellowstone is situated the fort of the opposition company, of which Harvey and Joe Picotte are the principal men.[202] The Missouri and the Yellowstone come to-gether, one from the north and the other from the south and neither makes a bend before their junction, so that it would look like the same river did not the currents run in opposite directions after the junction of course the stream is very large; just now the Yellowstone is the larger, although both of them are very full. The Bell is just ringing preparatory to a start still higher up the river. We will probably go much higher than any other boat has gone. Mr. Denig was so kind as to present me with a very fine bow with a valuable quiver and arrows, which I will keep as a memento of this trip.

12 o'clock.—Eight or ten miles above Fort Union on the Missouri; country more level than below, and banks well timbered all along; hills lower and this makes the impression of a more open country; bad lands appear occasionally off the river and in perpendicular banks from the water.

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[201] For more about this Crow chief, see McDonnell, 1940, pp. 113, 176, 186, 287.

[202] The "opposition" in this period was Harvey, Primeau, and Company (the St. Louis Fur Company or Union Fur Company) organized in 1846 (with the financial backing of Robert Campbell of Saint Louis) by Alexander Harvey, Charles Primeau, Joseph Picotte, and A. R. Bouis, who had all once been employees of the American Fur Company. For it, see Larpenteur, 1898, vol. 1, pp. 227, and *passim;* McDonnell, 1940, p. 265.

For Alexander Harvey (1807–54) consult Chittenden, 1935, vol. 2, pp. 683–688; McDonnell, *op. cit.*, pp. 302–305, and *passim;* Kurz said that he was bourgeois at Fort William in 1850 (1937, p. 240). (See also Appendix 3, below.)

Joe Picotte was a nephew of Honoré Picotte (see footnote 162); Kurz gives us a good deal of information about him as well as many glimpses of friendly contacts and business rivalry between the posts in 1851–52 (Kurz, 1937, pp. 119, 126–127, 197–198, 213, 234, 246, 248, 254, 314–315). He died in 1868. Consult also McDonnell, op. cit., (index).

one o'clock.—We are now passing a most lovely and level little prairie on the west bank, it is covered with fine grass and has the appearance of the most lovely meadow.

Hills to the north a mile off—light clay intermixed with white earth—rolling prairie probably beyond.

At the point in the first great bend above the Fort—about ten miles—point well timbered. Channel 7 to 9 feet deep. Grass backward here—the yellow dried grass still gives its color to the plains although the new grass is coming on, this has been observed for several days past. The Little Muddy Creek (Bu-Bus)[203] comes in from the south opposite the extremity of this point—a very small stream about ten yards wide.

We are now passing out of the Big Bend about ½ a mile across and 6 or 8 around. Ten or twelve antelope were grazing quietly on the beautiful prairie but they soon scampered up the hill after they got a look and a smell of the boat. Some one shot at wild goose, this is the third time that they have been seen on this bend, and they have each time been in pairs, and have young ones; these appear to be younger than those seen lower down. Saw a beaver this afternoon.

One half mile above the bend—south side—seam of coal in bank, fifty feet perpendicular—sandstone formation—appearance of the action of fire on the tops of several hills, stones being of a red brick-like color. Just passing a place where there are high hills on both sides, those on the south are off from the river and those on the north are close to the water; high, steep and have much of the red burnt clay in them; wood plenty.

Four o'clock.—We are now opposite a spot on the north shore where the burnt like earth assumes forms nearest like that of a crater, than any other place that I have seen. That is they exhibit quite distinctly the remaining half or smaller part of a crater; the wall like appearance and the circular form may be easily traced. These appearances have been continually seen to-day when the hills have been near the shore, coal also appears very often. I do not pronounce them to be the craters of old volcanoes, but simply wish to convey an idea of the appearance of the places—red like the remains of an old brick kiln and the remains of a circular form in this case mostly they have been on the even sides of the hills, the other part may have slid away. Coal here appears in one strata about two feet thick. The hills are formed of a soft sandstone and give no sign of lava, except in the part burned. Opposite this is a fine bottom but the hills beyond exhibit a similar appearance to these.

Five o'clock.—We are now wooding on a point on the south side where we have the greatest abundance of dry wood. I found here

[203] Another Culbertson rendering of French: Bourbeuse was what he had heard this stream called. (See footnote 204.)

the first roses that I have seen—indeed the very first buds—for below this was no sign of a rose coming out. The evidence of the action of fire still continues in the greatest abundance on both sides.

I was told that the white colored earth composing these hills will become of a red color when heat is applied. A fact that seems inconsistent, with the supposition that fire has been at work here is that these red places do not extend deep into the earth but are rarely more than 5 or 6 feet deep and below them appear the light colored earth which shows no signs of having been exposed to fire.

6½ o'clock.—A little below the Big Muddy River a change takes place in the appearance of these hills, on the north they leave the river and a broad bottom intervenes; the hills ascend gradually and are covered with grass. On the south the change is similar but not so great.

We are encamped just above the mouth of Big Muddy River [204] about 50 or 60 miles from Fort Union. There is a long and wide prairie here. This river is probably the one marked [Ibex?] on the map as I can learn nothing of such a river from those knowing the country.

Tuesday, June 18th.—This morning the appearance of the country about as last evening. Prairie to the north and hills to the south, hills with short grass showing occasionally and white earth. The mackinaw in tow was sunk this morning by the boat taking a sheer and running against the shore. Some hunters sent out last night have just come in and I have been so fortunate as to get an Elk calf taken from the mother and an elk bone some weeks in the velvet, both of which are in alcohol. I again experienced the kind liberality of Mr. Picotte who gave me alcohol without which it would have been impossible to keep them as my supply was almost entirely gone before I reached Fort Pierre. It is not the pecuniary value of the alcohol that makes this so great a favor but the impossibility of getting any more for a year.

10 o'clock.—Country continues more even than yesterday, some fine prairie, good timber, just now passing some hills on the south side where big horn are plenty. These hills are not so high as those seen yesterday. These hills become very irregular—covered with irregular and round sandstone—perpendicular from the water—swallows have built their nests in the side. They are smaller than those in the states.—Hill with large thick layers of sandstone—then a little upstream slate appears, no sign of coal or of the red lands so frequent yesterday.

ELK HORN PRAIRIE

2 o'clock.—I have just returned from a short excursion to Elk Horn prairie about 80 miles from the Fort, the object of attraction was the

[204] The Big Muddy enters the Missouri from the north a few miles above the present town of Culbertson, Mont. Judging from Wm. Clark's map, the Ibex would be the Little Muddy (footnote 203) rather than the Big Muddy.

pile of elk horns on this prairie. The boat stopped and [let] us out about ½ a mile from the pile, when Mr. Clark, Picotte, Culbertson and myself with 25 or 30 men started for the horns; some ran ahead and by the time I got there one fellow had already mounted and was handing down the horns. The report was that all the horns were attached to the head and that the pile was of a wonderful size. The distant view of it, for it was seen like a white monument several miles off, tended to confirm these reports and I thought that here at least there had been no exaggeration. However on close examination I thought it to be no more than fifteen feet high and 20 or 25 in circumference, but even this was wonderful pile to be made exclusively of elk horns. There was not a single head there but the horns were piled close together to that height and as there were no heads they were probably all horns that had been shed.[205]

What a great number of Elk must have been there to have furnished such a number of horns. As to its origin no certain information can be gained. Old traders say it has been there to their knowledge twenty years and how much longer they can't tell as old Indians say they are ignorant of the time or the occasion of its being made. There were originally two piles but for several years past these two have been put into one. The prairie is from two to six or ten miles wide and on the south side many miles long. It is further remarkable for being the place where the steamer Assiniboine belonging to the company wintered several years ago. She had got this far up and could not get down again because of low water. In the spring she passed down again and was burnt intentionally it was said, below the Mandans.[206] Therefore, we are now higher up the Missouri than any other

[205] Maximilian saw this tower of elk horns on July 11, 1833: "The prairie . . . is called Prairie a la Corne de Cerf, because the wandering Indians have here erected a pyramid of elks' horns. . . . About 800 paces from the river, the hunting or war parties of the Blackfoot Indians have gradually piled up a quantity of elks' horns till they have formed a pyramid 16 or 18 feet high, and 12 or 15 feet in diameter. Every Indian who passes by makes a point of contributing his part . . . and often the strength of the hunting party is marked, with red strokes, on the horns they have added to the heap. All these horns, of which there are certainly more than 1,000, are piled up, confusedly mixed together, and so wedged in, that we found some trouble in extricating, from the pyramid, a large one, with fourteen antlers, which we brought away with us." (Maximilian, 1904–7, vol. 2, pp. 34–35). Bodmer made a sketch of the mound. De Smet made note of the mound October 6, 1846 (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. 2, pp. 603–604). Denig (1930, p. 398), evidently writing before its removal, said this mound about 50 miles above the mouth of the Yellowstone covered an acre of ground and rose to about 30 feet; he said that it had been raised "previous to the knowledge or even tradition of any tribe now living in these parts." Elk Horn Creek enters the Missouri from the south about 25 miles above the Big Muddy. (See also footnote 221, below.)

[206] In one place Chittenden declares that the *Assiniboine* went above Fort Union in 1833 and was caught by low water and forced to remain there all winter, but later he gives 1834 as the date and says that the steamer reached the Poplar River, 100 miles above the Yellowstone (1903, vol. 1, pp. 139, 218). Chappell gives 1832 as the date for the launching of the *Assiniboine*, Pratt[e] for its captain, and June 1, 1835, for the burning of the boat near Bismarck (1905–6 b, p. 298). Maximilian traveled on the *Assiniboine* from Fort Pierre to Fort Union in June 1833.

boat has ever been. The country continues to be less hilly than yesterday. I got several flowers as mementoes of Elk Horn Prairie.

4 o'clock.—We are now aground opposite the Rivière aux Trembles coming in from the north 175 miles from the Fort.[207] This river is larger than any we have seen before. About an hour ago we struck the first sand-bar since leaving the Fort but we were off again in a moment and we will be off here very soon; no snags have been seen except very close to shore. None of the high irregular hills have appeared this afternoon but some of the widest rolling prairies I have ever seen, on the north side. The English name is Quaking Ash creek. Nearly opposite a little above is the mouth of a stream that appears to be quite large and which runs very near the Elk Horn Prairie and is known by the name of the Dry Fork.[208] It is quite large at the mouth owing probably to the backwater of the Missouri. Saline deposits in the south bank. The Quaking Ash River is probably the Martha's River of the map: the traders knowd no stream by that name.[209]

7 o'clock.—We have just had some rare sport; a half hour ago a large band of elk 15 in number appeared on a bar above us. Soon as they saw the boat they took the river and swam across but poor fellows; they became alarmed and instead of landing gathered in a circle and remained in the water swimming. As the boat approached them nearly every man prepared to give them a warm salute and they remained quietly to receive it.

First, pop went one gun and then another, and another, and crack crack, was heard for fifteen or twenty minutes, amidst shouts of the greatest excitement, while the elk started for the other shore, the blood spouting from most of them—one would lag behind, and then another and down stream they would float wrong side up. Captain Bryuly,[210] the second pilot, took long aim at one, and I thought he had missed, but in a moment up went the poor fellow's heels in the air, and he made a grand flourish in the water, but at last was obliged to give up the ghost. Meanwhile, old Mr. Picotte was off in the yawl, sword in hand, after the wounded and to bring in the dead. The sight was most exciting and amusing; the old man sat straddling the bow of the boat, coat off, flourishing his sword, ready to plunge it into the first elk he could reach. One poor animal wounded in the

[207] Poplar River, which enters the Missouri from the north at the town of Poplar, Mont. He means, of course, larger than any other seen since the Yellowstone. This was Lewis and Clark's and Maximilian's Porcupine River. In the printed journal this distance is given as 90 rather than 175 miles.

[208] Little Dry Creek enters the Missouri from the south some 10 or 15 miles west of Elk Horn Creek. Judging from Wm. Clark's map, Little Dry Creek and Lewis and Clark's Two Thousand Mile Creek must be the same.

[209] Maximilian noted the Rivière aux Trembles which he said was also called Martha's River by Lewis and Clark, but he was evidently at the Big Muddy when he used these names because he was still some distance below the Elk Horn Prairie. Clark's map shows Martha's River to be the same as Big Muddy.

[210] T. H. Brierly. (See Introduction, p. 11.)

back was struggling to get away, and after him they put; stick went the sword, but in it would not go; the old gentleman had not examined the point, and on trial, it was found dull as a beetle. But he was too old a hunter to be foiled in this way, and the bow of the boat was again turned to the elk; now they are on it and Mr. Picotte seizes it by the tail, pushing his small knife up to the handle in its side. The elk kicked and scuffled, but it was of no avail, and soon [211] was on the deck and its hide unshipped, as one of the men called the operation of skinning. Meanwhile, a fine doe had been skinned and cut up on the forward deck, and the same operation was being performed on the stern, so that now three fine elk were on the boat. The yawl again went after another one, and returned with the only buck I noticed in the band, so that we got four; three others were killed, but were carried off by the current, and my own impression is that all the others were wounded. The horns of the buck were in the velvet state, but were very much injured. I shall get two or three skulls.

Encamped at the side of a very extensive and level prairie to the north side eleven points from Milk River—cloudy and signs of rain.

Wednesday, June 19—Six o'clock.—The sun arose clear this morning but now it is a little hazy. We are all still pushing up stream; face of the country is rather more even; low hills on both sides generally off from the river.

Ten o'clock.—Had a long talk this morning with Mr. Clark on the subject of Indian customs. I was surprised to hear what he told me of the language of signs used by nearly all the tribes except the Sioux and Assiniboines. It must be as perfect and expressive as the language of mutes with us; by these signs one Indian can tell another the principal events of his whole life and will be perfectly understood. And this does not come from the barrenness of their own language for it is sufficiently expressive, but Mr. Clark thinks it to have originated principally from the fact of the Indians not knowing when they meet a man, whether he be a friend or an enemy; they do not know whether to let him approach or not and by these signs he can learn all about him, though he be too far off to converse with the tongue. It is therefore the language of caution and defence. These signs are beautiful and poetic; the rude figures which we see sometimes on buffaloe robes are not mere awkward attempts at ornament, but they are hieroglyphics, as easily read by an intelligent Indian as words by us, and perhaps containing a whole history of some great event.[212]

The Blackfeet do not place their dead on scaffolds but either in a hole well covered to keep off the wolves, or they leave them in the lodge with everything just as it is when they die. In that case the

[211] Here ends the passage contained in the Montana Historical Society notebook.

[212] For a summary of signals and sign language, see Hodge, 1910, pp. 565–568; and of pictographs, *ibid.*, pp. 242–245. For a glossary of sign language on the Upper Missouri, see Maximilian, 1904–7, vol. 3, pp. 300–312.

wolves of course eat their bodies very soon; and I am told that in this way the body of nearly every Blackfoot is disposed of. When one of them is in mourning he puts white earth on his head and goes out before his lodge wailing most piteously; as soon as the neighbors see that they all rush to his lodge and take it and everything it contains, leaving him nothing but his horse. The death of a relation is therefore a very serious affair, since a man loses all his property as well as his friend. How different with us—where a man frequently gains property with the death of a relative.

A Blackfoot has complete power over his wife; if he finds her unfaithful, he generally cuts her nose off, but he can shoot her down if he chooses to do so, and it is said that it is very common to see good looking young women going about *noseless*. If a man loves his wife and wishes to overlook any indiscretion of this kind, her own brother may walk into the lodge and say "it is only to-day that you have made me ashamed," and shoot her dead before her husband's face, while he can say not a word. The Blackfeet are taught to beg from their infancy and are adepts in the art.

Six o'clock.—We have just started, after the longest detention we have had except for business; we reached this point about twelve o'clock, and have been here ever since fixing one of the wheels. However, the time was not lost, for the hands have cut enough of wood to take us down to the Fort, and will not have to detain for that purpose after we have unloaded.

Milk river is said to be about twenty-five miles distant, but we would have reached it to-day, had we not been detained long. The face of the country to-day has been generally rolling prairies, frequently stretching many miles from the river. About eleven o'clock we passed the outlet of a lake or pond a short distance to the north of the river. In twenty-four hours we shall probably have our face turned homewards, when I shall hurrah for the States.

We have just passed the outlet of a lake which, according to one account is the same as that mentioned this morning; but according to another, it belongs to a different lake—if there be but one, it must be ten or twelve miles long. A part of it could be seen when we reached the end of the wood, and it is narrow like a creek and winds considerably. The woods are known as the places where the free men, (those not in the employ of the company,) built themselves a fort, and the lake is sometimes called Freemens' lake from that circumstance.[213]

This lake is in one of the most magnificent prairies I have seen; we are still opposite it, and it sweeps away for miles, at first very

[213] Freemen's Lake probably was an oxbow lake; available maps do not show it. Culbertson's location placed it about midway between Poplar River and Milk River. The name undoubtedly was a translation of "hommes-libres" (cf. McDermott, 1941, p. 88).

level and then terminating in hills, gradually rising and covered with grass. To the south a fine prospect is also seen, but then the hills rise from the river and in the distance black spots show that buffalo are there. The bute at Milk river is now easily seen.[214] Just passed a small stream called the Little river, coming in from the south, marked but not named on the map.

Thursday, June 20—Eight o'clock.—This morning we were off as usual, about half-past three o'clock; soon afterwards passed a small stream on the south, generally called Dry Fork, though at present it contains water. At half-past seven o'clock we passed Porcupine river coming in from the north; it is about twenty yards wide, no wood at the mouth, and as far as we could see, very little along its banks. It comes in at the upper end of Porcupine cut off, sometimes called Harvey's cut off.[215] During all this morning we have a continuation of the prairie country seen yesterday, especially on the north side there has been beautiful rolling prairie all along excepting occasional timbered points; to the south low and scantily herbaged hills have run close to the river.

This Porcupine river is the place from which the military expedition under the command of General Atkinson in 1825, turned back.[216] He wintered at Old Council Bluffs, and in the spring ascended with nine keel boats. A part of his company went by land as far as Milk river. The object of the expedition was to treat with the Indians. The river to-day is still in a good stage, but we have had to cross frequently to keep the channel.

There is always plenty of water here, say those familiar with the place, but the only trouble is to find the channel. The boat is now light and has passed over some places where only two and a half feet of water was sounded; rather hard scratching however.

A large band of buffalo cows with their calves were crossing just above the mouth of the Porcupine, but Mr. Picotte would not allow the men to shoot; we passed very close to them all and it was amusing and touching too, to see the very great fear they exhibited as they in vain struggled to get up the steep bank. I noticed here for the first time, what I had been told before, that the buffalo grunt almost exactly like a large hog; had a person heard and not seen he could easily have

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[214] The butte to which Culbertson refers was probably Panther Hill.

[215] Harvey's Cut-off no doubt was named for Alexander Harvey, but it is not indicated on available maps. (For Porcupine River, see footnote 216.)

[216] For this expedition, see Reid and Gannon, 1929–30. On August 24, 1825, when it turned back, the Atkinson party had reached a point 7 miles above Lewis and Clark's Two Thousand Mile Creek (Culbertson's Little Dry Creek—now Red Water Creek entering the Missouri opposite Poplar, Mont.). Culbertson has confused two streams: he was off Porcupine (Poplar) River on Tuesday, June 18, at 4 p. m.; on Thursday, June 20, at 7:30 a. m., he said they passed Porcupine River. Obviously the last named must be one of those unnamed rivers shown on the Stevens map between the Poplar and the Milk Rivers. The *El Paso* at this moment was between 25 and 50 miles beyond the farthest point reached by the Atkinson expedition.

thought that a drove of swine was passing. The men tried to catch some calves with a lasso but did not succeed. Buffalo have been seen in great bands for several days past; last evening probably five-hundred were in sight at one time on the river banks. I have seen paths beaten by them which look like travelled roads in a thickly settled country, and paths of this kind are seen at almost every landing.

MILK RIVER—RETURN TO ST. LOUIS

Twelve o'clock.—We are now on the point immediately above Milk river and will go a short distance higher up to find good timber for building a boat. Milk River [217] comes in from the north, and is at least two hundred miles above Fort Union. Mr. Clark says that it passes within a hard day's ride—about forty miles— of Fort Benton,[218] and if so it must be incorrectly laid down on the map. Some miles below I saw the first grizzly bear of the season; this is unusual as they are generally seen below Fort Union; and Kelly, an old hunter, told me that the reason they are not seen on the river now, is that they are out on the prairies after the pomolanche [219] or prairie turnip, of which they are very fond.

We passed a few hours ago some black slate hills on the south side rising directly from the water; the sides in several places were marked by the buffalo tracks so as almost to resemble slate roads, and to cause one to feel as though he was in a much traveled country.

The boat has been about twenty-seven hundred miles above St. Louis, and a board was nailed on a large cotton wood tree near the shore, with the following inscription: "N. B. El Paso, landed here June 20, 1850, thirty-five days from St. Louis—John Durack, Captain." [220] The thirty-five days is the running time. This day at twelve o'clock, we were forty days out from St. Louis. I really feel very thankful that my life and health have been spared me during this journey. I have reached a point to which few, except traders have attained, and I hope that I have gained some valuable information as well as restored my health. But it is a long distance, nearly four thousand miles to my home, and no one can tell what may befall me, but my duty is clear and I hesitate not to go even at the risk of the cholera. Should it please Divine Providence to restore me to my home and my

[217] Milk River was so called, said Maximilian, "because its waters are generally muddy and mixed with sand" (1904–7, vol. 2, p. 46). "We salute the Milk river, which owes its name to the whiteness of the water it pours into the Missouri. Proud of a tribute as rich as it is beautiful, for it is the biggest received above the Yellowstone, the river widens, and as the neighboring mountains lower in the same proportion, the whole picture gains something in the way of majesty" (Point, 1931, p. 251).

[218] Fort Benton was built by Alexander Culbertson in 1846 on the north bank of the Missouri above Marias River and about 7 miles below the old Fort Lewis; for it, see Larpenteur, 1898, passim; McDonnell, 1940.

[219] *Pomme blanche*; cf. McDermott, 1941, p. 124.

[220] Introduction, p. 13. El Paso Point as marked on the Stevens Map No. 2 would be some 15 to 18 miles above the mouth of Milk River.

studies, it is my sincere prayer that it may be to employ my powers and my knowledge as a minister of the Gospel.

Huzza for home! Here we are driving at half past three o'clock down stream as fast as steam will let us. Our shouts of farewell have hardly ceased to ring in these old hills that so seldom resound with the voice of whites, and now for the first time have heard the puff of a steamboat. We stopped at twelve o'clock several miles above Milk River on the southern bank, landed all the freights for Fort Benton and have turned our face homeward. It was a picturesque scene as we rounded to, all hands on the hurricane deck—the crew singing one of their peculiar songs—the cannon firing and ourselves giving three good hearty cheers, while the shore with its green carpet was covered with merchandize—the different families bivouacking under the scattered and venerable trees, and the men who were bound for the Blackfeet, returning our cheers and salute with hearty good will.

Friday, June 21—Six o'clock A. M.—We are now perhaps, half way back to Fort Union, and if we meet with no misfortune, shall probably be there early this evening. The day is clear and pleasant and we are having a delightful ride.

Eight o'clock.—We are now stopping at the prairie on which is the large pile of elk horns mentioned a day or two ago. Old Mr. Picotte has the notion into his head, of taking the whole pile to St. Louis, and soon this noted, and almost revered land mark will be on the hurricane deck of the El Paso. All on board, excepting the old gentleman himself, would prefer to leave it untouched, especially as the horns are not in good state of preservation.[221] The river is falling and we shall have no time to lose.

Adopted relations among the Blackfeet are very frequent and of the most sacred character; two young men become comrades, and then they are friends by the closest ties, and it is a greater disgrace for a comrade to lose his friend in battle or [for] want of bravery or skill, than to lose a younger brother. Whenever they are together for any time, they exchange presents.

The mere glimpse I have gained of Indian customs, convinces me that to acquire any philosophical and valuable knowledge of them, a person must live with them for a time. From such men as Mr. Picotte,

[221] De Smet placed the Elkhorn Prairie 17 miles below the Judith, a location which hardly agrees with Culbertson's, for the latter did not go that far up the Missouri; however, De Smet had in mind the incident related by Culbertson: "A tower had been constructed here, composed exclusively of elks' antlers; it was of remarkable height. Its base formed a great square. . . . The most ancient of the Assiniboins (it is on their land) could not give me any account, either of the epoch or of the circumstances which gave rise to the erection of this unique monument. The cupidity of a modern vandal has caused the demolition of this strange, savage structure, which had resisted all the tempests, windstorms, stern winters and other vagaries of the atmosphere of this strange region. He took his capture to St. Louis and sold it, and there the antlers were transformed into handles for knives, forks and daggers." (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. 4, pp. 1371–1372). (See footnote 205.)

Mr. Meldrum,[222] Mr. Clark and my brother, he may gain a great deal of information, but no questioning can place him in possession of all the facts, because he does not know what to ask, and if he did, these men not being accustomed to definitely communicate their knowledge, often so speak as to convey an exaggerated impression without any design to deceive. Constantly customs of which I had no idea, are mentioned in conversation, so that it is my opinion that in order to a proper appreciation of the Indian, a long residence among them is necessary.

Friday, Six o'clock, P. M.—Arrived at Fort Union again about four o'clock having had a most delightful trip to Milk River. The river has been falling, but as the weather is again oppressively hot, we look for more water, although there is still plenty to run down on. We shall be off early in the morning, and I feel glad to move on homeward as fast as possible; nothing could induce me to live here. I feel sad at heart to part with my brother, and I know that I shall be lonely to-morrow without him. May all his kindness be returned to him ten-fold.

Saturday, June 22.—The boat moved from Fort Union across the river for wood about half past three o'clock, and about that time we had a very fine shower of rain. At half past seven o'clock we moved off, firing a salute to the men belonging to the fort who had come over to help us take in fuel, Alexander was with them and the last sight I had of him he was standing up in the boat which was just pushing off.[223]

We have not made a very good run to-day because of the wind being against us this afternoon and the wood has been bad. A good deal of bad land appears on both sides of the river, and much of the burnt earth with it; this often appeared on the sides of grass-covered hills, and in hills rising directly from the prairie, as well as in its usual position in the white land hills.

While it is difficult for one not skilled in such matters to refute the common belief that the red burnt-like earth is the result of the action of fire, it is well to mention some circumstances that at least throw some improbability on that theory; the first is that if these red looking places were craters, the whole bank of the river must have been volcanoes for hundreds of miles, with few exceptions—they occur in almost unbroken connection for miles, and above Fort Union there is one place where they thus appear almost continually for twenty or thirty miles, being there much more frequent than lower down. An-

[222] Robert Meldrum (1806–65) was in the service of the American Fur Company at least as early as 1835. Kurz knew him as bourgeois at Fort Alexander in 1851 (1937, p. 205). (Consult McDonnell, 1940, pp. 284–285, and passim.)

[223] It was indeed farewell to Alex, for Thaddeus was dead before Alexander returned down river.

other is, that so far as I can see, these hills exhibit no other evidence of the action of fire; there is not a single sign of volcanic action that I have seen around these places, either in the formations of the hills or in the stones on their surface.

And again what appeared to me very singular on the supposition of volcanic action, has been that these crater remains, or volcanic remains do not extend deep into the earth; in some places they look no deeper than a modern lime-kiln; in others they appear almost as a stratum placed in between the other formations, and in all they have other formations below them, and in many above them. I regret very much that I cannot describe the geological formation of these hills.

Monday, June 24.—Yesterday we passed Fort Berthold, the Gros Ventre Fort, and came within fifteen miles of Fort Clark, the Ree Fort at the old Mandan village. On the map there is a Fort Mandan marked nearly opposite Fort Clark; this is probably the Fort built by Lewis and Clark for their quarters, when they wintered with the Mandans.[224] I noticed yesterday a thick vein of coal in the bluff on which the Gros Ventre village is built.

Tuesday, June 25.—This is one of the few rainy days we have had, but is not uncomfortable, as we are well protected in the cabin and at the same time are moving along slowly towards home. There has been a good deal of detention from running on sand bars, and in looking for the channel. A few hours ago we passed Heart river, and at the place where we were aground so long when going up we stuck again, injuring one of the wheels.

Thursday, June 27.—Yesterday was nothing more than a bright pleasant day, passed in grounding, backing, wooding and going a few miles a-head. The night previous, we had landed at a place that ought to be called Musquito hollow, if we may judge from the complaints made by every one. I never suffered so much from them, and could not get to sleep until past midnight; others were forced from below to the hurricane deck, and there passed the night as best they could. The day was marked by another event also worthy of record—the death of my porcupine. I had the skeleton preserved.

In the evening when we landed, Mr. Picotte was seen running up a very steep, high bluff, and while we were admiring his activity he called to us; we all at once started off, supposing he had seen game. Mr. Clark taking his rifle, and Ferd his knife; but on coming up to him we were much amused to hear the old man instead of pointing out the game, ask us to slide down the hill to the water's edge. Fortune favored me at this place, for as we descended the hill, I saw for the first time in my life, the cactus in bloom. It was a most agreeable surprise

[224] Fort Mandan, of Lewis and Clark, was on the left bank about 8 miles below the mouth of the Knife River; Fort Clark of Culbertson's day was on the right (west) bank a few miles lower.

to find this unsightly plant which is the great annoyance of moccasined voyageurs adorned with flowers of a fine straw color. I secured several of them although none appeared to be in full bloom; how to preserve them is a great difficulty with me, for so much of the fleshy substance must go with the flower, that it is almost impossible to dry it. The structure of the flower, also was full of interest to me, so that on the whole, I thought I had secured a real prize.

At night I listened with great pleasure to a long conversation between Mr. Clark and Mr. Picotte, on Indian customs and language, and I regret that I cannot record it fully. They mentioned the great generosity of all Indians manifested in their disposition to give presents, and so great is the desire to do so, that they will even steal to gratify it; the same generous disposition is remarked in nearly all half breeds. Politeness amongst them assumes some very singular forms; for instance, it is a mark of great respect for an Indian to pass his plate with the remnant of his meal to any one who may be with him; this I have observed at the feasts, and have seen it in the half-breeds constantly. And it is the very quintessence of politeness for an Indian who is drinking liquor, to fill his mouth and then pass the contents to his friends's mouth from his own. The Indians notice the manner in which they are treated by the traders, and think it rather strange—say they, "we give you the best food and the best robe, while you give us poor food and put us in another room to sleep." "Well," reply the traders, "the reason is, that there are so many of you, and so few of us, we cannot afford to feed you all, as we feed ourselves, and if we feed one of you better than another, jealousy is produced."

The Indians in their intercourse like to see a man well dressed because it shows respect to them, and they despise a man who adopts their own costume; they are conscious of, and admit the white man's superiority, and have mind enough to despise the man who lowers himself to them. They all make it a point to dress in their best when they reach a fort, except the Assiniboines; and Ferdinand says that if they are not dirty before they get near the fort they make themselves so purposely.

The Indian name of the Gros Ventres is Minetaree—the people of the willows—the Aricarees call themselves Corn Eaters, and the Mandans have no translation for their name. Mr. Clark mentioned a difficulty in acquiring an Indian language worthy of notice, namely, that the women and men use a language so different that after acquiring one you would almost be ignorant of the other—that the men would pretend to be entirely ignorant of many words which the women use, and these are not words peculiar to feminine dress or habits, but the names of very common articles and acts. This is doubtless owing to the social position of the female—their interest is separate from

that of the men, and they are made to feel that they are regarded as inferior beings. There is a difference in the language of the male and female even in civilized life, but this arises from a very different reason—from the superior refinement of the latter.

It was remarked as an instance of politeness of an Indian gentleman, that he never laughs at the awkward attempts of a white to speak his language, but on the contrary will compliment him on his success, and if a squaw breaks out into a laugh, as they sometimes do at the slightest mistake, he rebukes her and tells her she does not know how to speak her own language. This reminded me of the conduct of the Chinese to our missionaries in listening to their first attempts at preaching.

We spoke a little of the importance of a good half-breed school on this river, and every one present gave it as his opinion, that an effort to establish one would meet with encouragement. It is said that there are probably one hundred and fifty children whose parents were able to pay sixty or eighty dollars a year for their schooling.

Evening.—Stopped about thirty miles above Fort Pierre—have therefore made a poor run to-day, and had a great deal of grumbling. The western bank has been almost a continuous bed of slate, thirty to forty feet high. I went ashore, and found the bottom covered with a vine bearing a pretty specimen of bindweed, and have preserved some good specimens; it differs from the beautiful pure white bindweed of Virginia, in having running vines and a purple tinge on the petal.

Friday, June 28.—About ten miles below Fort Pierre—home seems to be approaching quite rapidly, and we are now only about three thousand miles from it,[225] and no cholera in the states, as we understand. We reached the Fort at about nine o'clock this morning, and left at two P. M. I was glad to see again my acquaintances.

Mr. Picotte here left us, and we are to make the rest of the trip without him. He has been very kind to me and asked me to remain with him this summer, but this was out of the question. In leaving the Indian country, I must record my acknowledgment of the very many acts of kindness and hospitality extended towards me. The gentlemen, particularly of the Fur Company, have uniformily [sic] treated me with kindness and attention.

Saturday, June 29.—Last night closed in with clouds indicating a shower, and a fine rain fell during the early part of the night. Called by Mr. Pattick about five o'clock to see the opposition boat, which was in sight. All hands got up, and in about half an hour the two boats were opposite one another in the stream, but not a word was exchanged—thus we passed, twelve hundred miles from home,

[225] That is, Chambersburg.

and did not extend the slightest salutation; so much for opposition in trade. It was the St. Ange, a fine boat, owned and commanded by Captain Joseph Lebarge.[226] There were several ladies on board, and my eyes were delighted with the sight of a beautiful face and fine figure for the first time in some months. A great many high slate hills on the west side this morning.

Monday, July 1.—On Saturday night we camped a short distance below White River,[227] and had something of a blow again. Yesterday we passed the L'Eau Qui Court [228] and encamped below it, and now at about ten o'clock, Monday morning we are pushing down stream quite rapidly below the river A'Jacques. It had been my intention to have noticed with some particularity the face of the country below Fort Pierre, but as it has been carefully examined by scientific men with instruments, and reports made on it, it appears to me scarcely worth my while to do so, and besides this it is impossible for me to give an accurate account of the geological formation from observing it as the boat passes swiftly by. I have noticed the limestone mentioned by Nicollet and seen it in fine strata lying above slate; if this stone is hard enough, it would be admirable for building. I think it too soft however, although I have not yet been able to secure a specimen.

These slate and limestone rock occur in very high steep bluffs rising almost perpendicularly from the water, except when bars or narrow bottoms intervene; they also often exhibit evidence of the presence of sulphur and iron; they do not occur in one unbroken succession, but they cross the river very frequently, being seen now on one side and again on the other, but never, so far as I remember, appearing on opposite sides at the same place. They do not occur in unbroken succession ever on the same side of the river, but most generally appear as the sections of a series of short hills with ravines between, and these ravines having in them grass and scrubby trees, frequently cedar. I notice many swallow nests in these high banks.

I have looked with some care for the pseudo volcanoes of Nicollet; we passed the one in the bend below White River very early in the morning, and I did not see it to my disappointment, but I noticed several places in the banks which I supposed he called volcanoes, as they presented the red burnt-like appearance noticed so often about Fort Union.[229] One of these places passed yesterday on the west bank, had so much the appearance of having been caused by fire as to make

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[226] For this voyage of the *St. Ange,* see Appendix 4. For Joseph La Barge (1815–99) the principal source is Chittenden, 1903. Various items of interest concerning him are to be found in Larpenteur, 1898; Kurz, 1937; Chittenden and Richardson, 1905; Audubon and Coues, 1897 (consult indexes for each).

[227] This is White River of South Dakota, the upper waters of which formed the southern boundary of the Bad Lands inspected by Culbertson.

[228] The Niobara River.

[229] See footnote 191.

the Captain exclaim—that it must have been a very recent fire. We are again getting into the region of snags, but we have made fine running yesterday and to-day. Hurrah for home!

Tuesday, July 2.—We reached the Vermilion post yesterday at twelve o'clock, and was welcomed by Mr. Larpente[u]r.[230] We were detained there all the afternoon to take in packs, and at night we lay at the island opposite and took in wood. I got two pairs of black tailed deer horns, and was offered a young skunk, which I declined; there are two on board, really beautiful little creatures and full of play. This morning we had made forty miles before breakfast and have some hopes of being in St. Louis by Sunday.

Wednesday, July 3.—We spent the night a little below old Council Bluffs, and this morning soon after breakfast were at Bellena [Bellevue], and saw for the first time in some months a settlement of whites. Yesterday the hills for the first time were seen covered with timber and presented quite a pleasing contrast with the bare bluffs of the upper river. To-day we are hastening along and may reach St. Joe to-night.

Friday, July 5.—Yesterday was passed by me delightfully, because I was hurrying home as fast as steam could carry me. We passed St. Joe about ten o'clock, making only a short stop. I there got the skull of an Assiniboine chief from Mr. M'Donald. We passed several towns but stopped only once, at Parkville;[231] we met several steamboats bound upward. This morning it is oppressively hot.

Saturday, July 6.—My trip has at last ended, so far as the Indian country is concerned. The El Paso landed about two o'clock, all in good health and spirits and glad to get home.[232] I desire to feel very grateful to Divine Providence for my safe return and restored health—may the knowledge gained be all employed in promoting God's glory.

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[230] For Charles Larpenteur (1807–72), consult Larpenteur (Coues, Editor), 1898; Chittenden, 1903; McDonnell, 1940; Chittenden and Richardson, 1905. Larpenteur had left Saint Charles with his family for Vermilion Post on May 10, 1850 (Coues, *op. cit.*, vol. 2, p. 289). (See footnote 81, above.)

[231] Parkville, Platte County, Mo., had been laid off as a town by George S. Park in 1837; in 1850 its population was 309. (Consult History of Clay and Platte Counties, Missouri, pp. 839–871.)

[232] For the report of the return of the *El Paso*, see Introduction.

890780—52——9

APPENDIX 1 [233]

As already stated, Mr. Culbertson collected numerous specimens of Natural History during his recent expedition. Among these was a series of plants, a list of which as drawn up by Professor Thomas C. Porter, of Marshall College, Mercersburg, is subjoined. A list of the birds and mammalia of the Missouri river, from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Union at the mouth of the Yellowstone, has been kindly furnished by Mr. Edward Harris, of Moorestown, N. Jersey, and includes many specimens not seen by Mr. Culbertson. Mr. Harris visited the Upper Missouri in 1842 [1843], in company with the distinguished naturalist, Mr. J. J. Audubon, recently deceased, for the purpose of assisting the latter gentleman in procuring materials for his valuable work on the mammalia of North America. No systematic catalogue of the kind has ever been before presented, although detached notices may be found in the narrative of Maximilian, Prince de Wied of a journey along the Missouri to the Rocky mountains in 1832.

The concluding part of the appendix contains some valuable information on the numbers and distribution of the Indians of the Upper Missouri. This is arranged in a tabular form, accompanied by explanations, and is published as left by Mr. Culbertson.

S. F. Baird.

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[233] The materials of Appendix 1 are reprinted from the report in Fifth Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution for the year 1850 (32d Congr., Sp. Sess., Senate Misc. Doc. No. 1), pp. 133–145.

LIST OF PLANTS COLLECTED BY MR. CULBERTSON:—BY PROFESSOR THOMAS C. PORTER.

RANUNCULACEAE.

Anemone pennsylvanica, *Linn.* Common in moist grounds along the Missouri. June 17. 56, 82.*

Thalictrum dioicum, *Linn.* Staminate plant. Missouri river, June. 76.

Thalictrum cornuti, *Linn.* Low grounds along the Missouri. Five feet high. June 27. 112.

Delphinium azureum, *Michx.* Grassy bank opposite Fort Lookout. June 29. 108.

BERBERIDACEAE.

Leontice thalictroides, *Linn.* *Sine fl. et fr.* Pinon's spring, west of the head of Bad river. May 11. 2.

CRUCIFERAE.

Sisymbrium canescens, *Nutt.* Frequent near Fort Pierre. May. 26, 29.

Erysimum asperum *D. C.* Abundant around Fort Pierre. May, June. 40.

Vesicaria ludoviciana *D. C.* Elk Horn Prairie. 72, 91.

Vesicaria (undetermined.) Prairie. May. 9.

VIOLACEAE.

Viola cucullata, *Ait.* May. 18, 21.

Viola Nuttallii, *Pursh.* Valley of the Missouri. May 15. 10, 11.

LINACEAE.

Linum rigidum, *Pursh.* Low grounds near Fort Pierre. June. 67.

Linum perenne, *Linn.* Near the mouth of Milk River. June 20. 98.

OXALIDACEAE.

Oxalis stricta, *Linn.* Bank of the Missouri below Fort Clarke. June 23. 104.

ANACARDIACEAE.

Rhus toxicodendron, *Linn.* Bank of the Missouri. June. 58.

MALVACEAE.

Malvastrum coccineum, *Gray. Pl. Fendl. p.* 34, *and Gen Ill. t.* 219. (*Sida coccinea, Nutt.*) Dry soil, near the mouth of the Yellowstone. June 15. 80.

VITACEAE.

Vitis riparia, *Michx.* Banks of the Missouri. June. 65.

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*The numbers are those attached to the specimens.—BAIRD.

POLYGALACEAE.

Polygala alba, *Nutt.* (P. Beyrichii, *Torr & Gr.*) Opposite Fort Lookout, 110.

LEGUMINOSAE.

Vicia americana, *Muhl.* Common along the Missouri, above Fort Pierre. 105.
Lathyrus linearis, *Nutt.* Banks of the Missouri; frequent. 17, 95.
Lathyrus polymorphus, *Nutt.* Very abundant on hills and low grounds. Fragrant. May. 12.
Amorpha nana, *Nutt.* Common around Fort Pierre; 18 inches to two feet high. May. 38.
Dalea (undetermined.) *Sine fl, et fr.* Bank of the Missouri. June. 62.
Psoralea esculenta, *Pursh.* "Prairie turnip." Near Fort Pierre. May. 42, 43, 68.
Astragalus caryocarpus, *Ker. Sine fr.* Common. May. 24.
Astragalus racemosus? *Pursh.* Elk Horn Prairie. June 18. 93.
Astragalus (undetermined.) June 20. 100.
Oxytropis Lambertii, *Pursh.* Dry hills on the prairie. May 16. 8, 84.
Phaca neglecta? *Torr & Gr.* (Specimen imperfect) Near Fort Lookout. June 29. 111.
Thermopsis rhombifolia, *Nutt.* On the Missouri above Fort Union. 92.
Lupinus pusillus, *Pursh.* Upper Missouri. 88.

ROSACEAE.

Prunus americana, *Marshall.* Middle of May. 14.
Potentilla pennsylvanica, *Linn.* Low grounds; one hundred and twenty miles above Fort Union. June 19. 96.
Potentilla anserina, *Linn.* Above Fort Union. 97.
Rosa blanda, *Ait.* Low grounds and woods; forty miles above Fort Union; very abundant. June 17. 101, 102.

ONAGRACEAE.

Aenothera caespitosa, *Nutt.* Very common on the sides of barren hills, near Fort Pierre. End of May. 31.
Gaura coccinea, *Nutt.* Hills near the river, above the mouth of the Yellowstone. June 15. 79, 89.
Gaura (undetermined.) Perhaps a variety of G. coccinea, *Nutt.* Near Fort Pierre. June. 49.

GROSSULARIACEAE.

Ribes aureum, *Pursh.* Bank of the Missouri, near Fort Pierre. May. 15. 69.

UMBELLIFERAE.

Nos. 1, 7, and 46 (in fruit) (undetermined.)

CORNACEAE.

Cornus stolonifera, *Michx.* Abundant on the banks of the Missouri. 51. 85.

CAPRIFOLIACEAE.

Symphoricarpus (*Fol.*) Wet grounds along the Missouri. 62, 79, 99.
Viburnum lentago, *Linn.* Abundant along the Missouri. 74.

RUBIACEAE.

Gallum boreale, *Linn.* Dry bank on the Missouri fifty miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone. June. 81.

COMPOSITAE.

Achillea millefolium, *Linn.* Elk Horn Prairie, and above Milk river. June 18 and 20. 87, 103.
Artemisia frigida, *Willd.* (*fol.*) Prairie just below Fort Pierre. 23.
Senecio (undetermined.) Common on the Prairies about Fort Pierre. May. 30.
Cirsium undulatum, *Sprong.* (*fol.*) River bank just above Fort Pierre. May. 37.
Lygodesmia juncea, *Nutt.* Opposite Fort Lookout. June 29. 109.
Troximon cuspidatum, *Pursh.* Wet ground and prairie round Fort Pierre. May. 44.

PRIMULACEAE.

Lysimachia ciliata, *Linn.* Moist grounds, Upper Missouri. June 27. 114.

SCROPHULARIACEAE.

Pentstemon (undetermined.) Elk Horn prairie. 90.
Pentstemon (*sp. nov?*) Rocky Hill near Fort Pierre. 28, 73.
Castilleja sessiliflora, *Pursh.* Elk Horn prairie on the Missouri, about eighty miles above Fort Union. June 18. 83.

VERBENACEAE.

Verbena bracteosa? *Michx.* About the holes of the prairie Marmot. May. 39, 22.

BORAGINACEAE.

Lithospermum? Bank of the Missouri river. June. 77.
Myosotis glomerata, *Nutt.* Near Fort Pierre. May. 27, 45.
Mertensia (undetermined) Dry prairies. May. 3, 4.

CONVOLVULACEAE.

Calystegia sepium, *R. Br.* Wet grounds on the Missouri. June 27. 61, 107.

APOCYNACEAE.

Apocynum cannabinum, *Linn.* Moist low grounds, eighty miles above Fort Pierre. June 17. 113.

ASCLEPIADACEAE.

Asclepias Sullivantii, *Engelm.* Wet meadows on the Missouri; common. May. 32.

SANTALACEAE.

Comandra umbellata, *Nutt.* Just below Fort Pierre, and bluffs near the mouth of Heart river. May, June. 23, 71.

SALICACEAE.

Salix longifolia, *Muhl.* (*pist fl.*) Very common. June. 52.
Salix (undetermined). *Stam. fl.* Abundant on streams and sand bars; Upper Missouri. May. 13.
Populus laevigata, *Willd.* Valley of the Missouri. *S. fl.* and *fr.* 51.

IRIDACEAE.

Sisyrinchium bermudiana, *Linn.* Prairie above Fort Pierre. June 12. 106.

SMILACEAE.

Smilax herbacea, *Linn.* (*Stam. pl.*) Near Fort Pierre. May. 41.

LILIACEAE.

Smilacina stellata, *Desf.* Very common in wet places along the Missouri. June. 55.

Allium (undetermined.) (fl. only.) Perhaps *A. stellatum* of Geyer's collection. 20.

COMMELYNACEAE.

Tradescantia virginica, *Linn.* High dry bank just below the mouth of Heart river. June 10. 86.

CYPERACEAE.

Carex stricta, *Lam.* Wet sand; Upper Missouri. June. 75.

GRAMINIEAE.

Elymus (undetermined). Elk Horn prairie. June 18. 94.

EQUISETACEAE.

Equisetum arvense, *Linn.* (Sterile plant.) Common along the Missouri. June. 50.

LIST OF BIRDS AND MAMMALIA FOUND ON THE MISSOURI RIVER FROM FORT LEAVENWORTH TO FORT UNION, AT THE MOUTH OF THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER, BY EDWARD HARRIS, ESQ.

(The Species marked with an asterisk were seen on the lower part of the river; the rest were higher up towards Fort Union.)

Cathartes aura, Ill. Turkey Buzzard.
Buteo swainsoni, Bp? Common Buzzard.
Archibuteo St. Johannis, (Om.)[1] Black Hawk.
Aquila chrysaetos, Golden or Ringtailed Eagle.
Haliaetus leucocephalus, Sav. Bald Eagle.
Paudion carolinus, Bp. Fish Hawk.
**Nauclerus furcatus, Vig.* Swallow tail Hawk, (above Council Bluffs).
Falco peregrinus, L. Duck Hawk.
sparverius, L. Sparrow Hawk.
Circus uliginosus, Wils. Marsh Hawk.
**Athene cunicularia, Bp.* Burrowing Owl.
Bubo virginianus, Cur, Great Horned Owl, the whitish variety.
Antrostomus nuttalli, Aud. Poor Will.
Chordeiles virginianus, Sw. Night Hawk.
Acanthylis pelasgia, [Boil.] Chimney Swallow.
Hirundo purpurea, L. Purple Martin.
lunifrons, Say. Cliff Swallow.
bicolor, Vieill. White bellied Swallow.
rufa, Om.[1] Barn swallow.
**serripennis, Aud.* Rough winged Swallow.
Tyrannus verticalis, Say. Arkansas Flycatcher.
crinitus, Sw. Great crested Flycatcher.
intrepidus, Vieill. King Bird.
Tyrannula sayi, Sw. Say's Flycatcher.
Setophaga ruticilla, Sw. Redstart.
Sylvicola aestiva, Sw. Yellow Warbler.
Trichas marilandica, Bp. Maryland Yellow Throat.
Helinaia peregrina, Aud. Tennessee Warbler.
Minotilta varia, Vieill. Black and White Creeper.
Troglodytes obsoletus, Say. Rock Wren.
aedon, Vieill. House Wren.
Parus septentrionalis, Harris. Long tailed Wren.
Sialia arctica, Sw. Northern Blue Bird.
Mimus carolinensis, L. Cat Bird.
rufus, Bp. Brown Thrush.
Turdus migratorius, L. Robin.
wilsonii, Bp. Tawney Thrush.
Seiurus aurocapillus, Sw. Golden Crowned Thrush.
noveboracensis, Bp. Water Thrush.
Agrodoma spraguei, Aud. Sprague's Lark.
Otocoris rufus. Western Sky Lark.

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[1] "Om." is apparently a typographical error and "Gm." (abbrevation for Gmelin) is meant.

Plectrophanes pictus, Sw. Smith's Lark.
ornatus, Towns, Chesnut [sic] collared Lark.
Chondestes grammaca, Bp. Lark Finch.
Zonotrichia graminea, Sw. Grass Finch.
leucophrys, Forst. Sw. White crowned Sparrow.
**Zonotrichia querula, Nutt.* Harris' Finch.
Spizella pallida, Bp. Clay colored Bunting.
socialis, Bp. Chipping Sparrow.
**Passerculus savanna, Bp.* Savannah Sparrow.
**Coturniculus henslowi, Bp.* Henslow's Bunting.
lecontei, Aud. Leconte's Bunting.
bairdii, Aud. Baird's Bunting.
Spiza amoena, Bp. Lazuli Finch.
Carduelis tristis, L. Goldfinch.
Pipilo arcticus, Sw. Arctic Towhee.
**erythropthalmus,* (L.) Towhee.
Corydalina bicolor, (Towns.) White shouldered Sparrow.
**Erythrospiza purpurea.* Purple Finch.
Guiraca coerulea, Sw. Blue Grosbeak, above Council Bluffs.
ludoviciana, Sw. Rose breasted Grosbeak, above Council Bluffs.
melanocephala, Sw. Black headed Grosbeak.
**Pyranga rubra,* (L.) *Vieill.* Scarlet Tanager.
Dolichonyx oryzivora, Sw. Bob Link.
Molothrus pecoris, Sw. Cow Bird.
Agelaius phoeniceus, Vieill. Red wing Blackbird.
**xanthocephalus, Bp. Sw.* Yellow headed Blackbird.
Icterus baltimore Daud. Hanging Bird.
Scolecophagus mexicanus, Sw. Brewer's Blackbird.
**Sturnella ludoviciana, Bp.* Meadow Lark.
neglecta, Aud. Western Lark.
Corvus cacalotl, Wagl. Raven.
americanus, Aud. Crow.
Pica hudsonica, Sab. Magpie.
Lanius ludovicianus, L. Loggerhead Shrike.
Vireo olivaceus, L. Red eyed Wren [Vireo].
Icteria viridis, Bp. Chat.
Bombycilla carolinensis, Br. Cedar Bird.
**Trochilus colubris,* L. Humming Bird.
Picus harrisi, Aud. Harris' Woodpecker.
erythrocephalus, L. Red head Woodpecker.
Colaptes auratus, L. Flicker.
rubricatus, Licht. Red shafted Flicker.
ayresii, Aud. Ayres red shafted Flicker.
Erythrophrys erythrophthalmus, Wils. Black billed Cuckoo.
**Conurus carolinensis, Kuhl.* Parraquet; above Fort Leavenworth.
Ectopistes migratorius, Sw. Wild Pigeon.
carolinensis, Sw. Dove.
**Meleagris gallopavo, L.* Wild Turkey, above Floyd's bluff.
Tetrao urophasianus, Bp. Cock of the Plains.
**cupido,* L. Prairie Hen.
phasianellus, L. Sharp tailed Prairie Hen.
Ortyx virginiana, Steph. Bob White.
Fulica americana, Om.[1] Coot.

[1] "Om." is apparently a typographical error and "Gm." (abbreviation for Gmelin) is meant.

Charadrius vociferus, (L.) Kildeer.
virginiacus, Borck. Bull head Plover.
Actitis bartramius, Field Plover.
macularius, (L.) *Bp.* Spotted Sandpiper.
Totanus flavipes, Vieill. Yellow Shanks.
**Rusticola minor*, Woodcock.
**Recurvirostra americana*, (*Om.*)[1] Avoset.
Numenius longirostris, Wils. Curlew.
Ardea herodias, (L.) Blue Heron.
Anser canadensis (L.) Canada Goose.
**hutchinsii, Rich.* Hutchin's Canada Goose.
**erythropus, Bp.* White fronted Canada Goose.
**hyperboreus*, (*Pall.*) Snow Goose.
Cygnus buccinator, Rich. Trumpeter Swan.
Anas boschas, (L.) Mallard Duck.
strepera, (L.) Gadwall Duck.
**acuta*, (L.) Sprig-tail Duck.
Anas sponsa, (L.) Summer Duck.
**Anas obscura*, (*Om.*)[1] Black Duck.
**clypeata*, (L.) Shoveler.
**Grus americanus*, (L.) Whooping Crane.
Lasur atricilla, (L.) Black head Gull.
Sterna fissipes, (L.) Black Tern.

MAMMALIA.

Bos americanus. Buffalo.
Cervus canadensis, Say. Elk.
macrotis, Say. Black tail Deer.
virginianus, (L.) Common Deer
Antilope americana, Ord. Antelope.
Ovis montana, Desm. Bighorn.
Ursus ferox. Grizzly Bear.
**americanus*, Brown Bear.
Meles Labradoria, Sab. Badger.
Gulo luscus, Sab. Wolverene.
Lupus occidentalis, Rich. White Wolf.
latrans, Say. Prairie Wolf.
Vulpus velox, Say. Swift Fox.
Mephitis Chinga? Skunk.
Mustela canadensis, Fisher.
Lynx canadensis, Canada Lynx.
Castor americanus, Rich. Beaver.
Lepus townsendii, Bach. Townsend's Hare.
artemisia, Bach. Wormwood Hare.
**sylvaticus? Bach.* Common Rabbit.
**Spermophilus ludovicianus, Say.* Prairie Dog.
**tridecemlineatus, Mitch.* Prairie Squirrel.
**Sciurus cinereus*, (L.) Cat Squirrel.
**niger. Black Squirrel.*
**macrourus, Say.* Great tailed Squirrel.
**Tamias quadrivittatus, Say.* Four lined Ground Squirrel.

[1] "Om." is apparently a typographical error and "Gm." (abbreviation for Gmelin) is meant.

Neotoma floridana. Wood Rat.
**Mus musculus,* (L.) House Mouse.
Hesperomys leucopus? Raf. Deer Mouse.
Psuedostoma borealis, Rich. Gopher.
Hystrix dorsata. Porcupine.

The following new Species are indicated as occurring in this region, by Maximilian Prince de Wied, (Voyage dans l'Amerique du Nord. Paris, 1843. 3 vols. 8 vo.)

Vespertilio ursinus. Fort Union.
Hypudoeus leucogaster. Mandan Village.
Perognatus fuscus. Fort Union.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE TABULAR VIEW OF THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UPPER MISSOURI.

BY THADDEUS A. CULBERTSON, JULY 1850.

Explanation of the Tabular view of the Sioux Nation of the U. Missouri.

These tables are designed to show the numbers, principal tribes, smaller divisions and country of that part of the Sioux Nation living on the Upper Missouri. The information has been gathered from Mr. Charles Gilpin, of Fort Pierre, from several Indian chiefs, and has been submitted to the inspection of Mr. Henry Picotte and Mr. Alexander Culbertson, partners of the American Fur company, and for many years familiar with the nation referred to, as well as with those higher up the river. The Sioux nation occupies the immense tract of country extending in a south west direction from the Upper Mississippi to the Platte river, and bounded on the West by the Black Hills.

This table does not refer to that part of the nation living on the Mississippi. Three thousand lodges may be relied on as very nearly the correct number of those living on the Missouri, according to the testimony of the best authority, and thirty thousand as nearly the correct number of souls; the average souls per lodge has been put at ten, on the authority of Mr. Picotte, who has had every opportunity of making a correct estimate. He thinks that eight souls per lodge might not be too low, but he prefers to put the estimate at ten.

The first division of the nation is into three large tribes:—The Yanktons, the Yanktonnans and the Titons or Titonwans. These speak the same language and always maintain friendly relations, but they have few interests in common; so far as I could learn, they hold towards each other no relation at all analogous to a federal union.

Each of these tribes is again divided into a great number of small bands, bound together by ties of kindred and affinity; each of these consists of a single family connection, lives by itself, and regulates its own private concerns. They have no chief possessing the authority which is generally associated with that title, but the men of authority amongst them are those who have gained it by an extensive family connection, by their great wealth, or by their success in war and general character for wisdom. There are a number of such men in each band.

These bands all take names that their own taste may select, or that some circumstance may give them. Those given in the table are by no means the whole number, but they are the principal ones, and are sufficient to illustrate the nature of these divisions. The Titons have an intermediate division between these small bands and the larger ones, consisting of seven bands, as marked in the table, the Brules, Blackfeet, &c. There are other associations amongst all the tribes, which I have not noticed in the table; these are somewhat analogous to the association of Odd Fellows and other secret societies amongst us, having for their object mutual protection and defence. The country of each tribe has necessarily been assigned by the most general limits. The Sioux nation has no fixed place of residence; the people use skin lodges for their habitations and are constantly on the move, and their only wealth consists of

horses and the buffalo robes that they may procure. The rivers referred to in the table are the ones on some part of whose basins the tribe generally passes the winter. The limits between hostile nations may be tolerably well defined, as they are exceedingly careful not to meet their enemies unless traveling in large bands or in war parties.

The list of names that closes the table is intended principally to illustrate their method of naming; these are the names of a few of the principal men in each band, and the same method of naming is employed in everything. It will be seen that all the names are significant and most probably given to the persons from some circumstance happening to them, or great feat performed by them. The last column is the Indian name spelled as pronounced, as nearly as the ear could catch the sound.

Explanation of the Tabular view of several Indian nations of the Upper Missouri.

THE CHEYENNE NATION.

Most of the previous remarks apply also to the nations referred to in these tables. I shall here merely note peculiarities. This nation once lived on the Missouri, but has been driven back gradually by the Sioux people, until their principal range is west of the Black Hills. They speak a distinct language, which is so difficult to acquire, that but two or three whites are able to speak it. In 1849 they suffered severely from the cholera;[234] about two hundred lodges being carried off by that disease. The following are the names of two of their principal men. Yellow Wolf—Sha-ga-man-to-g'hi. Mad Bull—To-tun-cha-ga-nun-tchi-ah.

THE ARICCAREE NATION.

This people differs from most other tribes in using dirt lodges and living in a permanent village. Their village is located at Fort Clarke, on the west bank of the Missouri, little above forty-seven degrees of North latitude. They inhabit this during the whole of the year, except a part of the winter months. They raise large quantities of corn, which differs very much from that raised in our fields, but none of our vegetables have reached them yet. The Rees were once a large nation, but within the last thirty years, pestilence, disease and war have reduced their numbers very gradually. This has almost broken up these large family connections that constitute the bands amongst the Sioux and the bands of Rees in the table, are those smaller associations mentioned in page 4.[235]

THE MANDAN NATION.

This is the remnant of quite a large band that was almost exterminated by the small pox in 1838 or 1839. Their depopulated village was taken possession of by the Rees who now hold it and they themselves became partly incorporated with the Rees and other tribes, excepting a few who have a small village, five miles above that of the Rees. They are again increasing very slowly, and are said to [be] a brave people. They speak a distinct language.

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[234] Cf. Grinnell, 1923, vol. 2, pp. 164–165.

[235] That is, paragraph 4 of this "Explanation."

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Mr. Joseph Desautel,[236] of Fort Clarke, is my authority for the numbers of the Ree nation.

THE GROS VENTRE NATION.

The Indian name for this nation is Minnetaree—people of the Willows. Like the Rees they live in a permanent village and cultivate the land; their village is at Fort Berthold, on the east side of the Missouri, seventy-five miles above the Ree village. They have lately enclosed it with good pickets, to protect themselves from their enemies, and are said to be anxious to adopt the arts of civilized life. The bands here, as with the Rees, are not formed by family connections, but are voluntary associations and consist of persons of the same age. The Black Tail Deer band consists of very old men, and the other bands of ages in a descending series to the Foxes, which is a band of very young men.

Mr. Kipp, of Fort Be[r]thold, is my authority here.

THE ASSINIBOINE NATION.

This is a large wandering tribe, ranging in a very extensive country north of the Missouri, extending far into British America, and lying east of the Blackfoot country. The larger part trades with the British company, and only about six hundred lodges trade with the Americans. Their name signifies the Stone People. Their language is kindred to the Sioux.

THE CROW NATION.

This is a large nation inhabiting the country drained by the Yellowstone. It is divided into two large villages or bands, and these are again divided into bands formed of family connections; the connections are here counted on the mothers' side instead of the fathers'. The Crow people are very brave and are great warriors. They and the Gros Ventre nation speak the same language.

Mr. Meldrum, who has lived for twenty-five years amongst the Crows, is my authority here. He makes twelve souls the average number to a lodge amongst this people, as it is well known that they have more to a lodge than any other nation. It will be noticed that the average varies in each nation.

THE BLACKFOOT NATION.

This is also a large and very warlike nation, living north of the Missouri, and partly in the British dominions. Its minor divisions are not well ascertained, because only a part trade with the Americans, and they generally come to the Fort in very large numbers. The division into North and South Blackfeet is probably a division made by the traders for their own convenience. The first three divisions speak the same language, but the Gros Ventre du Prairie, although fully incorporated with the Blackfoot nation, speak a different tongue, said to be the same as that of the Arapahoes on the Arkansas.

Mr. Malcom Clark, of Fort Benton, is my authority.

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[236] De Smet met the "amiable Mr. Des Autels" at Fort Mandan in 1846 (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. 2, p. 606). Larpenteur (1898, vol. 2, p. 246) put him down as "Mr. Des Hôtel." Abel identifies him as Joseph Desautel, nephew of James Kipp and trader at Fort Clark. He died at Fort Pierre November 15, 1850 (Abel, 1932, pp. 227, 249–250).

A.

A TABULAR VIEW OF THE SIOUX NATION ON THE UPPER MISSOURI, A. D. 1850.

Nation.	Tribes.	Sub Tribes.	Principal Bands.	Country.	Principal Men.	Their Indian Names.
Sioux, (on Missouri,) (about) 3000 lodges, (about) 30,000 souls.	Yankton, 300 lodges.		Band of the lights.	Basin of the river A'Jacques.	The one that strikes the Bee	Pa-ta-ni-a-pa-pi.
			Band that eats no geese.		The Smutty Bear.	Ma-to-sab-itch-i' ay.
			Band that don't cook.		The Red Cloud.	Ma' pi-a-lu-tah.
	Yanktonnan, 350 lodges.		Band that eats no Buffalo.	West of the Yankton's and north of the Missouri.	The one that tells the Truth	E-ay-tcha-ca-pi.
			The cut heads—*Tetes Coupes.*		The Bone Necklace.	Hu-hoon-numpi.
			The Pole people.		The two Bears.	Ma-to-noh-pah.
			The few that lived.		The White Spider.	Itch-to-mi-skah.
		Brules 500 lodges.	Those that shoot in the pines.	*L'Eau qui court* river, Platte river, and seldom north of White river.		
			The Pheasants.			
			The Orphans.			
			The broiled meat people.		The Little Thunder.	Wa-chi-unchi-ki-buh.
			The big legged horses.		The Eagle's Body.	Tchu-i-wah-bel-i.
			Those that boil their dishes.		The Iron Shell.	Ma-sa-pan-ches ca.
			The bad arms.			
			Those born in the middle.			
			Those that eat crows.			
	Titon 2280 lodges	Blackfeet,* 450 lodges.	The Cuts—*des Coupes.*			
			The black footed ones.		The Red Bull.	Ta-tun-tcha-tu-tah.
			The bad looking ones.		The Bad Bull.	Ta-tun-tcha-sc-tcha.
			Those that camp next to the last.		The White Thunder.	Wa-che-un-ska.
			The crow feather band.			
		Onch-pa-pah 320 lodges.	The Devil's medicine man band.	The Shayen, Moreau, Grand and Cannonball rivers.		
			Half breech clout people.	These bands range together.		
			Fresh meat necklace people.		The Little Bear.	Ma-to-tchi-cah.
			The sleepy kettle band.		The White Feet.	O-jah-ska-ska.
			The sore backs.		The Bear's Rib.	Ma-ta-tchu-i-tsa.
			The bad bows.		The Four Horns.	Hay-to-kah.
			Those that carry.		The Red Horn.	He-la-tah.

*Not the Blackfoot Nation.

VIEW OF THE SIOUX NATION:—Continued

Nation.	Tribes.	Sub Tribes.	Principal Bands.	Country.	Principal Men.	Their Indian Names.
Sioux. [See Above.]	Titon. [See Above.]	Mini-con-gsha 270 lodges	The river that flies.	Head and forks of the Shayen river and Black Hills.	The Little Brave.	Hi-to-kah.
			Those that eat no dogs.		The Red Fish.	Oh-ghah-lu-tah.
			The shell earring band.		The Feather Earrings.	We-akah-oh-wee.
			Leja ga dat cah.			
		Sans Arc 250 lodges	The Sans Arcs.	These bands range together.	The Crow Feather.	Con-gi-wi-a-kah.
			The red water band.		The Lazy Bear.	Ma.to.un.dhique.pa.ni.
			Those that eat the ham.		The Medicine Man.	Wi tscha.sa.ſiia.kah.
		Ogallah 400 lodges	The Ogallah band.	North and south forks of Platte river and West of Black Hills.		
			The red water band.		The Whirlwind.	Wa mine.ma.du.sah.
			The old skin necklace band.		The Red Water.	Mina.shah.
			The night cloud band.		The Standing Bull.	Wam.ba.li.ghi.
			The red lodge band.		The Yellow Eagle.	To-tum-cha.na-sha.
			The short hair band,			
		Kettle band, 60 lodges	No Divisions.		The Four Bears.	Ma to-pah.

B.

TABULAR VIEW OF SEVERAL INDIAN NATIONS, ON THE UPPER MISSOURI, A. D. 1850.

Nations.	*Bands.*	*Country.*	*Language.*
Cheyenne, 300 Lodges 3,000 Souls	The Dog Soldier band The Yellow Wolf band The Half Breed band	Principally west of the Black Hills. Originally on the Missouri.	Language distinct.
Aricaree, 200 Lodges 1,500 Souls	Band of the Bulls Blackmouths Foolish Dogs Young Dogs Foxes Crows	Permanent village at Fort Clark, about forty seven degrees north latitude:—they winter elsewhere. West bank of the Missouri.	Language kindred to the Pawnee.
Mandan, 30 Lodges 150 souls	The Pheasants	Permanent village on the Missouri, five miles above the Ree village.	Language distinct.
Gros Ventre, 85 lodges 700 souls	Band of the Foxes Foolish Dogs Dogs Old Dogs Bulls Black Tail Deers	Permanent village on the east bank of the Missouri, seventy-five miles above Fort Clark, at Fort Berthold.	Language kindred to the Crow.
Assiniboine, 1,500 lodges (in all) 600 trade on the Missouri	The Canoe band The Left Hand band [Could not learn the names of other bands]	North of the Missouri, and east of the Blackfoot country	Language kindred to the Sioux or Dahcotah.

B.—TABULAR VIEW:—Continued

Nations.	*Bands.*	*Country.*	*Language.*
Crow, 400 lodges, 4,800 souls (about)	—— Crow People Mine-set-peri, (Sapsuckers,) } The above two bands are divided into 12 small ones, as follows: —— Pole Cat band —— Bad Leggins —— Those that lodge close together —— The treacherous lodges —— Red Mouths —— Bad Coup: (originally Black Feet Indians) —— The Rich Prairie Dog —— The lodges charged upon —— Ship-tet-sa —— Kick in the Belly —— The lodges without Horses —— Root Diggers: (originally a band of Snake Indians)	The basin of the Yellow Stone river	Language distinct.

Tribes.	*Bands.*	*Remarks.*
Black Foot, 1,200 lodges, 9,600 souls (about)		
The Blackfoot	North Blackfoot South Blackfoot	Trade with Hudson's bay Co. American Fur Co.
The Blood Indians	The Fish Eaters The Depuvis band The Robes with Hair on the outside	Language distinct.
The Piedgans, (pronounced Pagans)	North Piedgans The Little Robes The People that don't laugh The Bloody Piedgans The Cow Dung Band	Country north of the Missouri river and west of Assiniboine country: Language distinct.
Gros Ventre du Prairie	*Not ascertained*	Kindred to the Arapahoes.

SUMMARY

Sioux	30, 000
Cheyen[n]e	3, 000
Ariccaree	1, 500
Mandan	150
Gros Ventres	700
Assiniboine	4, 800
Crow	4, 800
Blackfoot	9, 600
Probable number of Indians on the Upper Missouri, and its tributaries	54, 550

APPENDIX 2

CULBERTSON'S REPORT TO BAIRD [237]

Fort Pierre, Thursday May 30, 1850

My Dear Sir,

Presuming that you will be anxious to hear of my progress I write to day so as to be ready for any opportunity that may occur to send to the States. My former letter has informed you of my arrival at this point and my brother's of my departure for the Mauvaise Terre.[238] I now will attempt to give you some account of my very brief visit to that point of so great interest.[239] In the morning of Tuesday May *7th* I left the fort in company with two men, we had a clear and pleasant day for our start and expected to reach the point of destination in five days. After the second day the weather became intensely hot and the travelling became very fatiguing, as our animals were weak the grass being so poor and we had to walk a great deal; however at the end of the fifth day, Saturday evening we found ourselves encamped on Sage Creek at the entrance of the Bad Lands. Then we rested over the Sabbath and perhaps it will be best to give you here an extract from my notes which will inform you of the impressions made upon me by a distant view of these hills. "We left Ball Creek about 3 Oclock and moved along very slowly as it was very warm and we were very lazy. The road now lay over hills which became more steep and frequent as we approached the Bad Lands. These occasionally appeared in the distance and never before did I see anything that so resembled a large city; so complete was this deception that I could point out the public buildings; here appeared a large dome which might overtop the city hall; then would appear a large pyramidal shaped top suggesting some magnificent building for public purposes and in another place might be seen what would appear to be a long row of palaces, great in number and superb in all their arrangements. Indeed the thought frequently occurred as we rode along that at a distance this portion of the grounds looked like a city of palaces—everything arranged on the grandest scale and adapted for the habitation, not of pigmies such as now inhabit the earth, but of giants such as would be fit to rule over the immense animals whose remains are said still to be found there; Again and again as from different positions these hills came in sight would such thoughts arise in my mind and I could almost fancy that upon the wind would occasionally be borne the din and bustle of the immense place as these giants with their stentorian voices would jostle along the streets, and hurry on their giant beasts fatigued by the mountain loads that made their burdens. The mind could not remain with the present; it must range back to the earliest period and ask whence were these things? but soon a nearer view would destroy all illusion and the fancy would be forced to give way to fact and allow these imaginary cities to be mere sand hills. But sand hills as they are they are wonderful and must excite the great-

[237] There is no name on this letter, but it is certainly a report to Baird; see the Journal of the same date.

[238] These letters have not been found.

[239] Cf. the Journal, pp. 55–67.

est interest in the scientific world. I wish that now we had a company of men of this kind prepared for a thorough exploration; as it is, my only hope is to be an humble pioneer in this work and to be the means of prompting more able men to undertake it." "The tops of the highest butes in the bad lands appeared to be on a level with the prairie beyond them but I took no exact observation. About 5 Oclock we came near to Sage Creek and entered on the Bad Lands; here it is merely a great number of small hills of all shapes thrown together in great confusion and perfectly bare of vegetation. In thinking of how these lands were formed it occurred to me very forcibly that it was by some convulsion of nature by which large portions of the grounds sunk leaving the other portions in their original positions, which are the hills we now see; these hills appear as though formed not by elevation, but by the depression of the surrounding land. This opinion appears to be confirmed by the fact that the highest butes have on their tops prairie land covered with vegetation such as the plains outside of the Bad Lands; the formation of some of the hills also appears to confirm it; one of the first over which the road passes is very steep on both sides ranging north and south and is covered very thickly with gravel and small stones such as are found at the bottom of streams here; this would indicate an elevating force were it not that the bute at the north end, many feet higher than the road has its *level* top covered as thickly with the same kind of small stones; its sides are nearly perpendicular and the strata of earth are perfectly horizontal, all indicating freedom from disturbance of any kind; this same thing is true of a bute equal in height with this one standing east of it; and of the one at the south end of the steep one first mentioned, which however is very slightly elevated and shows some evidence of a disturbing force. These facts appear to show that the hills have not been disturbed by any upheaving operation, and in a great many of the hills I observed the strata to be perfectly horizontal. I noticed one in which the larger portion of the hill appears to have sunk leaving a dome shape top 20 or 30 feet above a wide shelf of prairie land like that on top of the dome encircling the whole hill and this shelf is terminated by the steep side of the hill; in both the dome shaped peak and the remainder of the hill the strata of clay are horizontal. There are however many hills that appear as though they might have been made by an upheaving force; this opinion is recorded merely as a first impression and may be altered by further explorations." So much for first impressions; the following extract is from notes made after my visit to the locality of the petrifactions.

Tuesday May 14.—Yesterday I visited the Bad Lands but did not get back to camp until it was too late to record the events of the day. We have encamped during Sunday on Sage Creek, 9 miles from Bear River; in the morning we were off early and took breakfast at the latter. The road from Sage Creek winds considerably at first over some very steep hills: This creek is one of the most crooked streams I ever saw; its banks are almost perpendicular and about 20, or 30 feet high; I observed in several places in the bank a thick strata of slate about 20 feet below the surface of the ground above; the water is briny and leaves a deposite of salt on the stones at the bottom; it as all other streams along the route contains at present no running water. The clay in the bottom is nearly a pure white and so clear that at first it seemed muddy from the reflection of the smooth deposite of clay at the bottom. When the water in these pools was moved by a gentle breeze the shadows on the bottom were the most beautiful I had ever seen. A few miles from the creek we passed over some hills that gave evidence of the most violent convulsions; these unlike those seen on Saturday appeared to have been upheaved and to have experienced the action of fire; one place suggested the idea of a volcanic crater; it was a slight hollow and contained a

number of rocks different from any around it, dark yellow in appearance. A short distance above this, the hills were of white sand and one was covered with the small red stones common in the dried beds of streams here.

From the hills we arose to a prairie the *most level* that I have seen; for miles the eye could detect scarcely the least elevation and it gave not the smallest evidence of the convulsions that must have raged so near. The level prairie continued with a single interruption to the banks of Bear River; the descent to this is by a very steep hill and another one on the opposite bank rises to the level prairie beyond. All along this mornings route the Black Hills were distinctly seen in the distance and on this side of them, the hills and timber marking the Shager River. We encamped on Bear river near a spring which is always anxiously looked for by travellers. I also shared in this anxiety and expected to see a fine flowing fountain. I was disappointed to find but three small holes in the side of the hill holding perhaps a gallon of water, and was again agreeably disappointed to find this to be cool, delightful sand water. It is the only water I have really relished for a long while except perhaps the Missouri. Immediately after breakfast we left our baggage and started for the point I had long hoped to reach; my anxiety was great to see the wonders of which I had heard so much. A rapid ride over a good road soon brought us to the edge of the descent; this was steep but even and in a few minutes we were on the level below. Nothing remarkable appeared here, but in about ½ an hour we reached the Bad Lands themselves and my interest became intense. The road now was over the deposite of yellowish white clay so hardened by the sun as scarcely to be impressed by the hoofs of the mules, or by the wheels of the buggy: we passed by a number of small squares of ground from two to five and six feet above the level of this clay surface having grass on their tops like that on the prairie above and the earth was also the same; their sides were perpendicular and the strata in them *horizontal.* We soon reached the place where petrifaction most abounds, I got out of the buggy and looking around was shown a number of ugly, dark red, unshapen masses; "these," says my guide, "are petrified turtles." They had lost their shells and were crumbling to pieces by the action of the weather: so numerous have they been that in many places the ground is literally covered with the crumbs of these turtles, but they are of no service for the cabinet. I felt somewhat disappointed for I had expected to find many fine specimens of petrification of different animals. However I started on a voyage of discovery around this pond shapen basin; one of the first things found was a large turtle weighing 100 or 150 lbs; the shell was partially sound and the body broken in but two pieces; this was the most perfect one seen and it has been secured. There being three of us we separated and went in different directions; I found everywhere the remains of these turtle in different degrees of preservation but none perfect; I picked up a number of small pieces of bone and stones but found no teeth nor heads. This was discouraging but on my return to camp I found that one of the men had been more successful and had brought in several tolerably good heads, and a number of teeth and pieces of jaw bones. When I ascertained the locality of these petrifactions to be so small I hastened to get through my collection in one day and although the sun was broiling hot and scarcely a mouthful of water to work I again went. By evening we had made quite a thorough examination of this immediate locality; we had about ½ a bushel of small articles, a number of excellent teeth, jaw bones, several good heads and one large and two small turtles besides nearly a peck of small stones and pieces of petrified wood picked on the way out near Sheepoi Creek. These I thought to be as many as my means of transportation would allow and I have since found them to be more, for they are very heavy. I then filled a small white bag with the clay

from a hill side and with some of the crumbs of a broken turtle, and started with McKenzie for the top of one of the highest butes. To gain this was no small job as the path was very steep and narrow; at length however we reached it in safety although I had to crawl occasionally, and a most magnificent landscape rewarded us for our labor. The bute had on its top a level prairie of about 20 acres; it was covered with grass and of about the same level as those beyond the Bad Lands. These prairies on the Hill tops are the ranges of the Big Horn and along the very brink and the steepest sides of the hills their paths are distinctly seen. We judged this bute to be about 200 feet high and nearly all those with grass on their tops appear to be the same, except some small ones that rise but little above the white clay surface below; there are many hills not near so high but these appear to have been originally of the same height and to have been washed to their present size.

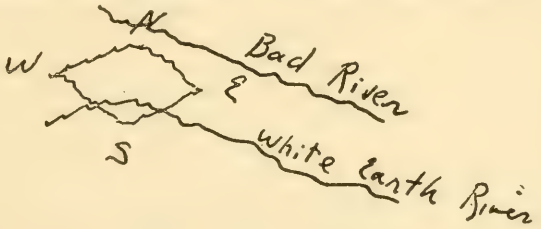
In every direction except toward the prairie along Bear River we could see these great hills towering above the plain below having their sides washed into many picturesque shapes: the lower elevations gave a beautiful variety to the bold and grand appearance of the higher ones as their level tops just receiving their carpet of green looked like so many lovely islands scattered over the surface of a limpid lake, for so did the polished white clay appear. Away to the south towered the hill on which is Asp Spring and around it as if for guard were placed several others that looked like those remains of baronial pride and prowess that are perched on the hill tops that border the Rhine; far as the eye could reach it rested on these palace-like appearances and the imagination was continually carried back to the day when castles and towers were the only places of safe abode. But how shall I convey to another a correct idea of these lands: this question has occurred to me often today; my own conception of them were very inadequate from the general descriptions I have heard and I fear that I must likewise fail in describing them to others. Perhaps the most just idea of them will be gained by supposing an extensive and perfectly level prairie all to sink 200 feet leaving scattered about every few hundred feet small patches containing 8, 10, 20, &c acres and maintaining their original level undisturbed: above the lowest surface suppose a number of small squares 20 or 30 feet across to rise 5 or 10 feet having their tops covered with grass as the higher buttes and let the lowest surface be a cream coloured polished surface of clay: the sides of all these hills were originally perpendicular but they have been washed into a great variety of picturesque shapes partaking of the spirit of the gothic style of architecture, while some of them had all vestige of vegetation removed and exhibit nothing but bare sides and bald heads towering away into the air. This may aid you to form some conception of the appearance of these lands, and if you will fancy yourself on the hottest day in summer in the hottest part of such a place, without animal and scarce an insect astir and with no water to quench your thirst nor shade to protect you from the sun you will have some idea of the utter loneliness of the Bad Lands. It appears to me quite certain that careful excavations in some of these hills would develop many very perfect specimens; many of those now discovered on and near the surface most probably have been washed out by the rains, and the remains of the turtles at least crumble to pieces when exposed for some time. Feeling exceedingly fatigued and having no animals fit to ride through these lands and having as many or more specimens than I could carry I determined to return without making a second visit, and besides these reasons I had some fear of missing the boat for Yellowstone, but it has not come yet. We started with our specimens but were compelled to leave them and all unnecessary baggage as the buggy was near breaking down. By forced marches I reached the fort in four days having been eleven days on the trip. The things did not reach here until this morning

when I packed them up at once; the wolves had broken into the cache in which they had been placed and torn everything apart, however nearly all had come safely to hand except the petrified wood most of which was lost. You need not look for many bones, or skeletons as they are difficult to get about here; at all seasons they are scarce and are especially so at this one; we did not even see an Antelope until the third day out and did not kill one until after that and the wolves stole the head of that one from the cache. One of the men snapped his gun several times at a Big Horn in the Mauvaise Terre but of course did not get it. The only way to get specimens of this kind is to spend a hunting season here and hire men to hunt and then you can get what you want. But when we meet I can give you a great deal more information about these things. My brother joins in kind regards.

Respectfully yours,

THAD. A. CULBERTSON.

Saturday June 1st. I finished my letter the other day before I was done and therefore add a few things by way of a postscript.—The extent of the Bad Lands, so far as I can judge from the testimony of those who ought to be familiar with them, is about 30 miles from North to South, and about 65 from East to West; this is their utmost limit, measuring from the extreme angles; their figure is probably nearly this shape:[240] the sides of this general outline must necessarily



be very irregular but it sufficiently shows the fact they they begin at a point about 10 miles southwest of the head of Bad River and gradually expand and then again contract to another point at their southern termination. I feel uncertain as to the position of White River with reference to them but my impression is that it flows through a large part of them; some however say that it flows outside of the Bad Lands proper. The road from Fort Pierre passes in a course nearly due west at the distance of a few miles north of Bad River, called here the Little Missouri; after heading this stream at the distance of about 10 miles from it, it changes to a direction about S by W and keeps that general direction until the locality for petrifactions is reached, winding of course a great deal because of the hills. The distances are

To Willow Creek	7
Big Hole	19¾
Sheepoi	17¼
Big Cotton Wood	23
Grindstone	9¼
Head of Bad River	17¾
Bull Creek	17
Sage "	12
Bear River	9
Petrifactions	6
	138 miles

[240] This drawing is traced from that in Culbertson's letter.

The road is very scarce of timber and water especially the first half of the way, and what water there is, is in holes and generally saline but drinkable. But one or two of these streams have running water and they very little. Fish were not seen but in two places and I did not use the seine in them as I postponed it for my return and then had left it in the cache. Indeed I have made no use whatever of the seine as it was so inconvenient on the way up and since that no fish have been seen except those from the Missouri. Petrifactions are said to abound in various localities throughout the whole extent of these lands, and along White River, and also mammoth bones are said to be numerous along the L'eau qui court: petrified shells and bones are found on some branches of the Shayen and on a very high hill called Fox Hills the dividing ridge between the Moreau and the Shayen; in fact in all parts of this country petrifactions abound but petrified wood was not seen by me in the Bad Land. I gathered considerable of it along the road and have heard marvellous stories of whole trees being turned to rock not many miles from this but have not seen any. We were speaking of visiting some of these localities a few days ago but as the boat will probably come very soon we have concluded not to do so.

You see from the great extent of country in which these things abound that a single person with such scanty means as I have had and so limited in time can do scarcely anything. This country ought to be explored by a scientific corps prepared to collect specimens of all kinds and to take sketches of the appearance of the country; this would be very important to a correct exploration of the Mauvaise Terre. Animals are scarce here but they abound in the Black Hills; these are two days journey from the Bad Lands; they are covered with thick forests of pine almost impenetrable by the rays of the sun in many places. They are the resort of deer, elk, Bear, beaver and animals of almost every kind; streams of clear, cold water abound in them but they contain no fish. You could easily get good hunters here familiar with the intricate windings of these hills who would guide you through them and hunt for you. Dr Evans wanted to visit them but his half-breed guide was afraid of the Gros Vents [*sic*] and would not go. This gentleman is spoken very highly of by the clerks here; he appears to be employed by Dr. Owen of New Harmony to make geological collections for him and this Dr Owen is said to be over one of the departments of the Smithsonian Institute. Evans gave them some reason to expect him again this summer. I feel as though it would be proper to call your attention to the description given of some parts of the region about the Jordan by Lynch in his Expedition; since my return from the Bad Lands I have read this book and have been very much struck with the fact that these formations probably abound very similar to those in the Mauvaise Terre: the steep, mound top hills on the river, the horizontal strata of clay or sand; the perfectly white clay, the boulders with occasional out-croppings appear to me to be very like what I have seen, and if you read his description of the visit to Masara you will notice at once how very similar his impressions were to mine at the first sight of the Bad Lands; you will notice even a very great coincidence of expression, which is purely accidental as I had not read his book at all until after my return. I mention this merely that you may examine it and that we can in conversation more accurately test my impression. Another very interesting field of inquiry here is that afforded by the Indians; certainly they are a people well worthy of study and their habits and customs are not to be understood or *ever known* by a hasty visit and through an interpreter. Several very interesting facts have come to my knowledge accidentally in conversation and how much more would this be the case were I able to go amongst them and talk with them and move about with them on their

hunting excursions. Any one who took a real interest in such inquiries and had means to afford him a living for several years would reap a harvest of honor and profit by coming to this indian country, learning the language and living with the people making accurate notes of what he saw and heard; he must speak the *french* also; If he had a philosphical turn of mind he could not help being engrossed by the subject and would find himself led gradually to the study of a thousand kindred subjects. I frankly confess that I am ignorant of what has been done in this particular branch of inquiry but sure am I that much yet remains to be known. I have prepared for you a tabular view of the Sioux nation on the Upper Missouri, exhibiting their numbers, bands and principal chiefs; I hope to prepare a similar one of the tribes higher up so that at a glance you will have before you the different indian nations and their countries, and you shall have the full use of what few notes I have taken; these I regard not as valuable but they may serve to confirm the reports of others. My botanical specimens number over 100 and they have been collected principally within the last two weeks and near the fort: vegetation has been very backward; the grass is still short though at present growing rapidly but toward the south the indians report that it is short and scarce. The season has thus far been an unusually dry one; the Californians will doubtless suffer much as their route is much worse than this section of the country. Poor fellows! I can sympathize with them. Kind regard to Wm B [241] from myself and brother. I hope to meet you in August.

Yours &c,

T. A. Culbertson.

June 5th. Dr Evans came in the boat last night & has read this letter; he says that he will suggest no changes—his impressions were very much as mine & is sorry that his notes of last year are not here to compare with mine. He is bound for another exploration & I am sorry that it dont suit my plans to go with him.—Please dont make any publication of these notes nor quote them as authority until after you see me. Today we leave for the Yellowstone. All well.

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[241] William McFunn Baird (1817–72), the oldest brother of Spencer F. Baird, was educated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. (See Dall, 1915, pp. 5, 41, and *passim.*)

APPENDIX 3

ALEXANDER HARVEY AND THE "OPPOSITION" COMPANY

References for Harvey and the company of which he was a partner have been given in footnote 202, page 106. Since no history has been written of the affairs of these people, the articles reprinted below will give some idea of their activities during 1850 and will add to the general knowledge of conditions and events in the Upper Missouri Country at that time. The first of these news stories is from the Missouri Republican, April 5, 1850: the second from the Missouri Republican, May 14, 1950 (this article was substantially reprinted in the Weekly Reveille, May 20, 1850, p. 4218); the third from the Missouri Republican, May 17, 1850.

(1)

FROM THE UPPER MISSOURI.

Mr. A. Pike Vasquez and Mr. C. Dauphin arrived in this city last evening, on the steamer Haydee. They came by express from Medicine Creek, a trading post of the Union Fur Company, forty miles below Fort Pierre.

These gentlemen left their post on the 11th March, and report no snow on the Plains. The weather was unusually pleasant on the route, and the winter remarkably mild.

On the 11th November last, as Mr. Dauphin, with a company of ten traders, was returning from a trading expedition, his camp at the forks of White river was attacked about 8 o'clock at night, by a war party of Pawnees. The engagement was a sudden and severe one. Mr. Dauphin was badly wounded, and in this condition his men deserted him. The Indians overpowered him, and took from him all his goods: he made his escape from them.

From Black Feet Fort down to Fort Lookout, the Buffalo were plenty, and were particularly numerous on the north side of the Missouri. The Sioux Indians had collected, in bands of from fifty to one hundred lodges, extending from the Chayenne river to Fort Lookout, for the purpose of hunting these animals.

In January last, while the Sioux Indians were engaged in hunting buffalo, on the Forks of the Chayenne river, they were attacked by a party of Crow Indians, and eight warriors were killed on each side. The Crows then stole from their enemy one hundred and fifty head of horses. The Sioux were making preparations to retaliate upon them.

The Yanctons were also making preparations for war with their old enemies, the Pawnees, in consequence of depredations committed by them. Two parties had already started on this expedition, and the war will, probably, be continued throughout the season. There is reason to fear that the California emigrants going up the north side of the Platte River, may fall in with some of the war parties of Indians, and be annoyed by them.

Maj. Hatten, the agent for the Sioux Indians, may be expected in this city the last of this month.

The Union Fur Company have been very successful in their business the past year, and they will bring down four thousand packs of robes.

(2)

FROM THE PLAINS.

THREE THOUSAND MILES UP THE MISSOURI RIVER.

Yesterday we had the pleasure of shaking by the hand *Mr. Alexander M. Ha[r]vey*, who stands in the West as the great and principal trader in the Black Feet country. His *soubriquet*, we believe, is the *Chief of the Black Feet*. His last station was at Fort Campbell, about twenty miles below the Falls of the Missouri, where he has spent several years. He is among the most familiar men in the mountains with the character and languages of the Indians, and to his long practical acquaintance has added a just appreciation of the honor and responsibility of any situation which his engagements may impose upon him. In the present expedition into the States, his patience and perseverance have been put to the full test, but he has proved himself equal to the difficulties and dangers which he had to encounter.

Mr. Harvey left Fort Campbell on the 2d of April, in a large skiff or yawl, in company with Jas. Russell, Toussaint Roland and John Oregon, (a Spaniard.) The skiff contained their entire outfit, and this, be it remembered, was for a voyage from the vicinity of the Falls of the Missouri to the settlements on the boundary of this State, a distance of nearly two thousand five hundred miles. From the place of their departure to the mouth of the Yellow Stone, their trip was greatly impeded by the ice and high water. It was not floating ice, but the ice *shore bound*, and frequently, with the high water, interposing serious obstacles to their progress. They arrived at Fort William (mouth of the Yellow Stone,) on the 13th. Shortly after leaving Fort Campbell they were assailed by a war party of Assineboins and Crows, who evidently had hostile intentions. Mr. H.'s boat was in the river, and he was summoned to come ashore; but he understood too well their character and purposes to do so. He refused. The Assineboins opened a fire upon him; but he called to the Crows, some of whom he recognized, and the only damage done was the passing of a ball or two through the boat.

At Fort William, he took on board his boat two other men, Baptiste Lord, a half breed from St. Peters, or that vicinity, and ———— Trombley, formerly of Cahokia. They left the Fort on the 16th. That night it commenced snowing, and continued, without intermission, until the morning of the 19th. At the Horse Head Prairie, a place where a large number of horses were drowned, they were assailed by a war party of Sioux. Mr. Harvey and his party had encamped for the night on the west side of the Missouri, when they heard the approach of the Sioux Indians. Mr. H. and the half breed, Lord, taking the position of guard, ordered all their traps into the boat, and as the war party pressed upon them they retreated to the river; when at the bank they jumped into the boat, and hastily pushed for the opposite shore, where they spent the night. The next morning, as they passed down the river, they discovered that the same war party had taken possession of a trading house on the bank, recently vacated by the traders—had built fires, and used all the signals likely to entrap strangers to a trading post. As Mr. H. passed it, suspecting the deception, he and Lord sent a couple of balls into the building, and instantly the *ruse* was developed, by the whole war party turning out. Their demonstrations of friendship were very strong and loud, but Mr. H. did not deem it prudent to trust himself in their power.

The party arrived at the mouth of Medicine Creek and there took on board Pierre Blais, a well known trader among the Indian tribes. At this time, the whole party consisted of seven persons. They left the mouth of the Creek on the last day of April, and on the first day of May—a fatal day in this city—they attempted to cross the river at the "Three Islands," about one hundred miles below Medicine Creek, about eight o'clock in the morning. The ice was thick on the banks of the river and on the oars of the boat, and this being one of the widest parts of the river, they were struck with a gale of wind, so suddenly and violently, that they could make no provision against it. In an instant, the boat was swamped and filled with water, they being at the time nearly in the middle of the river. The whole party were immersed in the river. Mr. Harvie instantly attempted to save them, by turning the skiff over, sacrificing all its contents, and urging them to hold on to it. In this, for a time he was successful. Toussaint Roland seized his bag and made for the main shore, but before he reached it the wind and waves carried him back into the stream and he was drowned. John Oregon and ———— Trombley were swept to the skiff by Mr. Harvey, but before it drifted to the sand bank on which it was landed, they perished from the effects of the cold. Pierre Blais was benumbed by the cold, but by the exertions of Mr. Harvey and the others, was got across the keel, now uppermost. He had not energy enough to keep the vital spark alive, and when they grounded the skiff on the bar he was lying with his feet on the one side, and his head on the other in the water. Exertions were made to get him ashore, but they were unavailing. In fact, the survivers were not in a condition to do more than save themselves. A short time afterwards, the current carried off the body of Blais. The skiff, by the exertions of Harvey, was run hard ashore on the sand bar. The Half Breed Lord managed to get ashore, but he was scarcely able to crawl, from the effects of the cold. The wind was blowing strong on the sand bar, where there was not the slightest protection, and before he had walked twenty steps from the water he laid down and died. James Russell scrambled ashore from the skiff, and immediately crawled, not being able to walk, to a hollow which the wind had scooped out of the sand. In this, he was somewhat protected from the piercing blast. Mr. Harvey, having secured the skiff, got ashore, but was so benumbed that he could not walk or stand erect. By great exertion, he got where Lord was, and found him dead, and then he went in search of Russell, found him and got into the hole with him. There he kept Russell from going to sleep, and after a time they both began to recover. Soon after, they began to look about for their safety. On turning over their boat and bailing it out with Russell's hat, they found a *steel* for striking fire, which by accident was hooked into one of the boat's timbers. This and an oar was all they had. They broke the oar in two and pulled for the main shore, where there was timber; there they succeeded in raising a fire, and remained during the night. The next morning the two survivors, without any provisions whatever, resumed their journey down stream. About eight miles below, they found Mr. H's trunk and a bottle of coffee—further on they picked up a sack of coffee, and went ashore and made what to them was a rich breakfast, on coffee alone. They pursued their way down the river, and in two days and a half, about 20 miles above the Vermillion, they overtook three Mackinaw boats, which had preceded them. From these they got supplies and two men, and proceeded to Liberty Landing, where they arrived on the 9th inst., and in this city yesterday evening.

We have thus fully noticed this trip of Mr. Harvey, because it is one of the most eventful ever made upon our "inland Seas," and yet no more than might occur to any persons similarly situated.

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(3)

LATE FROM COUNCIL BLUFFS.

The fine steamer *Saranak* arrived yesterday morning, with thirty mountain men, and 600 packs of buffalo robes. The men reached Council Bluffs in Mackinaw boats, where the cargoes of two were discharged on board the *Saranak*. This is the same party with which Mr. Harvey traveled; and in fact, the boats and their cargo belong to the Union Fur Company, of which Mr. H. is a partner. About four hundred miles above Council Bluffs, one of the most valuable boats was snagged and sunk, and a greater portion of the cargo badly damaged, if not entirely lost. The men succeeded in saving two tier of the robes, but the remainder, with a good many trinkets in the shape of dried buffalo tongues, fancy robes, mocasins, &c., belonging to the crew, went down, and after rescuing all in their power, the boat was abandoned. Some of these hardy men have spent the greater part of their lives among the Indians and the mountains of the Northwest Territory, and one old fellow, who has followed trapping and trading with the Indians for nearly thirty years, is now on his third voyage to St. Louis during the time. We learn that the boat lost was fully insured. Six hundred packs is between forty and fifty thousand robes [sic]: truly a valuable cargo.

The *Saranak* left Council Bluffs on the 10th instant. There were then encamped at Kanesville, and in the circumference of ten miles round, between eight and ten thousand emigrants, with about three thousand wagons.

The weather was moderating, but there was no grass, and very little sign of vegetation. Grain and food of every kind was very scarce and commanding enormous prices. Corn and oats selling at $2.50 per bushel. Flour at $7 per 100 lbs. or $14 per bbl. A lot of one hundred sacks of flour, bought on speculation by the officers of the *Saranak* at St. Joseph, sold upon arrival at $7 per 100 lbs. These prices would not continue long, however, as supplies were expected every day from below. The *Saranak* met five boats between St. Joseph and the Bluffs, all having corn, flour, &c., on board. The *Saluda* and *Robert Campbell*, both bound up, were met at Fort Kearny. The *Lightfoot*, at Iowa Point; *J. L. McLean, at Dallas*, and the *Mary Blane* at Savannah landing. It is thought that these boats will carry up enough to supply the immediate wants of the emigrants, who have made every preparation to start so soon as the grass is up sufficient to afford sustenance to their animals.

Major Barrow, an Indian Agent, came passenger in the steamer *Saranak* to St. Joseph. This gentleman reports that the small pox had made its appearance among one or two companies of Californians, encamped ten or fifteen miles from Kanesville, and in the course of a few days six of their number died with it. A few cases had also broken out in Kanesville, but the matter was kept very still. This gentleman gives it as his opinion that unless speedily checked, it will carry off a great many emigrants and Indians—among the latter no cases are reported as yet.

The Mormons congregated in and around Kanesville are *legion*, and it is generally understood that the first grand cavalcade for Salt Lake and the State of Deseret will take up the line of march about the 15th of June. Thousands have joined their standard this season, and much harmony is said to exist, things moving on smoothly in regard to matters of church and state. The officers of the *S.* report the Missouri in good navigable stage to the highest point, and rising slowly when they left the Bluffs, with seven to eight feet in the channel all the way down.

APPENDIX 4

THE *ST. ANGE*

The steamer *St. Ange*, which Culbertson had occasion to mention twice, had a life of some interest. On the occasion of its launching the Missouri Republican (March 19, 1849) gave it several editorial paragraphs:

"Captain LaBarge has just built a beautiful boat for the Missouri trade. The hull was constructed by Messrs. Brooks, Holliday & Co., on their Marine Railways, and, considering the state of the past weather, she has been built with extraordinary rapidity. She is a fine and staunch boat, measuring 170 feet straight, and 180 on deck; 28 feet beam, and 6 feet hold; 23 feet wheels with 10 feet buckets. She has two engines with 19 inch cylinders and 6 feet stroke; 2 boilers 28 feet long and 42 inches diameter.

"Her cabin is fitted up in a neat and commodious manner, having 32 state rooms with [ber]ths, and in all her other appointments and arrangements, taste and comfort have been studied. The engines were built by Messrs. Gaty, McCune & Glassey, and the joiners' work by Mr. Thomas Jordon, and excellent workmanship has been displayed in the construction of the cabin. The painting was done by Messrs. Wilgus & Watson. She is nearly complete, has all her machinery on board, and most of it up, and was let into the water from the ways so easily that it was scarcely perceptible.

"She is estimated to measure 250 tons, but will carry about 500 tons. When light, she will draw about 30 inches. She is owned on board by Captain LaBarge, Mr. Stiles, the clerk, and Mr. Brant. There is no captain on the Western water more highly esteemed than Capt. LaBarge. He is a St. Louisan born and has been familiar with the river from early life."

In the spring of 1850 the *St. Ange* was running regularly in the Saint Louis-Weston trade. Nearly 2 months after Culbertson saw her the *St. Ange* made a trip to Saint Joseph carrying among other passengers the Hon. Henry J. Coke, brother of the Earl of Leicester; his voyage (May 28–June 3) is described in his Ride Over the Rocky Mountains (1852, pp. 81–88). On its return to Saint Louis the boat enters our narrative again, for on June 8, 1850, the Missouri Republican carried the news that: "The steamer St. Ange has been chartered by the Union Fur Company and will start for the mouth of the Yellow Stone on Wednesday next. She will carry up a number of men, and a considerable amount of goods, provisions, ammunition, &c. Capt. LaBarge goes in command, and will, no doubt, make a safe and speedy trip. This is the second boat which has been chartered this season to go so long a voyage. The steamer El Paso is now on her way up, and when last heard from, she had reached Council Bluffs in safety."

There is no other mention of the *St. Ange* until Culbertson saw her below Fort Pierre on the 29th of June. On her return 3 weeks later, although she could not claim to beat the distance record of the *El Paso*, she was credited with the "quickest trip on record." The Missouri Republican (July 20, 1850) gave a report of her trip:

"The fine steamer St. Ange landed at the wharf yesterday, only 10 days from Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellow Stone. By this arrival we have no

news of importance. Four California emigrants were taken on board at Fort Kearny, direct from Larimie, at which point they turned back, on account of sickness. These men belong to Illinois, and represent the cholera, and other diseases, quite prevalent among the trains on the road between the two places. They had, however, no reliable information respecting the progress of the sickness, or the number of deaths. As a body, the emigration they say is progressing as well as might be expected. The St. Ange left the mouth of the Yellow Stone, or Fort Union, on the 9th inst. The river was then swelling slightly from recent heavy rains, with a fair stage of water all the way down. Weather warm and pleasant, and the crops quite promising in the vicinity of Council Bluffs, but the wheat not generally as good as anticipated, in consequence of the wet. Harvesting had commenced in the vicinity of all the upper towns, and even as far up as the Bluffs.

"There were very few persons at Fort Union or at any of the other posts along the river. The health of the traders was generally good, and there had been no serious disturbances among the Indians.

"The boat left this city on the 13th of June. She reached the place of her destination on the 8th of July. Started to return the 9th, and reached this city about 1 P. M. yesterday, making the run in 36 days, being the quickest voyage ever made going or returning, and the entire trip in nearly twenty days less time than it was ever performed before. The return cargo consists of about eight hundred packs of buffalo robes, besides skins and furs. In the way of curiosities we noticed several mountain birds, a black-tail deer, a buffalo calf, and other wild varmints on board. The boat, we understand was chartered by R. & W. Campbell and P. Chouteau, Jr., & Co. [sic], at $6,000 for the voyage, and from the time occupied and the great preservation of every thing on board we should think it a very profitable trip." (The boat obviously would not have been chartered jointly by business rivals. The confusion here may arise from the fact that the steamer *Robert Campbell* a few weeks earlier had brought Chouteau employees and furs down from Council Bluffs. See footnote 167.)

It is curious that with all this information available to him Chittenden in his life of La Barge should have dismissed the year 1850 with half a dozen lines.

Perhaps the most completely reported trip of the *St. Ange* up the Missouri was that leaving Saint Louis on June 7, 1851, for De Smet was on board (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. 2, pp. 638–652); Kurz went on board at Saint Joseph (1937, pp. 69–73); and, of course, the trip figures in Chittenden's life of La Barge (1903, vol. 1, pp. 189–198). Since this trip has nothing to do with Thaddeus Culbertson's narrative, it will not be detailed here. It is interesting, perhaps, to know that among other passengers were Alexander Culbertson, Honoré Picotte, and John Evans, the geologist.

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